OLD WEST

47304

Spring, 1981

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TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

MORGAN COURTNEY, GUNFIGHTER FROM PIOCHE

●

A CASE OF INDIAN CRUELTY

●

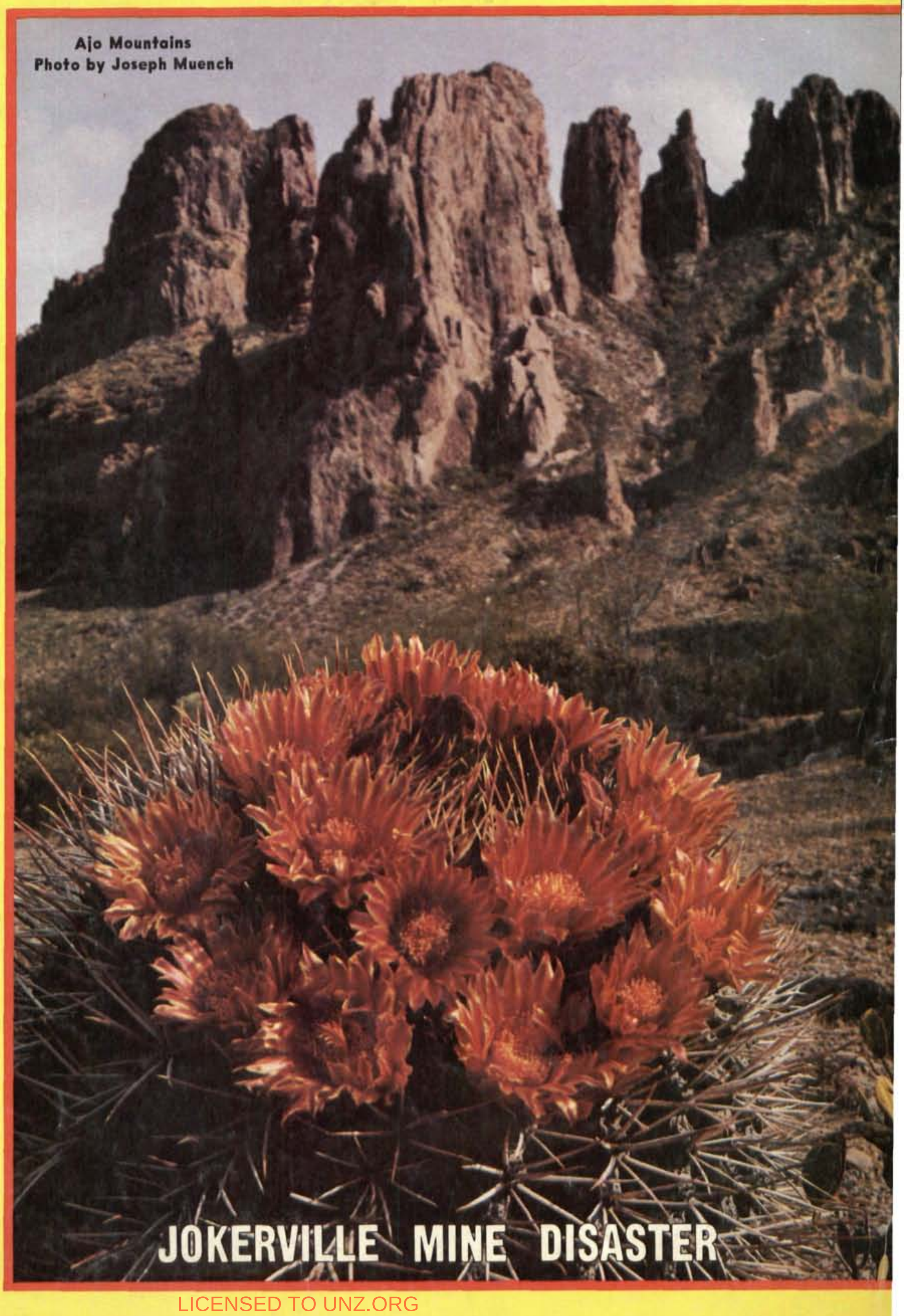
"GIRLIE, THE MOUNTAIN MEN ARE ABOUT GONE"

— BOOK BONUS —

CONCLUSION

DAYS OF VIOLENCE

From "A Frontier Doctor"
by Henry F. Hoyt



Ajo Mountains
Photo by Joseph Muench

JOKERVILLE MINE DISASTER

MARY
CHILD OF TRAGEDY

The Story of the Lost Child of the 1924 Babbs Switch Schoolhouse Fire. *By Mary Edens Grossnickle.*

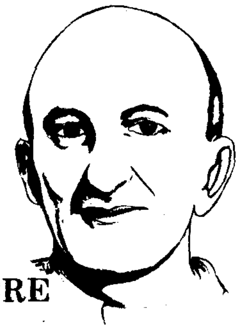
At the site of the Babbs Switch Schoolhouse Tree Fire, at Hobart, Oklahoma on the evening of December 24, 1924, 36 people lost their lives, one was missing and 40 injured.

The holocast was the greatest in Kiowa County history. After the fire Mary Elizabeth Edens, 3½ year daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L.F. Edens was missing. A relentless search for the girl went on for 35 years before she was found and reunited with her family. She was then a successful businesswoman in California. Newspaper accounts of the search and work by civic clubs in California and Hobart helped uncover clues.

In any event, the Edens were joyfully reunited with their child, who is now Mrs. Grossnickle.

Read this true story of a woman whose childhood was one of tragedy, abuse and loneliness. "Mary, Child of Tragedy's is the story of the lost child of the 1924 Christmas Eve fire at Babbs Switch schoolhouse. After 35 years of wondering who she "really was", she was reunited with her parents. The book is her story and contains many pages of clippings and pictures about the fire published in December, 1924 and immediately following.

HERITAGE OF
An-OUTLAW



by Clyde C. Callahan and Byron B. Jones

FRANK NASH and the KANSAS CITY UNION STATION MASSACRE
The Shootout the FBI's War on Crime.

For the first time you can now read the story of the leader of an outlaw gang who bridged the gap between the Dalton and Doolin gangs to the modern hard-shooting, bank robbing gangs of the 1930s.

It chronicles the career of a somewhat different kind of Sooner, a man just could have been "the most successful bank robber in history."

The Hobart native son is best known for his role (and death) in the infamous Union Station massacre at Kansas City June 17, 1933. But he'd led a pretty full life the preceding 22 years — since being charged with his first crime (burglary of a Gotebo store) in 1911. A listing of his friends and associates reads like a Who's Who on the FBI's most wanted list.

Still, there's always the Jesse James syndrome. While a common criminal to most, Nash was a hero to others. The authors tell both sides, let the reader make his own judgment.

Frank Nash was a paradox in both life and death. Though he spent his life outside the law, in dying he did much to advance law enforcement. After the Union Station Massacre, congress quickly passed long needed laws giving the FBI authority to arm themselves and to track the criminal wherever he fled. For the first time agents were able to meet force with force, fire power with fire power. It was the beginning of the end of the rampant outlawry of the gangster era. All those who participated in the Union Station Massacre were either killed or brought to justice; all the big time gangsters of the period met similar fates. None escaped. This is a part of our history and needed to be told. Also many illustrations, a detailed chronology and two paintings by New Mexico artist Grace Knox.

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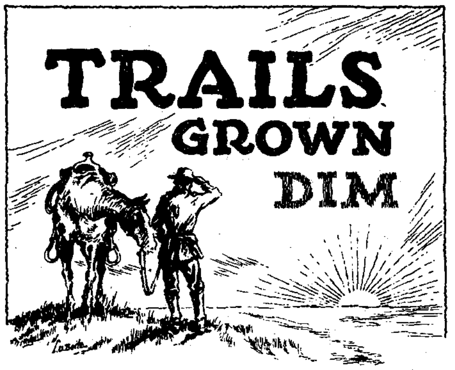
TRAILS GROWN DIM



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Alexander Fraser
Angelique Meadows

I would appreciate any information about my great-great-great-great grandfather, Alexander Fraser and a Cree woman who saved his life. Her name was Angelique Meadows whose name was contrived when he called her his "Angel of the Meadows."

Also a Malcolm Fraser and his fur-trading son, Alexander, who was one of the original partners in the Northwest Company. I don't know if these Alexanders are one and the same but I doubt it. The date for the first Alexander and Angelique would be in the early 1800s. — Gary N. Cooper, 736 Lewann Drive, Gallup, New Mexico 87301.

Callaway — Kyle

I am searching for someone who may have known my great-grandfather and great-grandmother, Christopher Columbus Callaway and Minerva Ann Kyle Callaway. Christopher Callaway (known as C.C. or Crit) was something of a character in the Brady, Texas area, moving around in Mason, McCulloch, and San Saba Counties.

C.C. Callaway married Minerva Ann Kyle. She was descended from Gen. Edward Burleson, Vice-President of Texas. When she married she took her brother and sister, William and Laura Kyle, to live with her as they were orphaned. Laura married Gad Callaway, C.C.'s brother. Both Laura and Gad are buried at Brady, Texas as is C.C. I have found no gravesite for Minerva. I believe she moved from Brady according to what her granddaughters have told me. She may have moved to Alice, Texas but no records show this. She was born February 2, 1860 and married when she was about sixteen years old but I don't know where.

I have found at least three ancestors in "the old 300" who settled Texas. I am trying to join the Daughters of the Republic of Texas but am blocked by Minerva Kyle's disappearance from records. The Callaways all moved up north in Texas from around Dewitt County. — Mrs. John Ruhge, Route 1, Talmage, Nebraska 68448.

Clark — Cartwright — Ezell

I am looking for Pauline Clark or the member of the Cartwright family who now has the Ezell Family Bible. A few of the records of the Bible were published in Missouri some years back. I would like to see the Bible in order to prove Lewis Ezell was Benjamin Ezell's son. I need proof of this in order to be considered for the D.A.R. If anyone knows any information about this Bible please contact me. — Brenda Bulin, 1128 Zelda Drive, Hurst, Texas 76053.

Harshaw — Beach

My mother was Anna Lee Harshaw, born August 12, 1888 in the Pilot Point, Texas area. Her parents were John C. Harshaw and Ella (Ellen) Beach Harshaw, married in Panola County, Texas on September 9, 1875. In 1880 they were in Rusk County, Texas but from there on I have lost track of them. My mother married Charles Elliott Smiley on February 5, 1906 at Denison, Texas. She died July 20, 1916 in Missouri.

The 1880 census lists John C. Harshaw, born 1853, married September 9, 1875 in Texas; his wife Ella (Ellen) Beach Harshaw, born 1857 in Georgia; a daughter Minnie, born 1878 in Texas; Edgar Beach, brother-in-law of John Harshaw, born 1867 in Georgia; Walter Beach, brother-in-law of John Harshaw, born 1870 in Georgia; and Ora Beach, sister-in-law of John Harshaw, born 1875 in Texas.

If anyone has information on any of

(Continued on page 48)

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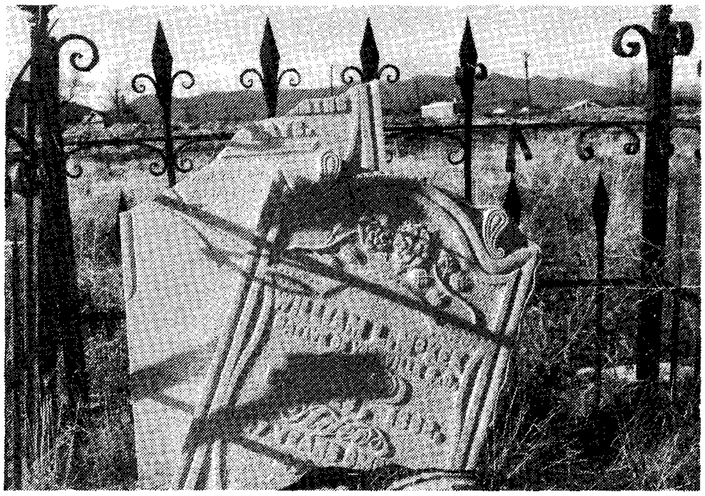

This headstone marks the grave of Sheriff W. L. McKee. He was a more respectable gunman than most who died in Pioche, Nevada. Story begins on page 8.

SPRING 1981 VOL. 17, NO. 3 WHOLE NO. 67

In This Issue

TRAILS GROWN DIM 3
LETTER RIP! 5
MORGAN COURTNEY, GUNFIGHTER FROM PIOCHE . A.D. Hopkins . 8
DAKOTA POKER GAME .... George F. White 14
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP .... The Old Bookaroos 21
GOSHUTE COUNTRY .... Robert L. Foster 22
BIG DOC CALLAHAN .... Fred J. Girard 27
BESIEGED BY BEARS .... Enos A. Mills 29
"GIRLIE, THE MOUNTAIN MEN ARE ABOUT GONE" .... Roberta H. Green 34
A CASE OF INDIAN CRUELTY .... B. Johnny Rube 38
JOKERVILLE MINE DISASTER .... Anthony M. Stroh 42
DAYS OF VIOLENCE .... Henry F. Hoyt 53

Cover: Josef Muench

Ajo Mountains, Organ Pipe Cactus
National Monument, Arizonz

Pluma Aigla sent Jose Charlie to his death and himself to prison. See page 26.

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Lonely Dell's Lonely Trails

Western fans that like kicks backtracking into distant yesterdays could hit the jackpot at Lonely Dell in Arizona. A network of old trails crisscross where the Paria River comes down a side canyon to join the mighty Colorado. Officially the junction is known as Lees Ferry, but the historic crossing was called Lonely Dell by the Lee family. Should you camp a few days in that desolate cul-de-sac, you will understand why the Lees gave it such a name.

Like many Western ghost places, Lonely Dell retains an air of nostalgia, in spite of some devoted rainbow trout fishermen who favor the area. The National Park Service protects nearby canyons and provides a convenient campground.

But worn trails meander along the base of towering cliffs and out over rocky plateaus, and solitude and the past are easy to come by when hiking along the faded footsteps of the Anasazi and early explorers. For those who enjoy such things, here is a list of the best known of these ancient "highways."

1. One of the oldest trails came over the ragged Echo Cliffs from the south. Here the Anasazi and later Indians descended to the Colorado by a route now called Buzzard Highline Trail. It connects with the more recent Stanton road about 1½ miles upriver from the ferry site on the left bank (facing down river). Near the trail on Echo Ridge overlook is a cairn built by Navajos in memory of a long-ago battle with the Utes.

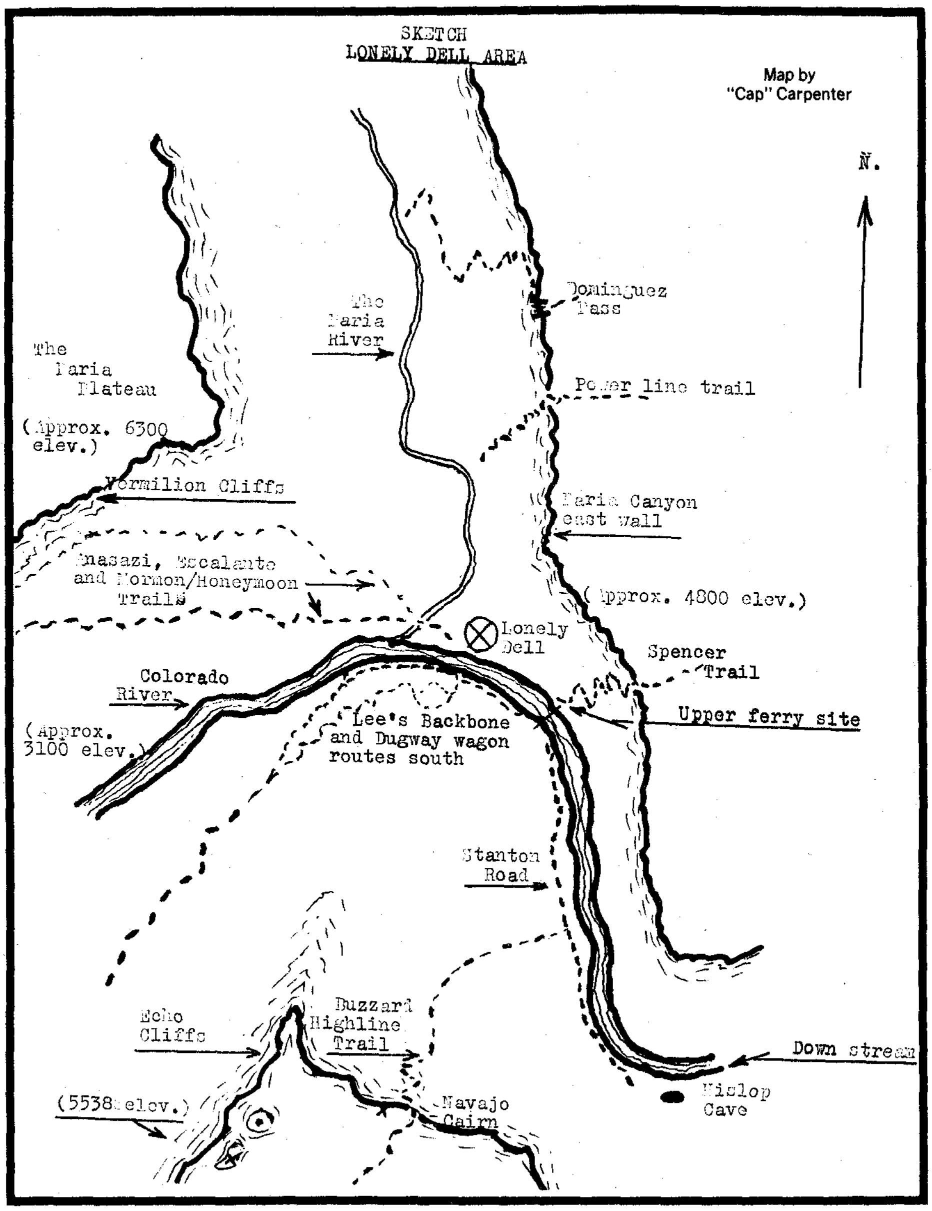
2. Another of the oldest trails is on the west side of Lonely Dell where a multipurpose route followed close in the shadow of the Vermilion Cliffs. Originally the trail was made by game and the primitive hunters who followed, the same people who lived in nearby Marble Canyon caves and left split twig effigies that carbon date to 3,000 years and older.

This route was generally closer to the cliffs than today's Highway 89A which parallels it some thirty miles. The first civilized party to use the trail was that of Escalante and Dominguez in October 1776. Spanish padres floundered through Lonley Dell that fall, in starving condition, on their way to an easier crossing later named "the Crossing of the Fathers." Almost a hundred years later the Mormons established a road along this route for emigrants pushing south into Arizona.

Mormon newlyweds used the ferry and route from about 1880 to 1920 for return trips to the Temple at St. George, Utah. Historical markers along the base of the Vermilion Cliffs remind the present generation of what earlier travel was like.

3. Dominguez Pass is a seldom explored trail over the east wall of Paria Canyon. No doubt primitive man used the sandy slopes to climb up to this narrow break in the rimrock, but the Spaniards left their legacy as the first civilized men to use it. This rugged escape route from Lonely Dell is a good example of the old trails, and remains little changed through the years. Recommended for those who appreciate being alone.

4. When John D. Lee established the ferry in the 1870s, the south side of the river was a rough shoulder of Echo Cliffs. The original southern wagon road led up over a rugged bench of rock named "Lee's Backbone." Wagon tracks are still visible in the sandstone ridge which was in continuous use


SKETCH
LONELY DELL AREA
N.
Dominguez Pass
The Paria River
The Paria Plateau
(Approx. 6300 elev.)
Power line trail
Vermilion Cliffs
Paria Canyon east wall
Anasazi, Escalante and Mormon/Honeymoon Trails
(Approx. 4800 elev.)
Lonely Dell
Spencer Trail
Colorado River
Upper ferry site
(Approx. 3100 elev.)
Lee's Backbone and Dugway wagon routes south
Stanton Road
Echo Cliffs
Buzzard Highline Trail
Down stream
(5538 elev.)
Navajo Cairn
Hislop Cave

Map by
"Cap" Carpenter

from 1872 to 1878. Under emergency conditions Lee's Backbone was used until 1898. A short bypass called the "Lower Dugway" was built in 1878, but it could only be used when the river was low. A partial by-pass was constructed above Lee's Backbone, but offered only minimum improvement from the original wagon route. Finally, in 1898 the "Long Dugway" was completed by James Emett, which was used until the ferry closed in 1928. Altogether, four routes existed at different times leading south from the ferry, and backtracking buffs can have a field day finding worn wagon tracks and Mormon inscriptions.

5. Stanton road was put in by Robert B. Stanton, the engineer who surveyed a railroad line through the Colorado canyonlands in 1889-90. The road follows the left bank upriver from the south ferry landing site for about three miles and terminates just short of Hislop cave where other interesting inscriptions are located. The road is hardly more than an eroded path today, and its original purpose as a mine road was never realized.

6. Among the mining attempts at Lonely Dell was Charles Spencer's in 1909. In 1910 Spencer constructed a primitive trail up the steep wall on the North side of the Colorado near the upper ferry. Spencer was capable of some pretty tall tales, and claimed he laid out the trail by holding onto a pet mule's tail, Ol' Pete, who valiantly led Spencer along an almost impossible route to the rim. Spencer was also the first man to bring an automobile to Lonely Dell. Though never a success as a miner, following Spencer's trail today will help one savor what colorful characters lived around the old river crossing when the West was young.

7. Another trail off the east wall of Paria Canyon is the more recent power line trail which was built when electricity became available. This makes the third trail off the canyon wall within a distance of three miles, and all offer the backpacker plenty of spectacular scenes.

"Lost Trail" is one that exists only in legend and rumor. Many ancient ruins dot the Paria Plateau where the Vermilion Cliffs look down on Lonely Dell, and it is my firm belief that sometime in the past the nimble-footed Anasazi had a dizzy switch-back trail off the cliffs that led to the Paria junction. Time and erosion have taken their toll, but common sense would rule out those agile ancients being content to simply stand on the rimrock and look down at the river, with all those fish for the taking. What a challenge to find traces of such a historical trail! — *"Cap" Carpenter, 1817 Pulliam, San Angelo, Texas 76903*

Yanger

I always enjoy your fine magazine and was particularly pleased with the Fall 1980 *Old West.*

Robert Stegmaier is to be congratulated on his "Mule Meat and Shoe Leather" account of the travails of the 19th Kansas Cavalry. My father, James R. Mead, was on the Kansas Plains at that time and I have his handwritten account of his contact with the 19th on their ill-fated journey.

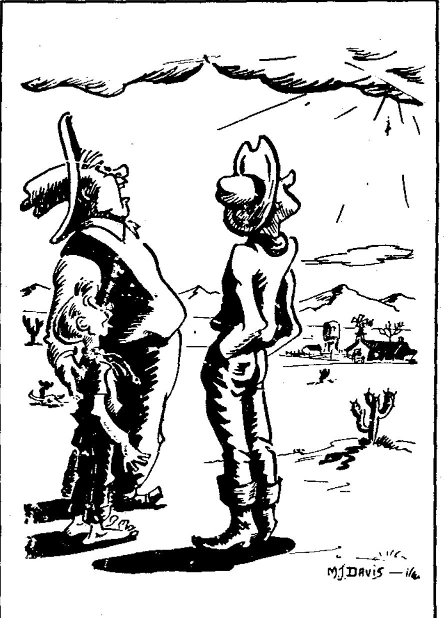
Do any of your readers know what a "yanger" is? In my father's diary of 1860 he writes, "Returned and shot a bull (buffalo) with a yanger at four shots and blew the tube out of my largest gun." Two days later he notes, "I tried to kill buffalo with yanger but failed."

From the first entry it appears that a yanger may be a type of shot or bullet. No one I have contacted has ever heard of a yanger. — *Mrs. Schuyler Jones, 308 N. Broadview, Wichita, Kansas 67208*

A "yager" was a rifle with a short barrel and a large bore which was popular in the early days in the South and Southwest. That's as close as we can come to solving your puzzle — so we'll turn you over to the experts, our readers.

Panhandle Characters

As a constant reader of all your magazines, I'm very pleased to see that in the Fall issue of *Old West* you have used a part of *A Frontier Doctor,* the story of Dr. Henry F. Hoyt, who arrived in Tascosa, the farthest Texas outpost in late 1877, to serve a term as the dignified man he was, ministering to those Plains people that needed attention of ills and understanding.



"It isn't as much for me as it is my boy. I've seen rain."

Not only did I enjoy reading this part of Dr. Hoyt's exciting exploits, but the story comes at a time when I am still delving into the many lives of men and women who lived in this vast land where Indians, herds of buffalo, and nomads of other peoples had traversed before the settling of Tascosa began. Most certainly Dr. Hoyt contributed greatly to this far-flung settlement where gunplay was an everyday occurrence and law was rather lax, considering the crime such settlements fostered before the Panhandle was fully settled.

As a consequence of at least seven years' research, a manuscript titled "They Passed This Way" will be published, I hope, by early next year after I have completed its writing. The manuscript includes not only the big names of the Panhandle such as Charles Goodnight and other well known people but lesser known ones whose part helped make the Panhandle safe for habitation.

Although the time spent on this manuscript has been long, it has been one enjoyable. The Panhandle Plains of Texas takes in great width and length and offers to the researcher a gold mine of information which is housed in the archives at The Panhandle Plains Historical Museum at Canyon, Texas. Doctor Hoyt's story is one of the more colorfully told. — *Luke F. Starnes, 1172 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California 90038*

Amen!

May I offer a suggestion to all who keep photos of relatives and old times? Recently I went through two family albums containing pictures of relatives which were taken eighty or more years ago. None of the pictures were marked as to when, where, and who the pictures illustrated. And the relatives who could have identified the folks in the photos are now gone. My suggestion is to be sure to mark on the back of all of your pictures the names, when and where taken, as well as the occassion. — *B. Gerald Peterson, 1609 North 59th, Omaha, Nebraska 68104*

"Young Old-Timers

I read with interest Hosstail's "Me — An Old-Timer?" (Spring '80 *Old West*) and Harvey R. Horton's letter in the Fall '80 *Old West.* I also consider myself a young old-timer.

I was born on September 24, 1917 in a sod house in the Sandhills of Nebraska. The following year my folks moved to a homestead in South Dakota that had been part of the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation. I also went through the eighth grade in a one-room country school.

As a kid growing up in the 1920s I knew quite a few of the older Indians who fought Custer at the Little Big Horn. In fact our closest neighbors were Indians.

We also had our Civil War veteran who would give a short talk on Decoration Day. He had a brother who had been an Indian scout, a freighter, and had also prospected for gold in the Black Hills before it was opened up. We used to walk by his little house on the edge of town when we were going to high school. We would visit with him whenever we had a chance.

I have my uncle's canvas bed tarp that he used when he was freighting with horses. He worked for the big DZ Cattle Company that operated on Grand River before homestead days.

My folks' place joined one of the Diamond A Cattle Company cow camps. At one time the company had a million-acre lease on the Reservation. During the big dry-up in the middle '30s they shipped out over 20,000 head of cattle. They never operated so big after that but ran a wagon until they closed out after World War II. — *Leonard Linn, Dupree, South Dakota 57623*

George and Harry Russell

In the gold rush days in the State of Idaho my father, George T. Russell, freighted into the many mining towns when he was a young man. Thunder Mountain was a busy place then. Men searching for riches sometimes brought their families along.

Father brought whiskey and many supplies such as beans, flour, salt and sugar. He bought bacon, hams, and sausage from the farms. The meat was cured and packed in straw to keep the flies off. There were no refrigerators.

The Indians around the warm lakes above Cascade came to pick the huckleberries at a grassy flat above where the dude ranches came in later years. The Indians prepared the berries by making a dough mixed with the ripe berries, drying them in the warm summer sun, and the fish they caught were also dried in this way. The fish were salted and dried or put into a rock-salt brine to take back to their homes in Montana or Oregon. Some of them lived in Idaho near the Nevada border.

In 1915 my brother Harry learned the mountain man's way of salting vegetables and fish and making jelly. The jerky meat was prepared in a brine, then smoked and enjoyed when on the trail. Bear and deer meat was prepared this way by the mountain men. Bears were plentiful and deer roamed the mountains in Idaho.

Harry ran a placer mine in the mountains above Garden Valley. When the city men came to the mountains he hunted deer for them. He worked his placer when the spring waters were good.

Harry planted berries and a garden and always had to plant extra in each row for the deer and smaller animals who came to browse on the foliage. He made his own gold scales and in the long winter months he carved out violins. The days were long but he enjoyed his crafts and drawing.

My brother's houses were made of logs; one was located along the river and one in the timberlands to live in during the winter months. To get to his homes one had to cross on a cable. Many times he would travel on foot from his home across the mountains to reach Idaho City in search of game or gold. This was a life of solitude the pioneer mountain men enjoyed in Idaho in days long ago. — *Mrs. Nellie A. Rader, 738 S. Hawthorne, Emmett, Idaho 83617*

Old Trails

I enjoyed "The Ancient Eel Trail" in the Fall '80 *Old West.* I have walked on its twin in the Okanogan country. The trail I knew ran from the Columbia River to the Canadian border. I do not know how far beyond. It ran along the mountain tops, only going into the valleys to cross them. It ran along the west side of the Okanogan Valley along the top of the mountain behind my grandfather's farm. It was about eighteen inches wide and six to eight inches deep. Many parts of it are lost to cultivation now. I am sixty-four years old and remember seeing it when I was four years old. I have lived all my life in Okanogan County. An old Indian friend of mine told me his people used it to go to the Columbia to fish and trade. He passed on at a very great age when I was fourteen. He was my father's friend long before I was born. His name for me was Skookum Tillikum Papoose. I have very fond memories of him and his wife. They were Skookum Tillikum to my brother and me.

I am a descendant of the pioneer Meeker family who came to Washington Territory before the Civil War. — *Ruth Cady, Box 225, Conconully, Washington 98819*

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MORGAN

Dead as a doornail at twenty-nine!

By A. D. HOPKINS

Photos provided by author

THE NAME of Pioche, Nevada, is unlikely to stir the romantic images evoked by the enchanted names of Tucson and Tombstone, Dodge City and Abilene. But in the 1870s, a Westerner had only to mention that he was "from Pioche" to acquire a good start on his reputation as a badman.

Even today, residents of the barely-surviving but picturesque little mining town will solemnly claim that seventy-two men died there before anyone achieved a natural death. The claim is untrue, but it is more oversimplification than exaggeration. Nevada historians count more than forty killings in Lincoln County between 1870 and 1875, and point out that in the first three years, when most of the killings occurred, only two men were punished for them.

Old Pioche newspapers and other histories place thirty-four area killings in and around Pioche. And these accounts state that the majority were the stuff of which the Western legend was made — classic confrontations in streets and barrooms, with both sides armed and present because they would not consider the alternative of flight.

This level of violence was unusual even by Nevada standards, and was rooted in a variety of social and geographical conditions. Morgan Courtney, chief gunfighter of Pioche, also must be reckoned among the causes.

Courtney was enigmatic. The few historians who have seriously tried to reconstruct his life have found it hard going. He was a complete gentleman in some situations; a blasphemous bully in others. He was capable of winning the friendship of many, yet delighted in humiliating others — humiliating some to the point of death.

His personality may be partly due to the time and place of his birth, as Richard Moriarty, in Caharciveen, County Kerry, Ireland, about 1844. Just in time to experience the most brutalizing poverty in all the tear-stained pages of Irish history — the great Potato Famine of 1846-51, in which a million people died. Even more emigrated as a result of the famine. We don't know just when Moriarty came to the United States, but he came young, and he came without the parents who might have guided him into a better life.

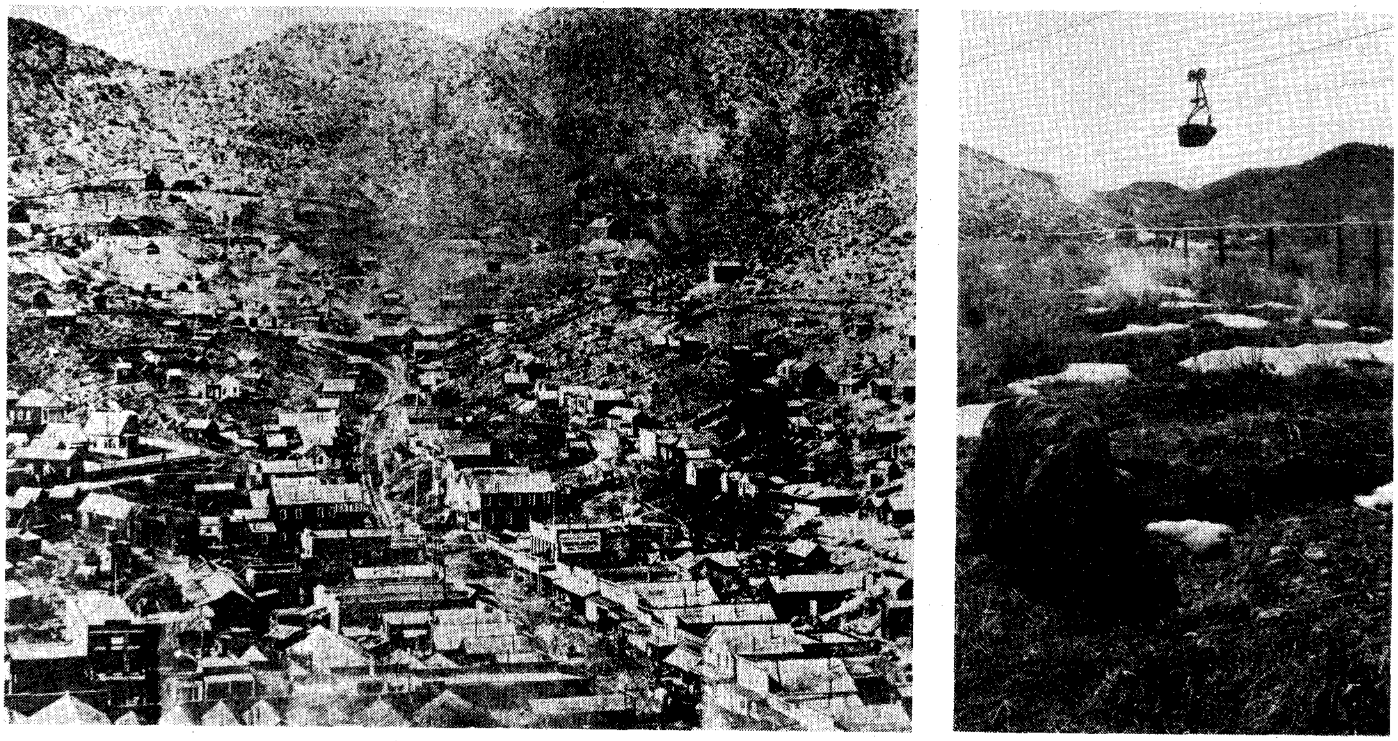
IT WAS in Virginia City in November 1868, that Moriarty first made a name for himself, albeit a bad one. The account here paraphrases the one given in the city's leading newspaper, *The Territorial Enterprise.*

Moriarty was attending a soiree at a hall on "B" Street and, after a round of dancing ended, entered the bar and asked for a glass of wine. Bartender Pat Lyons, who had himself been drinking, poured whiskey by mistake. Moriarty objected, but Lyons replied that whiskey was "good enough for you."

Moriarty made a motion as if to strike Lyons, but John O'Toole, a bystander, seized Moriarty's arm. If Moriarty struck the bartender, warned O'Toole, Moriarty himself would feel the legendary might of the Irish knuckle.

Moriarty responded by whipping out a revolver and covering not only O'Toole but the rest of the men crowded into the bar. He backed out the door. Then, safely outside, he fired through a pane of glass and killed the brave John O'Toole. He would later

Below left: Photo shows Pioche in 1873 at its peak of activity. Most of the gunplay occurred on the mud street winding up Treasure Hill — the same route Pioche's main street follows today. Below right: Ore-hoppers from Pioche's dormant mines hang over "Murderer's Row" in the Pioche Cemetery, believed to contain the bones of Morgan Courtney.



COURTNEY, Gunfighter from Pioche

claim that O'Toole had thrown a glass at him.

Moriarty escaped, and it was probably after this bloody deed that he adopted the alias of Morgan Courtney. That was the name he was using two years later when he surfaced in Eastern Nevada at Bullionville, the smelter that refined the ore of nearby Pioche.

The very geography of Pioche contributed to its record of violence. It is isolated even now. At the time it was days from the closest railhead in Elko, 300 miles to the north.

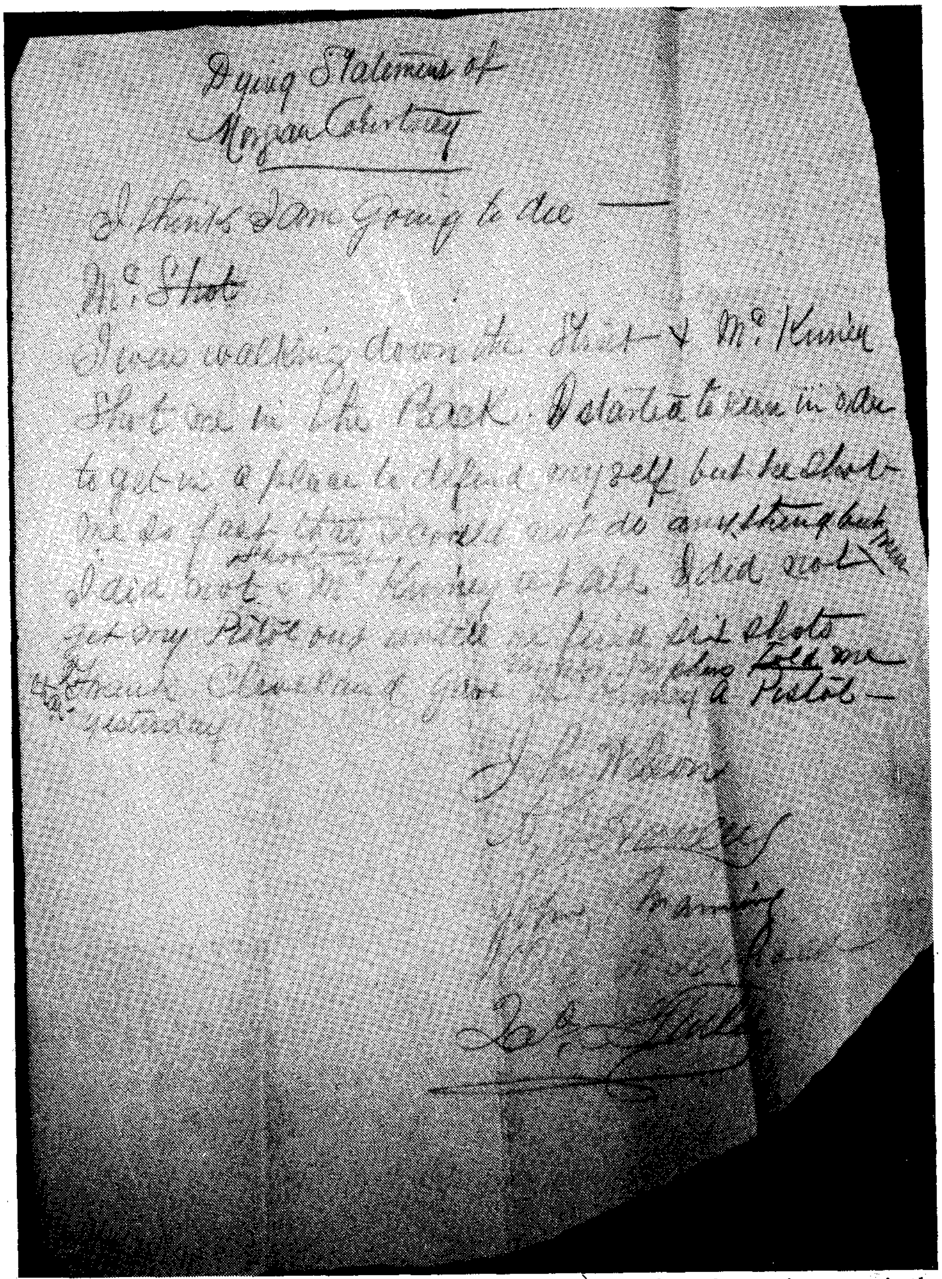
Moreover, all the early rich strikes of the Pioche area were made within the relatively small area of Treasure Hill, a small mountain upon whose side Pioche is built. This concentration made claim disputes more likely than they might have been had the wealth been more widely dispersed. Also, early Mormon settlers in the nearby village of Panaca had located some claims, but had been ordered by church authorities to concentrate on agriculture rather than mining. And during the Civil War, soldiers had been encouraged to locate claims in the area, probably with the specific intention of clouding the Mormon titles to these claims because of doubts about the loyalty of Mormons to the Union cause.

It was some time before the region was able to establish a legal system with authority to unravel ownership entanglements thus created. Even then, the system was notoriously corrupt. It was also less than effective, as will be seen.

THE original developers of the Pioche mines, W.H. Raymond and John Ely, protected their Raymond and Ely Mine by owning or controlling adjacent claims. One of these was the Washington and Creole.

Two brothers, Tom and Frank New-

Photo © A. D. Hopkins, 1978



Dying Statement of
Morgan Courtney

I think I am going to die —
Mc ~~Shot~~
I was walking down the Street & Mc Kinney
Shot me in the Back. I started to run in order
to get in a place to defend myself but he shot
me so fast that I could not do anything but
I was shot by Mc Kinney [illegible] I did not
get my Pistol out [illegible] he fired his shots
[illegible] Cleveland [illegible] told me [illegible] a Pistol —
yesterday

J. F. Wilson

Above: Courtney's dying statement was written in pencil on a piece of wrapping paper in the drugstore where he was carried after the shooting.

land, had a claim up the steep hillside from the Washington and Creole. They reckoned the ore lay deep beneath ground level, and that it would be easier to reach if they started their shaft down the hill on the Washington and Creole claim. They asked Raymond and Ely for permission to do this. Since the Washington and Creole was a buffer claim thought to be of no other value, and because Raymond and Ely were trying to encourage other operators and thus enliven the new camp, they were happy to allow the tunnel.

Years later Charles Gracey, who ran the Bullionville smelter for Raymond and Ely, remembered, "The [Newland] boys ran in their tunnel about thirty feet underground . . . and struck the Washington and Creole ledge as was expected. But, contrary to expectation, the ledge at this point was very rich, averaging about three hundred dollars per ton. It proved to be nine feet thick. Before much was known about the strike, the Newland boys went to Raymond and Ely and secured the privilege of taking out ore on the Washington and Creole for thirty days. They then opened up a wonderful bonanza."

After the thirty days expired, the Newlands turned the rich ledge over to the Raymond and Ely company, with thousands of tons of rich ore exposed but still unmined. They continued to drive their tunnel toward their own claim. But as Gracey observed, "A mountain of ore worth three hundred dollars a ton will worry anyone when it is in plain sight and everyone is allowed to see it."

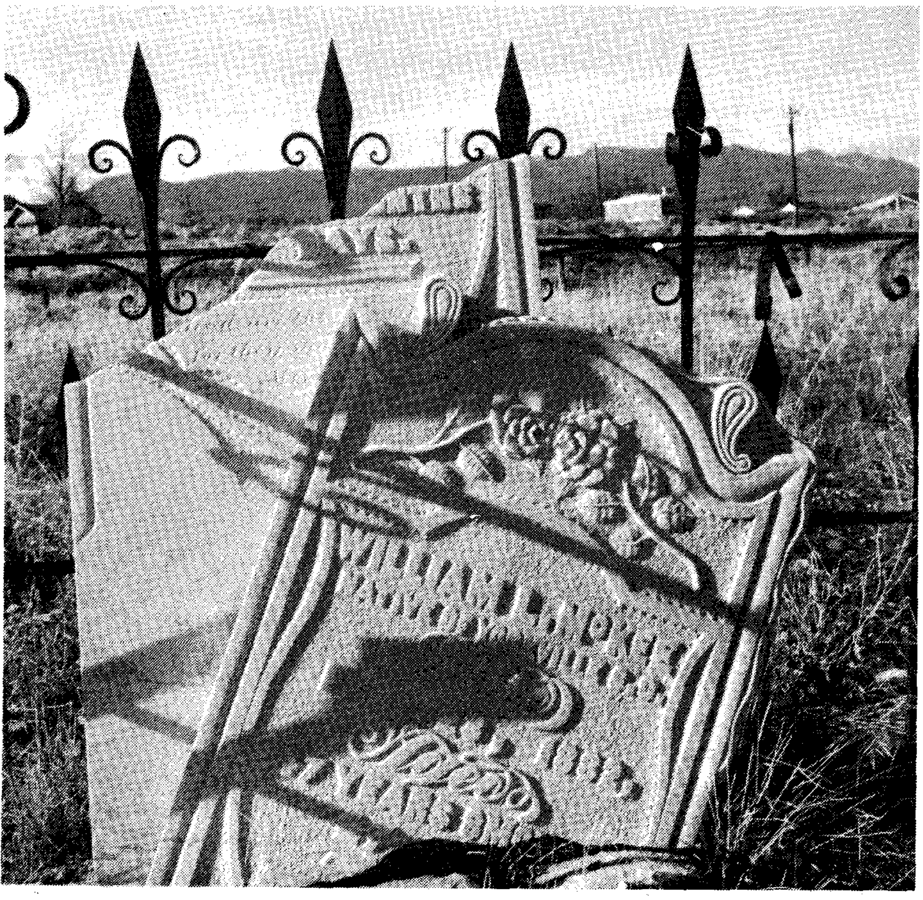
The temptation was too much for the Newland brothers. Enlisting the help of some of the newcomers in camp, they jumped the claim. Building a log fort under cover of night at the entrance of the mine and denying entry to the rightful owners, they mined the ore and shipped it to distant Silver Peak for milling and smelting.

There was no properly constituted law in the county; a miner named John Kane had been elected sheriff in a balloting of dubious legality. Kane went up to the fort, but was ordered away. "Raymond and Ely were told in plain words that if either of them set foot in camp it would be certain death," remembered Gracey.

Enter Morgan Courtney and friends. "There went to Bullionville four young men, polite gentlemanly fellows, all under thirty years of age. They were Michael Casey, Barney Flood, Morgan Courtney, and William Bethers. They said to Raymond and Ely: 'We will drive those fellows off if you will give us a written promise that we can have the ground for thirty days.' "

Legend on the tombstone of Sheriff W. L. McKee reads: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Photo © A. D. Hopkins, 1978



THE four young "gentlemen" took a look at the fortification and decided that direct assault would not be consistent with ambitions for long careers. A ruse was in order.

Legends that have grown up around Courtney and around this incident say that the mine was recaptured by taking advantage of the vices usually found in professional toughs of the day — dishonesty and intemperance. The storytellers have it that a shipment of whiskey was delivered to the log fort as if by mistake. The defenders nudged each other slyly and accepted delivery, then sat down to celebrate their coup by drinking the whiskey they thought had been intended for someone else.

Gracey, who claims to have been an eyewitness, confirmed that whiskey was given to the night watch, but didn't say how. He continued, "At that time there was a pretty good growth of nut pine on the hill above the fort. Here the young men hid. About 3 o'clock (a.m.) there came a shout, and the four young men ran rapidly down the hill, each with a pistol in hand. They drove the others out and away from their arms. I heard the shots and saw one man fall, Snell by name, and I saw Casey take a rifle and knock a man down the bank with it. Many shots were fired and many men were wounded, but Snell was the only one killed in that fight."

Another Nevada newspaper, however, commented that many others rushed to the scene on hearing the first shots. One of these was apparently Tom Newland, who was listed as among the wounded. Also among the wounded was Courtney. It was remarked that neither man was wounded seriously.

The fight occurred on November 9, 1870. A month later, Courtney alone was indicted for the killing of W.G. Snell. W.H. Raymond, the community's leading citizen, posted Courtney's bail of $5,000, and nothing much came of the indictment. Lincoln County's now-incomplete court records show no trial, and the newspaper issues which would have covered the trial have been lost.

That Courtney remained at large is shown by his rearrest for the murder (by knife) of Thomas Coleman at Pioche on February 22, 1871. His comrade-in-arms, Barney Flood, was also arrested, but both were released from custody for lack of evidence.

It is interesting that both Flood and Courtney were fond of knives. Courtney was wearing a sheath knife the day he died and Gracey remembered that Flood left Pioche after getting in trouble for stabbing another man, who did not die.

In the meantime, said Gracey, the four "fighters" made a total of $60,000 out of their thirty day lease of the Washington and Creole, selling the ore to Raymond and Ely.

Casey, however, found the money a curse. On the day he deposited it in the bank, he got into an argument with a man who had lent him money earlier. It was about the interest due. Both drew guns, but Casey managed to shoot straighter and won that gunfight.

When a miner said that Casey had fired first, Casey unwisely threatened to make him eat his words. The miner declined, and in the ensuing gunfight, despite being outnumbered two to one, he killed Casey. Bethers drifted out of town and was reportedly killed in Eureka, date unknown.

NOW there remained only Morgan Courtney out of the four men who had recaptured the Washington and Creole property, and it is easy to surmise why he stayed in Pioche. For once he had won a fight on the side of justice, if not exactly within the law, and he had won not only by force of arms but by brains. He was now a hero, at least among the rough saloon element. And he was suddenly wealthy — probably for the first time in his life — and able to spend freely to preserve that adoration.

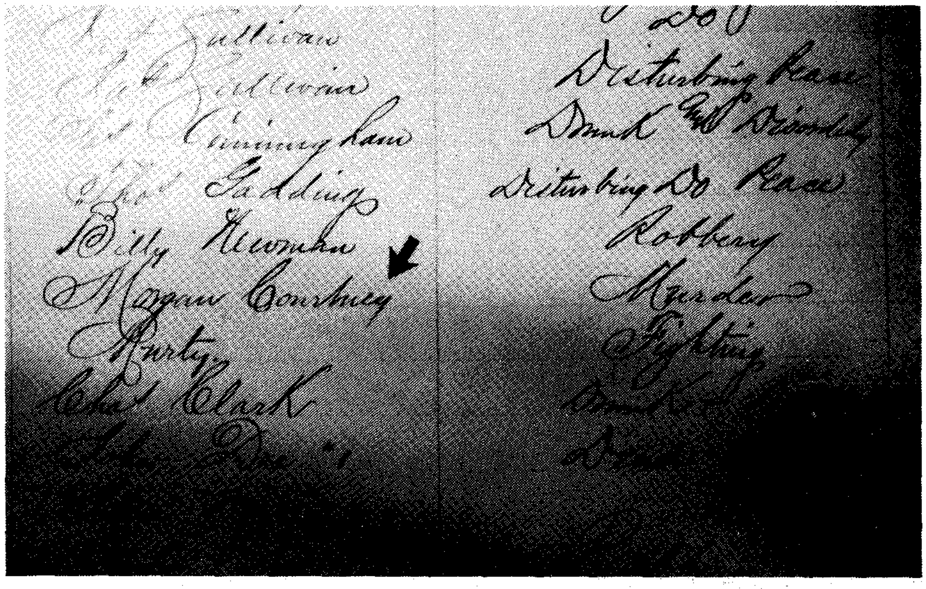
Spend freely he did. Courtney became a gambler, favoring faro, as did most gamblers of the time. By all accounts, Courtney became what was then called "chief" of all the "fighters" of Pioche. The term "gunfighter" was not yet in use there.

It often has been written that Courtney contributed many bodies to Pioche's boot hill — which was actually called "Murderer's Row," and was a part of the public cemetery in which Pioche also buried many of its more respectable dead. But examination of the Pioche *Record* does not support that assertion, although there are a few unsolved murders of which Courtney might be suspected.

Yet on the afternoon of June 8, 1872 in Caucey's Saloon on the steep main street that ran up the side of Treasure Hill, a man named John Sullivan either did or did not ask Courtney to drink with him. Words ensued about whether such an invitation had indeed been issued.

Courtney left the saloon in disgust, but Sullivan followed him outside and, Courtney later claimed, tried to sell him some mining stock. When Courtney declined, Sullivan drew a knife and said "You damned s-o-b, I'll kill you yet."

With that, Courtney withdrew safely out of range of Sullivan's blade, produced a revolver, and told Sullivan, "Take that back or I'll kill you."



[illegible] Sullivan	Do
[illegible] Sullivan	Disturbing Peace
[illegible] Cunningham	Drunk & Disorderly
[illegible] Gadding	Disturbing the Peace
Billy Newman	Robbery
Morgan Courtney	Murder
Murty	Fighting
[illegible] Clark	[illegible]
John Doe	[illegible]

Above: Courtney's name can be found more than this one time on the jail registers of Lincoln County. Below: The weapon which killed Courtney was probably a large-bore Tranter of the same design as this Civil-War vintage snub-nose, but with longer barrel and conventional hammer.

Photos above and below © A. D. Hopkins, 1978

Sullivan didn't and Courtney did, shooting Sullivan down from a range of thirty feet.

This time there was no wealthy mine owner backing up Courtney with bond money, and Courtney spent the rest of the summer in the notoriously uncomfortable Lincoln County jail.

The prosecution was apparently vigorous, taking at least nine days, an unusual amount of time in Lincoln County trials. While the trial was in progress a grand jury, meeting at the same time, censured the local mining companies for hiring fighters instead of settling claims in court. But the jury acquitted Courtney, probably because of Sullivan's language. While the term s-o-b may be casually tossed about today, newspapers of the 1870s provide ample evidence that men then were likely to regard them as fighting words.

Courtney's joy at acquittal was destined to be brief, however. As soon as the verdict was announced, a man stood up in the courtroom and stated that he was a sheriff from Storey County, and that twelve good men and true in said county would strongly consider hanging Courtney, once known as Richard Moriarty, for killing John O'Toole four years before.

Courtney's luck, however, had not run out. Despite the fact that the killing had occurred in a crowded barroom, only one known witness still lived, and that one could not be brought to the witness stand. The charge was dismissed in mid-October.

IT must have been an elated Courtney who returned to Pioche. For the first time in four years he no longer had the shadow of a noose hanging over him. He even achieved a sort of respectability as the locator of a claim he called "The Faro Bank."

Courtney's mining ventures that winter seem particularly revealing of his philosophies and loyalties. In January 1873 he and several partners made arrangements to develop the Havana Mine. One of the partners was James Levy — the man who had killed Courtney's partner, Mike Casey, less than two years before.

Furthermore, by the following summer Courtney was employed as superintendent of the Kentucky Mine — an outfit which would be embroiled in a lawsuit with his old employers, Raymond and Ely.

As Courtney's fortunes improved, so did his love life. He became involved with Miss Georgianne "Georgie" Scyphers. A newspaper story of June 12, 1873 identifies her as an occupant of a house of ill fame — and an occupant well able to take care of herself. The story relates that when a visitor assaulted her at the brothel, she fired four shots from a pistol and wounded him in the arm. Several years later she killed a man for defaming her sister. Just the woman for trigger-tempered Morgan Courtney.

But like Courtney, Georgie Scyphers had a polished side. When ensuing events brought her to the witness stand, the Pioche *Record* reporter noted that she looked more the lady than the tramp.

The other man in Georgie Scyphers' life — besides, of course, the usual paying customers — was James McKinney. All that made it into official records indicates McKinney was simply another gambler. Yet there are other persistent reports that McKinney had lived an exciting life elsewhere. An unsigned article in the Pioche *Record* stated that in 1871 in Virginia City, McKinney had tried suicide by shooting himself in the mouth with a derringer. And the *Reese City Reveille*, published in the rival mining town of Austin and inclined to make unkind comments about Pioche, referred to McKinney as a professional "fighter."

The most intriguing story was told by Charles Gracey, who recalled for the Nevada Historical Society what Elko had been like when he arrived there in 1869. The town then consisted of a couple of tents, on the railroad. "But as the excitement over the White Pine mines increased, and all the outfitting for the latter place was made at Elko, this town grew very fast. It was,

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1862
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moreover, rather a bad town, as many rough men stayed there for a few days at a time on their way to White Pine. As supplies were constantly being unloaded for freighting to White Pine a watchman was employed to watch the goods . . . a young man about my own age. He was a nice-looking young man, but sporty, and carried a pistol at all times . . .

"By this time there were several hundred men in the country around Elko cutting wood for the railroad. They came into Elko every night to drink and gamble . . . This young man of whom I have spoken liked to try his luck at cards. One night he got into trouble with the woodchoppers over a game of cards and beat one of them over the head with his gun. He evidently had the best of it in the row, but a few evenings later there came into Elko about two hundred woodchoppers, and the word was out that they meant to get even with their enemy, who by this time had been appointed watchman of the town. I was there at the time and witnessed the whole affair . . . they marched around the town and had sham fights and made a great noise . . . in their demands for the night watchman, asking that he come out and arrest the disturbers.

"The watchman . . . said to me 'I am not afraid of them, but I would have no show should I go out among them openly, for there are fifty pistols ready for me.' "

The disturbance continued for hours, the noise increasing all the time. Then, about midnight, "A pistol shot rang out and then in rapid succession some ten shots more . . . the watchman seized two pistols, came out of a saloon, and stood behind some goods that were piled up on the street. He then emptied his gun into the crowd where it was the thickest. Three men were shot dead and several others wounded. The woodchoppers ran for their camps located about two miles from Elko, and not enough of them were left in town to carry the dead men from the street."

The matter, claims Gracey, somehow was hushed up — so hushed up that nobody in Pioche except himself seems to have noticed that the gambler who called himself James McKinney was the tough young watchman from Elko.

We repeat the story because it is widely accepted in Nevada folklore, but there is no evidence linking McKinney and the man known as "The Two-Gun Watchman" except Gracey's statement, and Gracey himself admits he identified McKinney as the watchman through a photograph.

It is difficult to believe that McKinney could show up in Pioche without being recognized only four years after the Elko incident, for Pioche was full of men who had come there through the Elko-White Pine route. But McKinney was a private man. A footnote to the Gracey account, published in 1908, says he was still alive at that time, but McKinney does not show up on any Nevada census, including the 1870 one conducted while McKinney was almost certainly in the state.

Yet the story seems consistent with McKinney's personality, as events would reveal it.

TROUBLE brewed in the summer of 1873. A Piocher named J.P. Kirby said that as he walked past the boarding house where McKinney lived, on the night of July 30, he heard the following conversation:

"You damn s-o-b, I told you to leave town, and you had better do it, or I'll kill you."

"Courtney," responded another voice, "why do you follow me up?"

McKinney later supplied the rest of the conversation. He said that Courtney stood outside his window that night demanding to know the whereabouts of Georgie Scyphers. McKinney said he answered, "I was not keeping cases for Georgie Scyphers." The answer is gambler's lingo; the player who "keeps cases" in a faro game uses an abacus-like device to record which cards have been played, and must watch every move of the game.

Georgie Scyphers, however, swore that McKinney was indeed keeping cases about her. She cast herself as the pivot point in a love triangle. Georgie claimed that she had promised to visit McKinney's room on August 1, but didn't keep the date.

McKinney, said Miss Scyphers, "said it was because I was afraid of Mr. Courtney. He remarked he would 'wring my heart . . . worse than I ever had his, before I would lay with him again.' "

Furthermore, she swore, McKinney had often expressed hatred for Courtney. "He said he hated him because other men feared him."

What Courtney almost certainly did not know was that McKinney was sick. McKinney later claimed that he had been sick for several days, and that Georgie Scyphers' visits to his room were missions of mercy. A doctor confirmed that McKinney was under his care, and that McKinney's difficulty, a serious intestinal blockage, made travel unsafe. After all, there

(Continued on page 47)

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DAKOTA POKER GAME

It was called "ranching" — with the weather as a wild card

By **GEORGE F. WHITE**

Photos provided by author

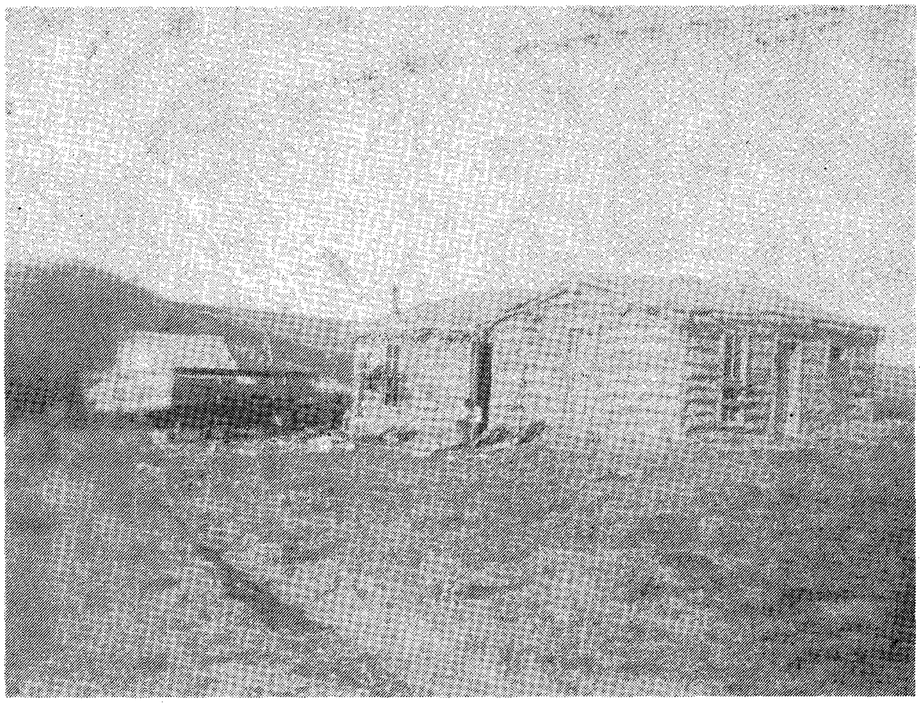
I am the only living member of my family with knowledge of the move my folks, Byron A. and Eva C. White, made in 1898 from Spink County in northeastern South Dakota to the very western part of old Stanley County, halfway between the Missouri River and the Black Hills. It was told to me many times.

After farming in Spink County since he came West at the age of seventeen Dad, by farming and raising stock, buying good farm land as he could pay for it piece by piece, soon acquired a considerable herd of cattle and horses. Livestock require lots of water and this was hard to come by before the large basin of artesian water which lay over nine hundred feet below the surface was discovered.

Everybody's spare time was spent in hand-digging surface wells in which at around sixty feet they struck water-bearing strata that would produce not over forty gallons of water every twenty-four hours. That was not enough to warrant a hand pump so a rope over a pulley and a bucket would have to do the trick. Riding from one well to the next took a lot of time seven days of the week.

Several years previous, a neighbor had moved farther west and reported good grazing and plenty of water — both free — in that unsettled country. This sounded very attractive to my folks. During a slow time at farming in the summer of 1897 Dad and his sister's husband, Bert Webb, took the train out to the end of the railroad at Pierre.

The old Missouri hadn't been bridged at this time. Crossing by boat they hired a light buggy and livery team and headed west to look over the country. They traveled the old Deadwood Trail to about the present town of Hayes where they took off toward where the Leslie post office and Indian trading post was located. Dad was very impressed with this country but Uncle Bert was not of the same mind and said he wouldn't consider moving his family there.



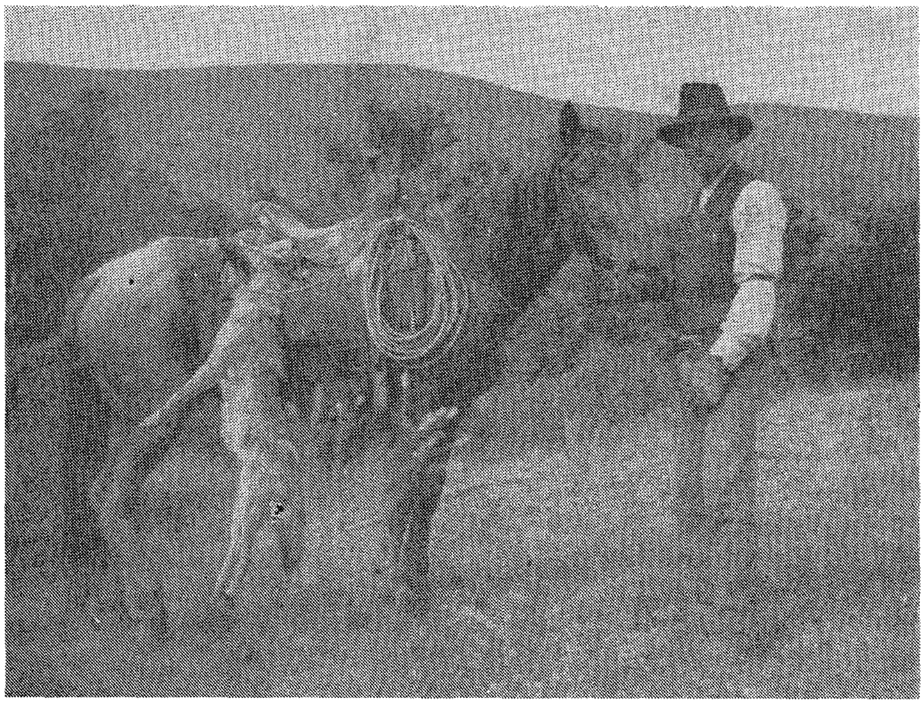
Above: The original B-W ranch. It was later used as a winter ranch. At left is the Whites' traveling home: a tent on a wagon.

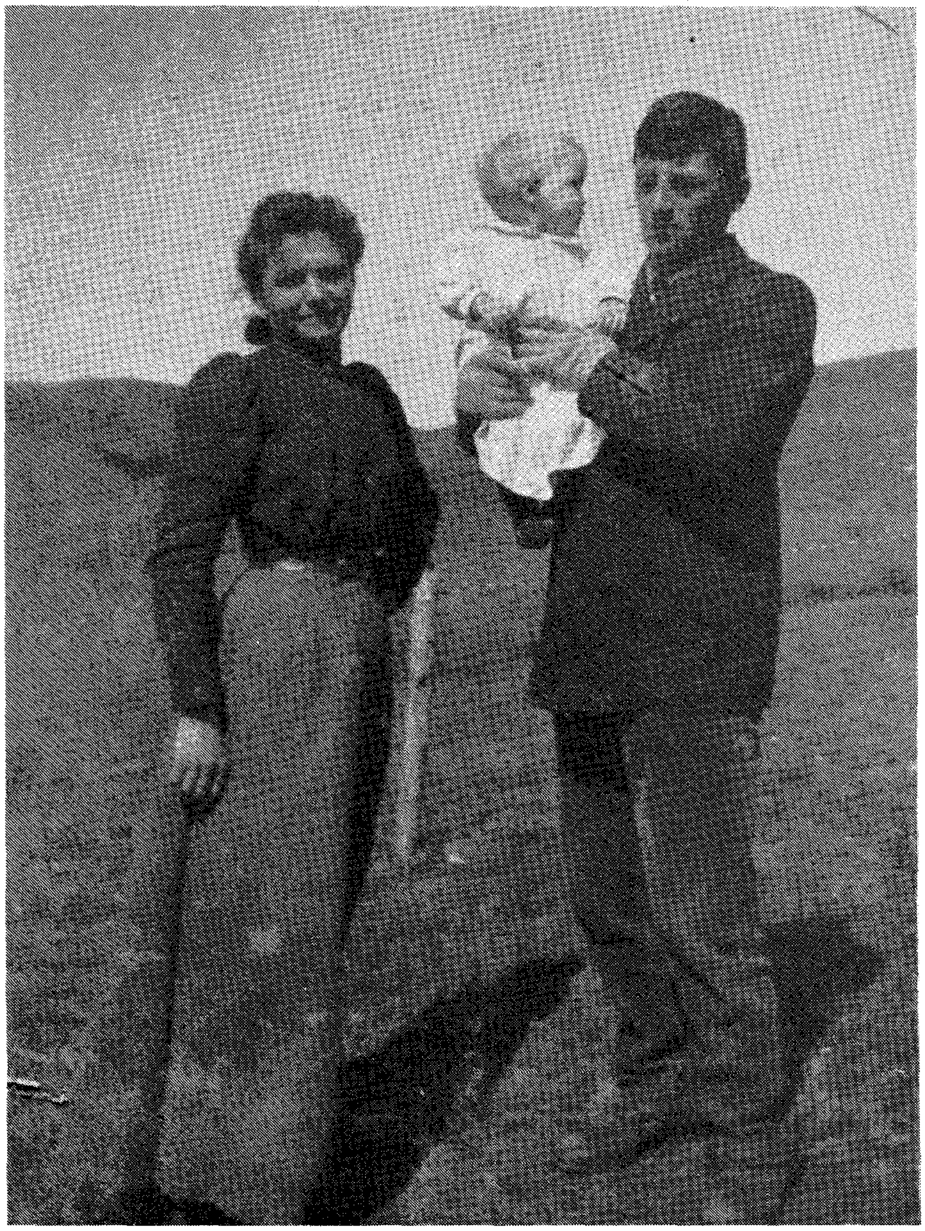
However Mother and Dad talked it over and decided this was the solution to their problems. They spent the winter preparing for the move. Sears, Roebuck and Company was their best source of supplies and equipment. They studied the catalogue and among the many articles they selected were two of the very best stock saddles and two revolvers, one a pearl-handled .32 calibre which we still have in the family. They also ordered a four by five box camera and full equipment for developing glass plates. (My mother would later spend lots of time this way as Dad was away on the roundups and she was all alone. Mother had many good pictures, but most of these glass plates were destroyed.)

Before the move, Dad helped his brother put in the crops as Dad had traded him land for livestock. This made quite a bunch of cattle and the folks had to stand guard at night both to keep the stock from straying and to prevent someone from having free beef.

Around the first of June after the grass had quite a start, and with two hired men, they headed West moving very slowly making from seven to ten miles a day depending on where they found water. At this slow speed cattle would gain in weight, which was money to them. I remember Dad telling of paying a settler fifty cents for letting them water at his water trough which was filled by a windmill.

Dad had a header box which was somewhat similar to a large hay rack with a solid floor. They used to just cut the heads off the grain and elevated it into the header box as they moved through the field. This was built on the running gears of an old threshing





separator using solid iron wheels with longer axles which made it better in rough country to prevent tipping over sideways. Dad used this for hauling hay for years as we only had trails for roads and the hills were very steep and sometimes very sidling.

Dad covered the floor with 1 x 12 boards and on this floor they could set up a wall tent and be right at home wherever they stopped. Underneath they built a chicken coop and after they made camp the chickens were released and enjoyed their freedom until darkness fell. With several milk cows along, they had a good supply of eggs and milk and all dairy products.

They did not travel on Sundays which gave Mother an opportunity to do the washing. They had a second wagon along loaded with haying machinery, so with two to drive the wagons and two to herd the livestock they were ready to move on to whatever the future might hold.

After a couple of days' travel the country became quite sparsely settled so they didn't follow roads too closely. Just east of Pierre they made camp and the following morning Dad rode down to make arrangements to be ferried across the old Missouri which was nearly a mile across due to the melting snow in the Rockies. It was running very swift. Two paddlewheel ferries were operated by a Captain Senichael between Pierre and Fort Pierre. With considerable difficulty Dad got the livestock aboard, and the big wagon only cleared the landing gate by an inch.

On landing they laid in a supply of everything they expected to need as this was the last chance they would have except at little local stores or trading posts where prices were very high and the selection poor.

After a week's travel they made temporary camp about four miles east of Leslie on the Cheyenne River where there was good grazing and the river furnished plenty of water. Leslie was a store and trading post for the Indians, run by Jim Benthine, where the folks got their mail for years.

DAD began inquiring for a good place to locate on a permanent water supply. Grazing land was unlimited up on the so-called "flats," but locations on running creeks were already taken. After several days Dad saddled up very early and rode off in a southwestern direction where about twelve miles out he found a man who had filed on

Top left: Byron White with horse and a coyote he had roped and brought home for wife Eva to photograph. Left: A June 1902 photo of Eva and Byron White with son George.

160 acres of real rough land with a very good stream of water flowing over a hundred gallons per minute. It was only about a quarter of a mile from the head springs where the water came out of the ground.

Dad paid him fifty dollars cash and a cow and calf for his rights and was back at camp that night. This was completing a deal very rapidly but Dad always rode good horses.

This rough land was very desirable as it furnished protection from the winter storms and contained lots more surface as they measured it on the level. They grazed the stock on the level land and kept the rough for winter grazing. In the spring when waterholes were full, the stock could range far out on the prairie.

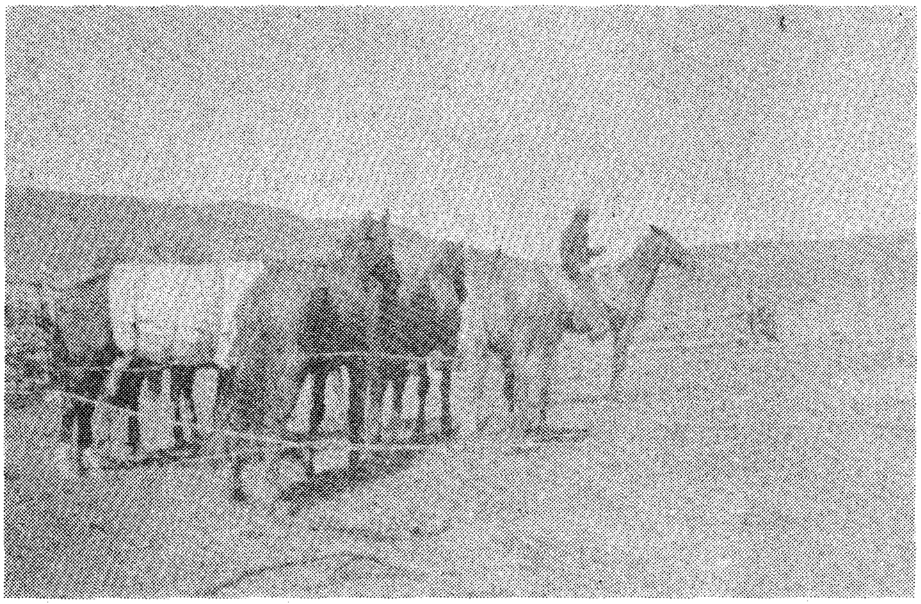
There was no road from where the folks were camped on the river so they doubled up their teams and, taking one wagon at a time, started up the long steep hills they had to get over to drop down to their new location. Part-way up they pulled the tongue out of the big wagon and had to do repairs on the spot, but they made it that night by rough-locking a wheel on each wagon.

The first task was to unload the big wagon to get to the lumber on the floor of the header box so they could lay a floor in the three-room log house on the place. I might mention this was great rattlesnake country so they had to be very cautious, especially when picking up anything.

Dad had a very good string of saddle horses but found them useless as they had been accustomed to level land and would walk off a cut bank or into a washout. A rider had to depend on his mount watching where they were going. He finally had to turn them loose until they became educated to the different terrain. He had to replace them with local stock but, since saddle horses were much in demand, those offered for sale were either outlaws or something was wrong with them. Dad was a very good rider and usually mastered them. Most outlaws made good saddle stock for they had lots of grit and endurance if you could stay with them in their bad moments.

The two hired men were kept until a good supply of hay was put up for the coming winter. This was a very different way of life for my folks after living in a well settled country. Dad had to be away from home about six weeks with the spring roundup and again in the fall, leaving Mother alone on the ranch.

EARLY in the spring of 1901 Dad took Mother eighty miles over the hills in a light buggy on their way back to Conde where Mother's folks lived and a doctor was available for my impending birth. At Fort Pierre they found the ice going out of the old Missouri and since a rowboat was the only means of crossing, and with great islands of thick ice coming down in that swift current, all they could do was wait. Dad contacted the man who ran the ferries when the river was free from ice, and he agreed to watch for a chance to get them across.



Byron White leaving for the roundup with his string of nine horses. Horse at left was wrapped in Byron's bedroll until he met up with the wagon used to carry them.

The forenoon of the third day Captain Senichael came up to the hotel and said he thought he could get them across. Giving Dad a long pole to keep the boat from getting crushed between pieces of floating ice and, with the ferryman rowing, they made it across to the eastern bank where Pierre was located. From there they could take the train. Dad stayed with Mother until I joined the family and then he had to go back to ride in the spring roundup.

Dad's brand for cattle was B Bar W on the right side; and one ear was bobbed, which one I do not remember. His horse brand was Connected Bar W on the right shoulder. In 1907 he began raising mules which carried the same brand as his horses.

When I reached the ripe old age of six weeks, Mother took the train out to Pierre where Dad met us with a team and light buggy to take us back to the ranch.

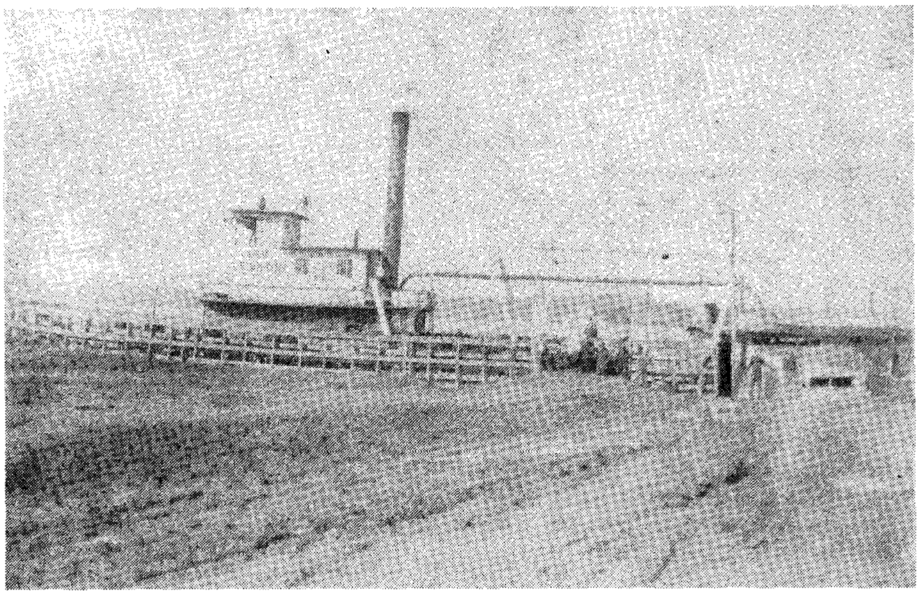
We made it safely home but somewhere along the trail I picked up some smallpox germs which used me quite rough. The folks must have known the correct home remedies to pull me through; however our Sioux neighbors north of the Cheyenne didn't fare so well. They died off like flies in the fall.

The summer I was nine I began doing a man's work riding with my Dad. My greatest desire was to have a good saddle, bridle, boots, spurs, six-gun, chaps, lariat, and slicker. I was always a loner and thought a great deal of my horses: old Tony who gave me the first lessons in riding; Scarleg; Gypsie; Collie; Baldy; Black Dick which was the last of Dad's roundup string and the best cow horse I ever rode; Bay Billie, Jerry, Prince, Black Bluffer and a tall rangy bay that I traded for but can't recall his name. I spent many long and often very cold days on these faithful friends and always took as good care of them as was possible.

On returning one time from a day spent over on the "West" ranch we noticed the door to our house was standing wide open. No one ever locked their doors even though they expected to be gone for a long period of time, but to find the door standing wide open aroused my curiosity.

I was the first one in the house. This open door led into the combined kitchen and dining room. On going into the front room I found our "visitor" in front of a double doorway hung with lace curtains. There stood Old Blue, a milk cow that had made the trip West, with the curtains draped over her broad back and calmly eating cornhusks which Mother had fixed for their bed. I should explain that mattresses couldn't be bought. Mother had made a muslin bed-size container and filled it with husks. After this was covered, a feather bed and several quilts made the bottom of a very comfortable bed. Old Blue had rooted up the bedding until she could get to the corn husks which she was enjoying.

WESTERN South Dakota was inhabited by several species of snakes and I was always cautioned to watch out for rattlers when I went outside. I



Above left: The Jim Leighton ferry which took the Whites' outfit across the Missouri River in one trip. Above right: House on the Robinson Springs place. The lower part was constructed of red cedar logs taken from an Indian council-house. Mortar was used to keep the logs from being identified as Indian property. The second story was added later.

had many close calls but was never bitten. In addition to rattlers there were bullsnakes, adders, garter, and blue racers that were always looking for trouble.

When the folks moved in our house on the "East" ranch there was nothing but bare walls and ceiling. Mother covered the walls with muslin and wallpaper, and the ceilings with muslin stretched tight. She had put me down for a nap on the bed. Later going back to check, she saw a snake crawling across the muslin ceiling overhead. Mother hurriedly grabbed a lifter for the stove lids and hooked it over said snake and pulled a loop of its body down to where it couldn't move. Then she called to the hired man who put on a pair of gloves and carried it outside. They determined it was just a bullsnake which wasn't poisonous.

Many years later I was catching bullfrogs in tall grass along a small stream for catfish bait as a friend and I were planning an overnight trip on the Cheyenne. I felt something wrap around my leg under my overalls and above my sock top. On investigating I found a large snake squeezing my calf and since it was so large and my view so poor I took it to be a bullsnake and began to try to loosen it by kicking. But when it unwrapped and I tried to kick it into the water, it finally coiled and rattled. I drew my gun and ended its career right there. I could never understand why it didn't bite me for they don't have the temperament to do any playing.

One time I was up on the reservation working for a sheep outfit, where we never saw anyone from the outside world. When I found a part of a magazine I put it in my pocket. As soon as I had some slack time I sat down in the shade of a plum thicket to enjoy the first reading material I had seen for weeks. The day was quite warm and I was sitting cross-legged with this magazine on my lap.

All at once a blue racer began to crawl between my stomach and the magazine. This was quite a surprise and I tossed the snake and magazine as far as I could throw. Perhaps the racer hadn't seen any reading material for some time either!

An incident I well remember from kid days happened over at our West ranch. There the house was made of red cedar logs which were home for a harmless bug that burrowed in to them, making a fine sawdust. One morning my face was covered with sawdust which filled my eyes and was very irritating. Mother tried everything in the way of home remedies which brought little relief until she tried fresh skimmed cream which was somewhat soothing. Later in the day I could begin to see through my tears but to be unable to see was a frightening experience for a small boy.

EARLY in the winter that I was four years old, one of our hired men, Dan Sullivan, made a trip back East to visit his folks. After returning he became very sick, running a high fever and delirious. None of the home remedies seemed to get any results so Dad sent the other hired man in a light buggy and the best driving team after a doctor who was located in Fort Pierre eighty miles away. With snow on the ground and quite cold it was some errand.

There was a phone line out to Hayes, which was half-way, where he phoned in and had the doctor come by team to that point. By this time our team was rested and ready to travel and they returned to the ranch in just forty-eight hours, which we felt was wonderful service.

It developed that Dan had typhoid fever but we were able to pull him through. Dad had told the man who went for the doctor to kill the team if he had to in getting the medical help we needed. When they arrived back at the ranch, however, the horses were blanketed, cooled off slowly, and the following day when they were released, they ran off kicking up their heels and happy to be free.

The folks refused any pay from Dan so he gave me a young mare with a club foot, which didn't interfere with her raising me a number of colts and starting me in the horse-raising business.

Late one spring after we had moved our livestock out on the prairie around Straight Head Ranch we had one of the greatest blizzards in Dakota history. It came in the last of May after the stock had shed their winter coats, beginning with a warm rain which soaked the animals' hides. The rain then turned to snow with freezing wind and in three days had coated everything with ice.

The weather began to break in the forenoon but remained very cold. A neighbor who owned the L6 rode up and said he had gotten out earlier to check on some cattle he had moved way out on the flats south of where Milesville later was located. Most of his cattle had frozen to death. One family I know was twenty years paying off the loss they suffered in that May blizzard.

I was about five and a half years old when my sister Eva was born. Less than a month before she was expected

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to arrive, Dad took Mother and me into Pierre in a wagon so he could bring back a load of supplies for the winter. Arrangements had been made for Mother and me at Saint Mary's Hospital in Pierre and he headed back to the ranch. This was in October and he needed to get livestock gathered in close to the home ranch so we could start feeding when the snow got heavy.

When Eva was ten days old we pulled out in a bad storm with a load of more supplies. We made it out to Willow Creek that afternoon where there was a country "road ranch" or inland hotel which had two bunkhouses, one for men and another for the ladies. Both were unheated which wasn't the most ideal situation for a mother and newborn baby. The next day we made it to Hayes where the bunkhouses were heated, and laid over until the blizzard blew itself out. Another couple was there with a new baby but they didn't have money to stay and went on. Their baby froze before they got to their claim shanty.

The weather cleared and turned colder but we finally made it to the home ranch. There was quite a bit of snow on the ground as this was now well into November, and we were the first team through, most of the way.

HORSES played a big part in my early life and I have had a few narrow escapes. One time when I was about four years old I was playing in the big pole corral while Dad and the hired man were repairing it. I got too close to a wild two-year-old colt that happened to be from the mare Dan had given me and he kicked me in the face with both feet. They picked me up for dead as I was completely covered with blood. Both cheekbones were exposed, my nostrils were cut on both sides, and my left eyebrow was badly cut.

Not wishing to frighten Mother they took me down to the creek to clean me up and when I began to come to and struggle, Dad lost his handkerchief under the ice so they had to carry me up to the house. The first I remember I was lying on the couch all bandaged up and the cuts closed with court plaster, which was similar to the present Scotch tape. They didn't try to sew me up as I was too cut up to put together. I was fortunate to end up with just a bad scar in my left eyebrow, but it always froze in cold weather due to poor circulation.

Another little incident happened several years later when a hired man and I were trying to rope a sorrel mare in the round corral. I was standing in the open gate with my rope ready to use if she came close enough, but just as they came my direction the hired man threw and missed. This startled the rest of the horses and they just ran over me although I was using my rope to turn them. They just trampled me into the gravel hill.

I bounced up saying I wasn't hurt but in a couple of minutes things started to spin and I slipped away to my room in the house. I had three large bumps on my head, a flattened left elbow joint, and bruises all over. All this was just incidental and until my left arm started to stiffen up no attention was paid to me.

One of our neighbors' father lived with them and he was a very old Civil War doctor so they hauled me down for his inspection. His decision was that my elbow had been flattened and unless they made me use it a lot it would become permanently stiff. For a while I had to do everything left-handed including eating, so that is my excuse for being able to eat so much — I use both hands. Being able to pistol shoot with either hand was also quite an advantage in law enforcement work in later years.

South Dakota had lots of electrical storms, especially during the very dry years, and we all had close calls from lightning striking too close for comfort. One incident I shall always remember. We were still on the East ranch and our nearest neighbor down the creek had a man and his wife working for him who were expecting a baby. Late one afternoon they came after Mother to help bring this little girl into the world. Mother took Eva and left me home alone.

A very bad storm was brewing and it became very dark. Being a seven-year-old I was not permitted to light a kerosene lamp so as the gloom increased I decided to stay outside. Lightning was striking all around me and I became quite frightened. Then it struck very close to me, raising me off the ground, and I came down running, heading for the neighbor's. On arriving there I was severely scolded and sent straight back home.

The storm didn't get any lighter and I was very relieved when Dad returned from the hayfield. I have seen many freak storms, one very small with only one flash of lightning — but it killed a neighbor lady living four miles away.

Dad was with the roundup one time down on Bad River near where the town of Midland is now located. He was standing guard over a herd of 3,300 cattle during a heavy electrical storm. When the sky is overcast with no stars being visible, one soon loses his sense of direction riding 'round and 'round. The air was charged with electricity and sparks were jumping from his horse's ears and from the horns of the cattle; this was when all cattle had long horns. The herd was very restless and hard to hold together, and at the same instant all started to run.

Bad River Bottom is covered with lots of washouts made during heavy rains and melting snows and is not the most ideal place to ride a running horse in absolute darkness with stampeding cattle all about. All Dad could do was to give the horse his head and trust to his sure-footedness trying to get in the lead of the running herd and start them circling and milling around until they stopped running.

Dad said they struck a big washout and it seemed they were in the air for several seconds before they hit bottom. His horse managed to keep its feet and started scrambling up the other side with cattle piling up all around them. Night horses knew what had to be done to survive.

As soon as it was light the boys from the wagon were out looking for Dad and the herd, for many a cowboy did not survive these stampedes. The other guard had peeled off and got away from the herd and the danger.

IT WAS nearly time for the spring roundup to start. Dad wanted to ride with a big ranch that ran their cattle on the Cheyenne Reservation north of the river. So with a bronc Dad was breaking to ride and with Dan hazing for him (which was to keep the unbroken horse from using trees and plum thickets to get rid of the rider on his back), they took off north. When they came to the river they found it flooding and this was a very swift and dangerous stream to cross when it was in the swimming stage, but they made it across and had dinner at the Diamond A Ranch.

When they returned to the river, however, they found it had risen considerably. Dan's horse was a strong swimmer, so removing their boots and heavy clothing he and Dad entered the river where they slid off their horses to let them ride higher in the water. Dad's horse followed right behind Dan's and all went well until Dan's horse got near enough to the shore that he could touch bottom. Dad's horse just gave up swimming then, and floated on his side to move with the current.

It was very unusual for a horse to just give up and float, for they get as panicky as a person does and begin thrashing about. Dad couldn't swim and had this happened, he would have drowned.

They floated down the river and the current carried them back across the river and up against a steep cutbank where Dad was able to dig hand and foot holds in the gumbo bank until he could reach some exposed tree roots. As he had unstrapped his lariat and tied one end around his horse's neck, by holding the other end he was able to tow his horse farther down the river to a place he could drag him ashore.

The river was not very wide at this point and Dad called across to Dan (who had followed on the opposite side), telling him to go on home and tell Mother what had happened and he would get there as soon as he could. I can well remember Dan coming down the long hill to the ranch. Mother had been uneasy and watching for them. Dan was a big burly Irishman and he started laughing loudly before he reached the house so she would know that all was well.

Dad rode down the river until he came to an Indian's log cabin. They let him come in and built a fire after putting up his horse. After a while the Indian man came in and said if Dad would go outside, his women could come in and get him something to eat. They fixed him a place to sleep and as soon as it became light Dad left a half dollar on the table and saddled up and continued downriver to the Cherry Creek Indian Agency where there was a boat. The men had quite a time getting the horse back in the river to follow the boat but at last they were safely across and Dad was home.

This old river got many a cowboy especially if one got careless. I once crossed it after dark before the ice went out, with water over the ice running through my stirrups, to get to the Robinson-Cline Ranch to stay all night. In the morning the ice had gone out. Had I hit a hole in the ice they probably would never have found me.

THE summer of 1910 was very dry and we had to move our cattle east of the home ranch. The country had settled up by then and rangeland was a very scarce commodity. On this range there was no water. There had been no rain so there were no waterholes. Every morning Dad and I had to make a big circle gathering our cattle and bringing them to the home ranch. We had to skirt some private property to get them to water where they stayed until about four o'clock. Then we gathered them up and moved them out to the edge of our range again.

That summer there were terrible fires in Western Montana and Idaho and smoke drifted clear back to our state, cutting our visibility at times to less than a hundred yards. We were greatly concerned and Dad always made me carry matches so I could backfire for protection in case I got trapped. This smoke made it difficult to gather cattle in rough country.

One day I had made my gather and had ridden up over a flat when several

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head of cattle came running out of the smoke. I took them in and dropped down into Plum Creek where the smoke wasn't quite so heavy, not aware of the fact I had picked up Dad's leaders. Farther along the creek we were able to get together.

Just to insert a bit of humor I must tell you of a pet cat Mother had. When she came in from riding she would dismount at the house and set her cat up in the saddle, then lead the horse down to the corral. One day Dan Sullivan and another cowboy rode by and stopped to talk with Dad and me. The cat, after looking over the situation, decided no one was going to offer her a saddle to ride so she sprang up behind Dan's saddle on the bronc's hips, using her claws to anchor herself. This was all that was necessary to start action. The bronc just hung his head and the fireworks started. Dan looked back in time to see the cat flying through the air and after getting things under control he started looking for whoever had thrown that cat onto his horse. He was a very mad Irishman. After that, Mother had to break her cat from horseback riding.

My early schooling wasn't under the most favorable conditions as we moved twice a year to preserve grazing for the different seasons. In the fall I would get several months in one school and then we would move back to the winter range where I would attend another school. In April it was back to the West ranch and another school, at times riding at least four miles. In that day anyone completing the eighth grade and passing a simple examination could get a certificate to teach. Many of our teachers were not competent to teach anything.

When I completed the eighth grade I was sent to the eastern part of the state where I stayed with one of Mother's sisters and her family. There was never a greener country bumpkin than I, and I was scared to death of a city school. Dad had told me to get me a good hat so I would look like somebody (which in our country meant a John B. Stetson) so I bought a quite conservative eight-dollar hat. It made me stick out like a sore thumb the first morning I put in an appearance at school. By the second morning I had gotten myself a blue serge cap like all the other boys were wearing. After completing the first two years of high school I developed a bad heart condition and was unable to go back for the third term.

Our house on the Robinson Springs place was made of logs the whites had stolen from the Indian council-house after the government had forced the Indians across the river onto the reservation. The unheated second story was of frame construction and had never been finished off. I slept up there during one very cold spell. I found snow had blown in around the windows. As I undressed to get in bed I noticed Dad's nice coonskin fur coat that had been his father's; it was a beautiful piece of tailoring with the stripes matched and with beaver collar and cuffs, and was on a hanger suspended from the rafters so no mice could reach it. I slipped into it and buttoned it down to my ankles and had just gotten settled in bed with the collar turned up to the top of my head when Mother lifted the trap door asking if I would be warm enough. I assured her I was fine but she insisted on coming up to tuck me in.

Hurriedly I covered the collar with bedcovers and she checked all around the bed and retired downstairs, which was heated. I, too, was as warm as toast all night. Dad never knew of this event or I would have been banished to Siberia. This was a wonderful coat. One of our local merchants offered Dad $150 and the best cloth overcoat he could order in exchange for this garment, but Dad would not consider it.

IN the fall of 1917 Dad and I were batching while my mother was in the hospital. We just didn't agree too well so I saddled one of my own horses and rode off into the night, spending the first night at the West ranch where I had made a summer camp many times. The old house had no windows or doors, and a pile of hay where I had made my roundup bed was also gone. This was the last of November and the nights were below freezing, but I had to rest my horse which had been on the go since morning.

I had on leather chaps and a heavy coat and was very tired, but before I could get to sleep I would become so cold I would have to get up and go out where the old wood pile had been and crawl around feeling for bits of wood until I had enough to start a fire. An old stove had been left in the kitchen which I would stand over until I got warmed up and sleepy. As soon as it was light I saddled up and took off west up the river looking for work, and by night had hired out.

On that ranch I did any job that came along. One was to crawl across the ice on the river to cut holes for the stock to get water. The ice at the edge was several inches thick but in the middle where the current was swift it was very thin, and though I would spread out my body it would settle until my weight was displaced in the water — I was in a bowl of ice so thin I could see the swift water roiling below me. Had I broken through, nobody would have found me — which just wasn't what I had planned on. The first of the year when they were laying off their surplus help, I left.

In closing I would like to pay great tribute to my folks who pioneered in that wild and undeveloped land, encountering many dry years which always increased their hardships, and it was under these conditions that I grew up.

And to those of you who managed to struggle through this poorly written saga, I can only say a very big thanks for your patience.

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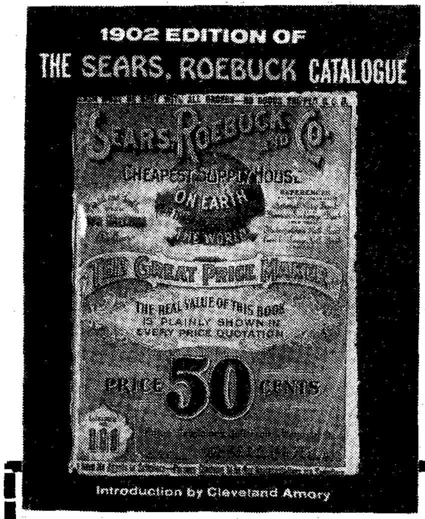
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IDAHO HISTORY

Whispers From Old Genesee and Echoes of the Salmon River by John A. Platt (Ye Galleon Press, Fairfield, Wash., copies may be ordered from Kenneth B. Platt, 1213 Spruce Circle, Moscow, Idaho 83843, 184 pages plus index, $10.00 hardcover, 7½ x 11 inches).

This is the second printing of a book that first appeared in the fall of 1959. The author, who went to Idaho Territory in 1881, nine years before it became a state, provides a history of the region between 1895 and about 1925.

The first section looks at the Genesee region and includes much information on early ranching there. The second section looks at the Salmon River. More ranching information is included along with stories about cowboys and cattle. The author's style is warm and personal. The book is easy to read and quite informative. Historic photographs are sprinkled throughout.

Students of cattle trade history in the West will find this book of special interest. And the detailed table of contents and index make it an easy reference work. Recommended.

RAINMAKERS

The Rainmakers by Clark C. Spence (University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588, 181 pages, $15.95 hardcover, 5½ x 8½ inches).

As the title suggests this book is about men who through the years have set about to produce rain, especially in times of drought. Author Clark Spence has written a delightful book about those scientifically trained, as well as outright quacks and charlatans.

Spence begins with the story of James P. Espy nicknamed the "Storm King" who developed a theory in the mid-19th century called "rainfall by convection." Espy soon proposed that forty acres of timber for every twenty miles should be burned once a week to induce rainfall during the growing season.

The author also tells of men like Edward Powers, who sought to make it rain through concussion. In fact, the government went along with Powers for a time and authorized an expedition to cannonade the clouds at taxpayers' expense.

And there are many other stories in this well-researched book. Spence, a history professor at the University of Illinois, has included detailed notes plus a good index. Recommended.

CAMELS IN THE OLD WEST

Three Caravans to Yuma by Harlan D. Fowler (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Box 230, Glendale, Calif. 91209, 173 pages, $25.00 hardcover, 6 x 9½ inches, edition limited to 750 copies).

The author of this fascinating book is the same man who wrote *Camels to California* published in 1950. That book, long out-of-print, briefly mentioned the purchase of Bactrian camels — Siberian camels with two humps — by Otto Esche. Since then the author has uncovered more material on Esche's camels, including evidence to document that there were three independent camel enterprises in the 19th century American West. All three ended up in Arizona.

In a way this new book picks up where the author's 1950 book ended. Fowler tells how Bactrian camels — they are larger than dromedaries — were also used by Frank Laumeister in the Cariboo mining districts of British Columbia and in Idaho, Washington, Nevada, and elsewhere in the Old West. The Bactrian camels were used to carry supplies to the mines.

Fowler, who deserves the nickname "camel man," has produced a delightful book. And with his 1950 *Camels to California* he is undoubtedly "the expert" on camels in 19th century America. The book includes numerous illustrations including historic photographs plus appendices, bibliography, and index. Highly recommended.

PIONEER PREACHER

Look for Me in Heaven by Mark Fiester (Pruett Publishing Co., 3235 Prairie Ave., Boulder, Colo. 80301, 504 pages, $19.95 hardcover, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This is a biography of John Lewis Dyer, an early Methodist circuit-riding preacher who made a name for himself in late 19th century Colorado and New Mexico. Dyer was born in 1812 and died in 1901. Although he felt the call to the ministry at an early age, he was thirty-nine before he became a preacher. And he was forty-three before he was ordained. Six years later he began his frontier ministry.

The author — born in Pennsylvania — has lived in Colorado since 1948. He is a minister. Bibliography and index are included.

A PIECE OF TEXAS

A 'Looking Back' Scrapbook for Calhoun County and Matagorda Bay, Texas by Paul H. Freier (published by the author, Route #1, Port Lavaca, Tex. 77979, 244 pages plus appendices and index, $17.50 heavy paper wrappers, 8½ x 11 inches).

The author is a newspaper columnist. He has produced a series of historical articles that appeared under the title "Looking Back" originally published between 1972 and 1979 in the Port Lavaca, Texas, *Wave*.

Freier has pulled together his columns by period or subject matter. The first chapter contains articles that concern the discovery and colonization of the region around Matagorda Bay. The next chapter relates stories of the frontier period. Next comes the Civil War era, then epidemics and so on.

The subjects and events covered include feuds, hangings, shipwrecks, animals, strange people, hurricanes, ice storms, trade, commerce, banking and church history. The appendices include the rosters of the military companies of Calhoun County, a list of the property holders of the washed-out town of Saluria, and the names of ships on Matagorda and Lavaca Bays.

The book has been produced by the Xerox process. A table of contents and index are included.

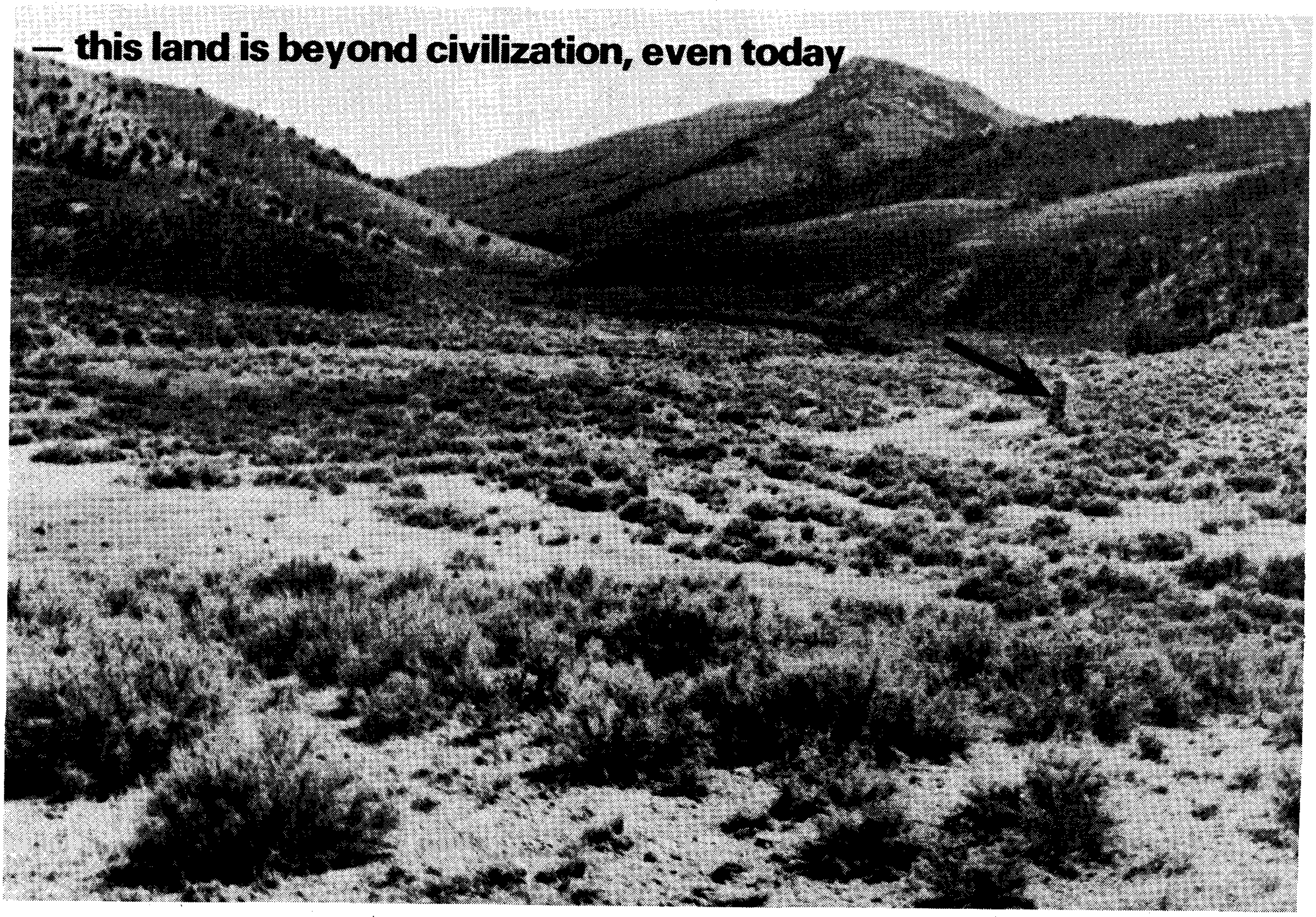
TWO TAOS BOOKS

Taos 1847 edited by Michael McNierney (Johnson Publishing Co., 1880 S. 57th Court, Boulder, Colo. 80301, 102 pages, $4.95 paper, 8½ x 5½ inches), and *The Great Taos Bank Robbery* by Tony Hillerman (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, N.M. 87131, 147 pages, $4.95 paper, 8 x 5½

(Continued on page 37)

GOSHUTE COUN

— this land is beyond civilization, even today



Above: A lonely monument marks the spot where Burnt Station is located. Five station keepers were massacred here by Goshute Indians, and the relay station was burned to the ground.

By ROBERT L. FOSTER

Photos provided by author

THERE are those odd souls among us who love the desert. Forests and lakes are fine but they are not the same. They are not "expansive" the way the world seems when you look across a shimmering fifty-mile desert valley to a mountain range etched sharply against a desert sky.

There are also odd souls who love history. Not history out of textbooks but as it lives in the journals and memories of those who made it, and as it whispers from ancient tracks and weatherbeaten ruins.

And then there are people who simply like to get away from civilization out where life is elemental and quiet. We cannot retreat into the past, although I think many of us would dearly like to — those of us who got trapped in the wrong century.

May I share with you a secret retreat where I go to forget my troubles? The Great Salt Lake Desert, just forty miles west of my home, is a 90 by 110-mile rectangle bounded by Highway 40 on the north, Highway 50 on the south, Highways 36 and 6-50 on the east, and the Nevada border on the west. There's hardly a mile of paved highway or a power line in this Massachusetts-sized area.

What's out there then that draws me like a moth to a flame? The southern half of the Great Salt Lake Desert, for one thing. The salt flats, table-smooth, lifeless, are a muddy trap to any who venture into them. The wheel marks of the Donner Party are still visible. The items thrown from their bogged-down wagons to lighten them have long since been picked up by other desert travelers; even so, the treacherous mud slowed the Donner party just long enough to make them late in arriving in the high Sierras. And we all know what happened then.

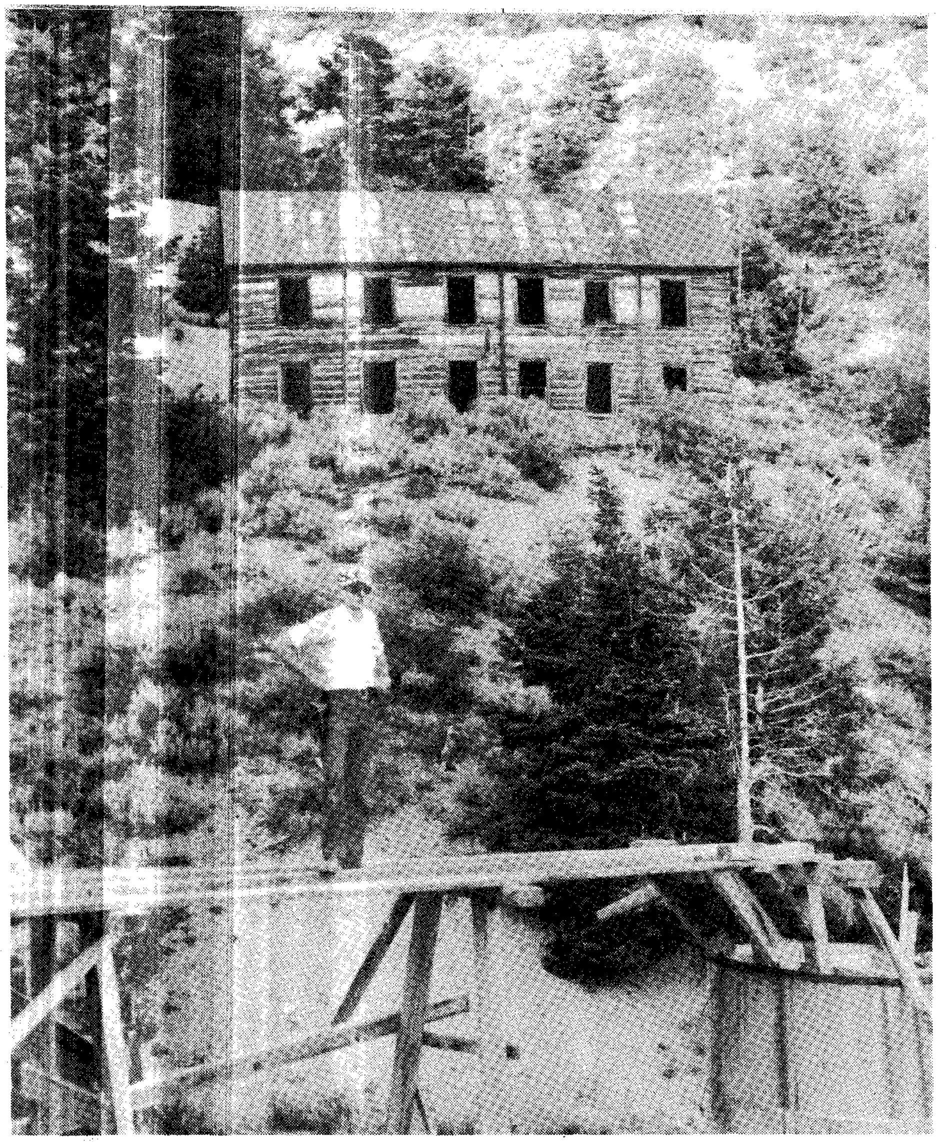
But that's only part. More impressive — and surprising — to those who see this barren land for the first time are the mountains. Bold, rugged, nearly bare mountains, some of the highest in the western United States, jutting out of the flatlands like the backs of prehistoric monsters frozen into silent place by a hardening earth.

And there's more. There's the lonely, dusty road that winds endlessly through the sage and greasewood,

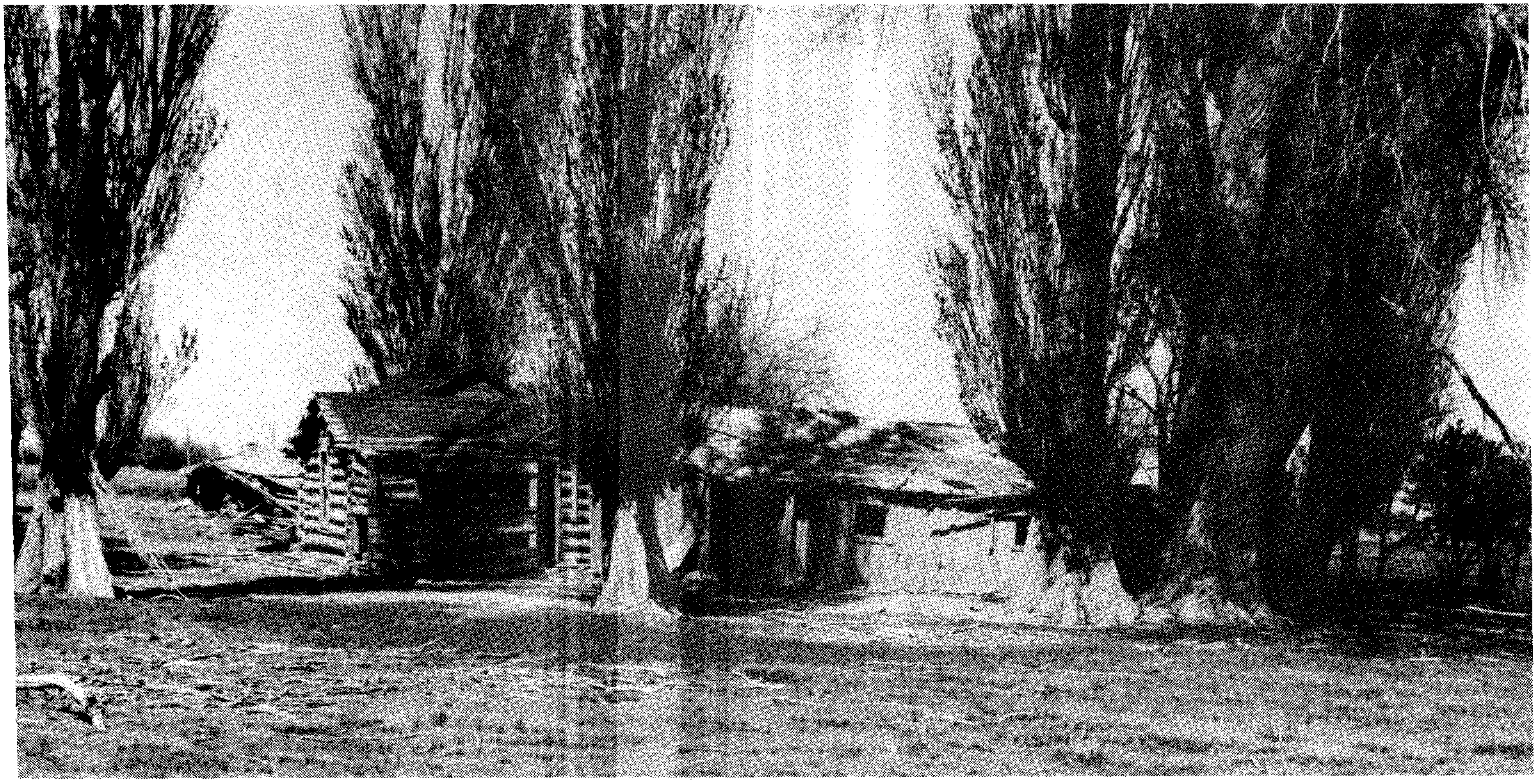
TRY

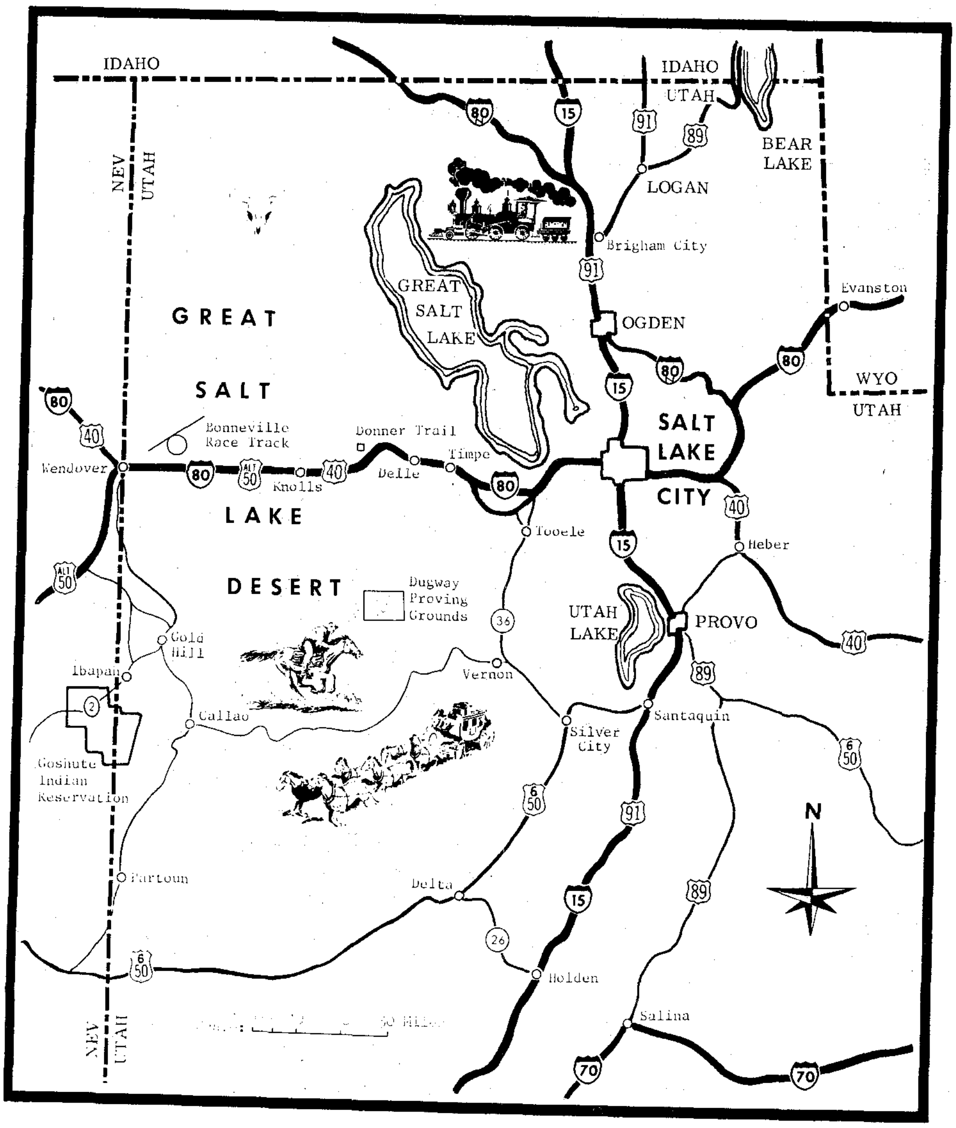
climbing the rocky shoulder of a distant mountain, dropping into another broad valley in hot dry monotony. There are the long-forgotten diggings and vacant-eyed shacks that marked the blasted hopes of men who grubbed in the earth for wealth — strong men beaten by a pinched-out vein or a falling market.

Among the Goshute Indian people, living in the far end of my domain, legend has it that a long time ago a coyote and a hawk were sitting on top of a huge mountain which used to exist in



Above (left): Hundreds of digs like this dot the desert landscape. Above (right): Author standing in front of an old hotel in Utah's remote western mountains. Below: The small hamlet of Callao, Utah stands out like an oasis in an expanse of sagebrush. Huge cottonwood trees reach for the sky near this early pioneer homestead.

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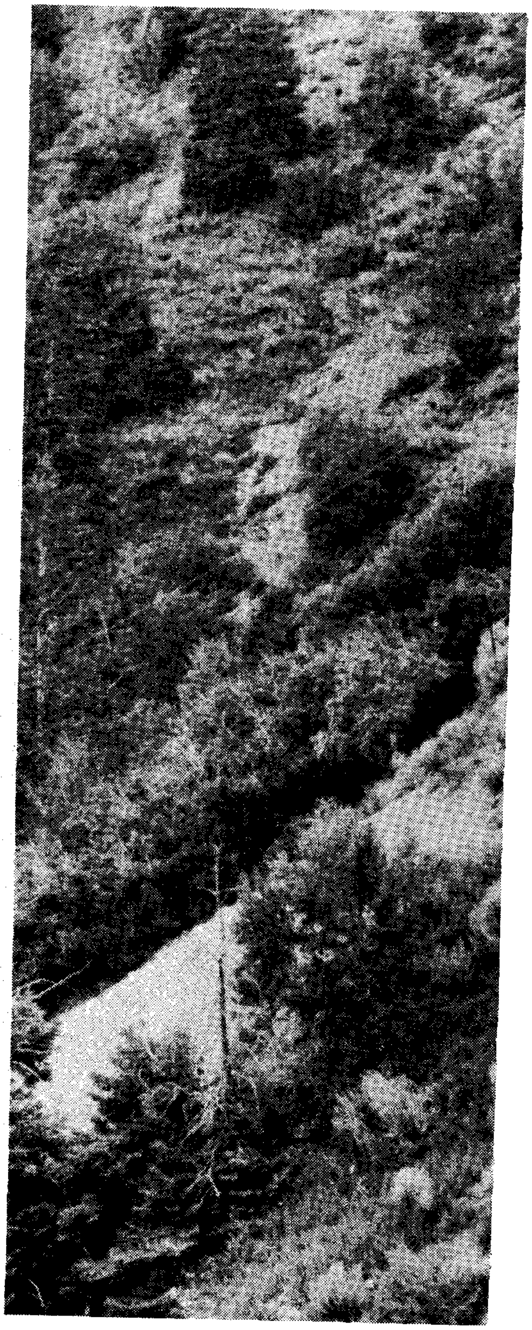
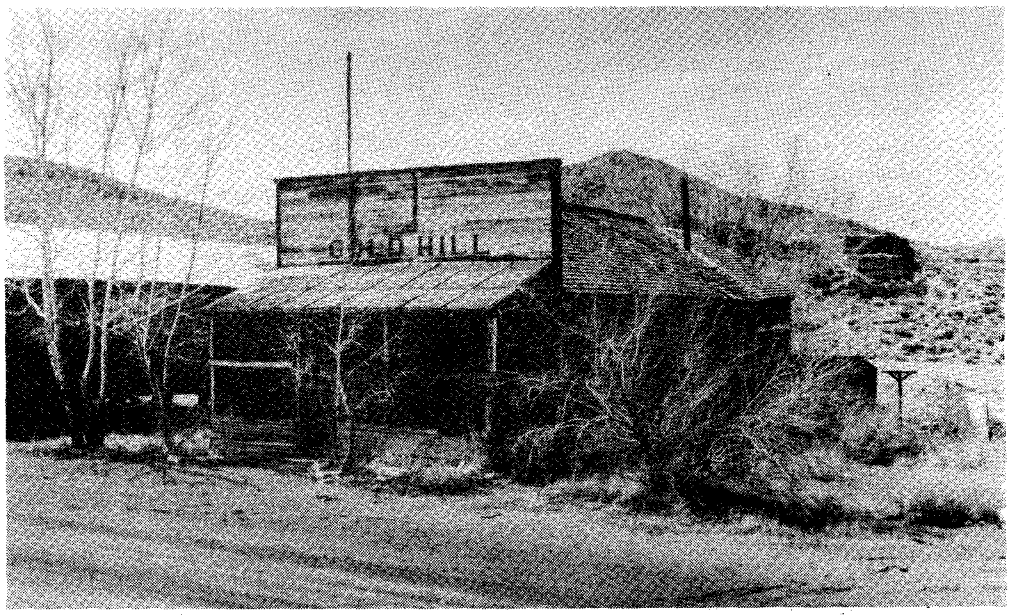
Above: Map shows places mentioned in story. At right: Houses built by prospectors seem ready to fall into splintery heaps, but manage to survive the summer heat and winter snows year after year. Below: Many Saturday night dances were held in the old recreation hall still standing at Ibapah, Utah.

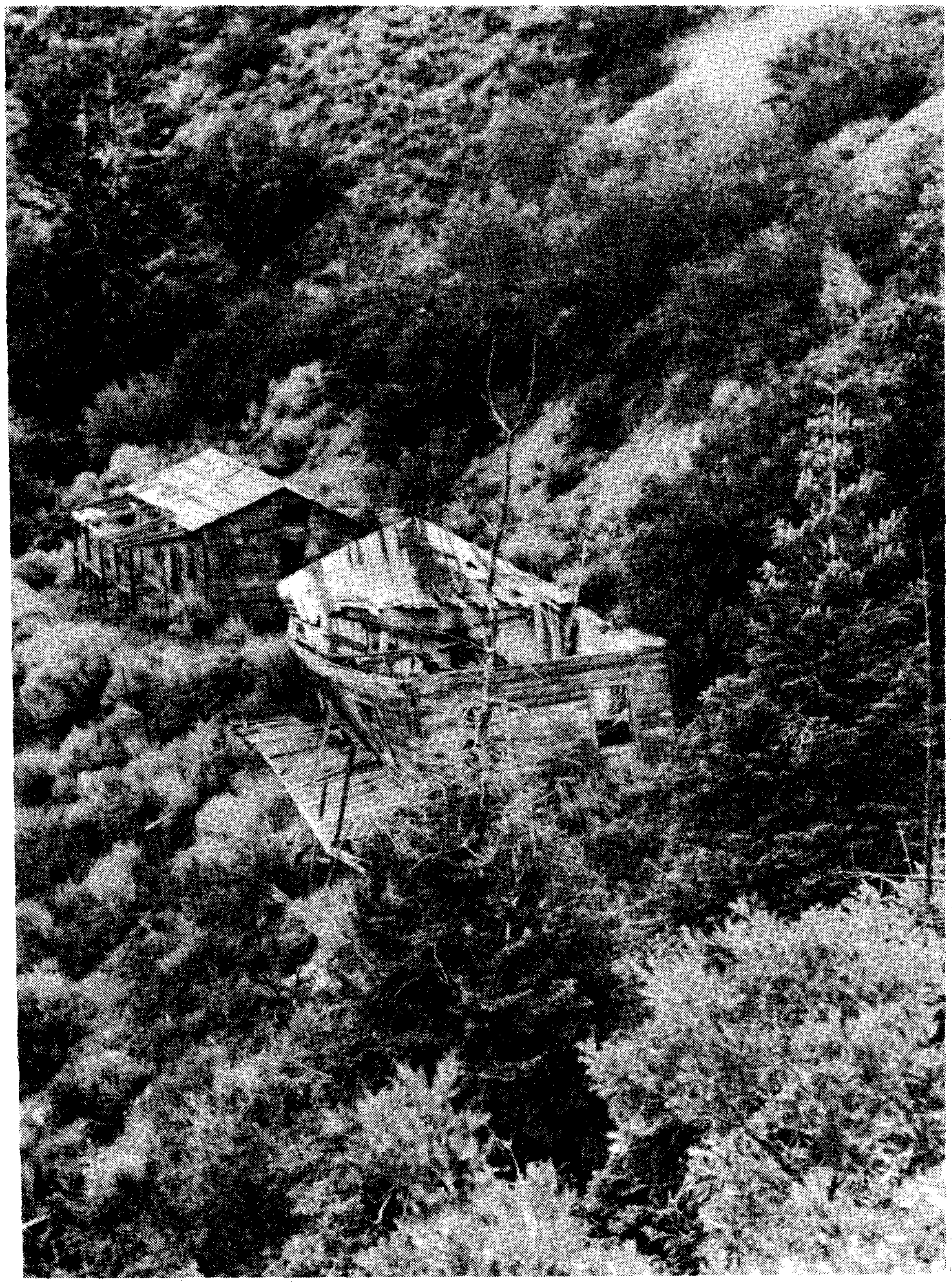
Above: The Overland stage station at Ibapah, Utah. Passengers could clean up and have a meal while the station keepers



harnessed a fresh team for the next 25-mile stretch.



Above: Not much remains of Gold Hill, Utah, located on the Utah-Nevada border.



the south end of the valley. They began to quarrel. Soon the argument became heated, and the hawk became extremely angry. He soared high in the air, suddenly swooped down with his sharp talons extended, and knocked off the top of the mountain scattering earth and rocks all around. All the mountains near Ibapah, Utah, including Antelope Range, the Deep Creek Range, and even the Snake Range to the northwest, were made by this action of the hawk.

Of course, we of the sophisticated twentieth century know that cataclysmic changes occurred in the earth's crust eons ago. Violent volcanic eruptions formed mountains, and earthquakes and ground rumblings opened huge fissures and cut and shaped the desert in which the forefathers of the Goshutes roamed naked through the land in search of grasshoppers and lizards. These Indians now live in government-built houses and send their children to a government school near the most isolated Indian reservation in the nation.

IN THIS DESERT there's an overall smell and feel of history. Ruins of Pony Express and Overland Stage stations lie crumbled in the sun. So little has the land changed from those stirring days that one can almost hear the drum and hoofbeats and the creak of harness, or imagine that the ground is still wet where a stagekeeper's lifeblood drained into the sand after an Indian attack.

Here's how I turn back the clock 123

years: Traveling south out of Salt Lake City on State Highway 68, or Redwood Road as the natives call it, to the Lehi cutoff or the junction of State Highway 78, then west on 78 to the small hamlet of Fairfield (roughly 40 miles from Salt Lake City) you will find the Camp Floyd State Historical Monument.

In 1858 the big fort was of major importance. Its cavalrymen moved out on daily patrol toward Lookout Pass. The 2,500 soldiers stationed at Camp Floyd made it one of the largest army posts in the United States.

The fort is gone now. All that remains is the former officers quarters, a monument maintained by the State Park Service. A half-mile away is the military cemetery. Like a small green oasis in a sea of sagebrush, there are neat rows of flat gray headstones naming the American soldiers who died while on duty with the United States Army over almost a century and a quarter years ago.

As you walk along reading names, ranks, births and death dates, history comes alive. Who were these men with Irish, Scottish and German names who came to this wilderness? Here are five men who all died on the same day. Were they killed while scouting Goshute Indian Country to the west? Some were grizzled veterans of the Mexican War; others were only seventeen or eighteen years old. What stories of the turbulent times in which they lived are buried with them!

Five miles west of Fairfield you leave Highway 73, take a short cut across to Faust, hitting and crossing State Highway 36. At this point you will follow the old Pony Express route across the desert. A sign indicates that the next village, Callao, is 104 miles away!

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The COWBOY CATALOG

by SANDRA KAUFFMAN

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See our ad — Western Book Co. — this magazine.

Thundering over this isolated stretch of road, young, daring riders of the Pony Express rode hell bent for leather for sixteen months in 1860-61. During the next nine years, Concord coaches of the Overland Stage bounced over this dusty expanse of desert.

At intervals of about twenty-five miles were the relay stations. The first point of interest is at Lookout Pass, site of one station. Nothing remains but a strange monument — a rock-fenced cemetery. The graves are marked "Jenny Lind," "Toby Tyler," "Bishop," "Josephine Bonaparte," and "Phoebe." All were dogs buried by Horace and Libby Rockwell who homesteaded in Lookout Pass from 1866 to 1890. Ironically, outside the walled cemetery are the graves of three nameless pioneers.

The next stop is Simpson Springs, the only source of fresh water for several miles in any direction. Under the cedar trees surrounding the spring are a few picnic benches. The foundations of several buildings remain. This place was named for J.H. Simpson, a topographical engineer who was sent out from Camp Floyd to find a route to Carson Valley.

From Simpson Springs looking south you can see Drum Mountain; to the west are three ranges of mountains: first Dugway, then Fish Springs, and finally Deep Creek. To the northwest is Pilot Peak in Nevada, and on a clear day you can see the Black Pine Mountains in Idaho.

At this point you are seemingly beyond civilization. Only an occasional high flying jet will remind you of the outside world. Next you will see Fish Springs where the Government has diked thousands of acres for a fresh water wildlife refuge. Fifteen miles later is Callao, a hamlet almost as remote as if located on another planet.

THE CHARM of Callao is its tranquil atmosphere. "Main Street" is studded with huge, old cottonwoods. The natural environment has been little changed in the past sixty years. Should any emergencies arise, help is eighty-five miles north at Wendover; about a hundred miles southeast at Delta; or over a hundred miles at Ely, Nevada.

On up the road is Ibapah, made up of a few isolated ranches. The Ibapah Valley, twenty by forty miles, is probably one of the most isolated areas in the country.

Nearby is the Goshute Indian Reservation, split down the middle by the Utah-Nevada border. Captain John C. Fremont, in writing of his Western exploration, described the Goshutes in the most pitiable terms, as they roamed naked, searching for food.

The Goshutes attacked Eight Mile Station, just over the Nevada border, on March 22, 1863. One station keeper was killed and another tortured to death. Lying in ambush, the Indians then waited for the stage. They shot the stage driver and a passenger riding the boot. Another passenger climbed from inside the coach to the driver's seat and drove the team in a mad dash to Ibapah. (Eight Mile Station still stands, its rock walls in a good state of preservation.)

About three and a half months later, the Goshutes struck again, killing four soldiers and a wagon driver at Canyon Station just east of Ibapah. The station was burned and the driver, apparently still alive, was thrown on the embers of the burning structure.

Northeast of Ibapah is the ghost town of Gold Hill. Three thousand people lived here at one time, and a narrow-gauge railroad hauled ore to Wendover. Gold Hill lies forgotten now, a true relic of the mining-camp era.

Valuable ore was first discovered in 1858 by a group of wandering gold seekers traveling west to the gold fields in Nevada and California. From then until 1946 there were three boom periods — the first gold, the second copper, and the third arsenic.

Two or three families remain in Gold Hill, apparently enjoying a solitary existence. Mining and prospecting take up most of their time. Recently tungsten was discovered nearby.

There are many other things in the desert which delight me. There are geodes and other rocks and minerals. Petroglyphs are common and I've found many Indian artifacts, pre-dating Christ, on private property as well as on Bureau of Land Management lands.

This is the western Utah desert today. It's no tourist mecca. Water is scarce, gasoline almost nonexistent, roads are dusty and rough. Probably only those with a thirst for history and a return to the early West would find its inconveniences tolerable.

To me it's beautiful. High mountain peaks, red in the glow of a desert sunset. Fork-tailed swallows doing their graceful ballet in the evening sky. The soft sound of a stream. The faint bark of a coyote.

There is a bigness and breadth and a cleanness to this land — and it is one of the few remaining areas in America where one can truly escape into the past.

By FRED J. GIRARD

BIG DOC CALLAHAN

Everybody's friend 'til a drink haired him up like a grizzly!

DOC CALLAHAN was a big man in several ways jovial, friendly, a great joker, free-handed, always ready to help the down-and-outers.

He was a graduate of Hawaii Institute, a boxer and football player. His height was possibly more than six feet, but there was no fat on his frame, and his 240 pounds were in the right places.

He hung up his shingle in any town he liked, whether it was a city or a small village. Everyone trusted and liked him. Kids would follow him and he paid special attention to them. The first time I knew of him was when the mining town of Platoro, Colorado had a gold boom. At the time Doc was from Del Norte, a town in the Spanish settlements of southern Colorado. The year was 1914. Doc was one of the accepted gamblers, and had a good reputation as a "mechanic," the word used to signify a more than average manipulator of a deck of cards. When the boom ended, the next town to attract the gambling fraternity and liquor interests was in New Mexico.

Local option had dried up most of Colorado, but New Mexico was wet. In a very short time, across the Los Pinos River, saloons were strung along the river for several miles. Saloons were on one side of the road, and farming land on the other.

The village of Los Pinos was in Colorado. Across the river in New Mexico there was no town — only a dirt road with saloons built from a few hundred yards to a half a mile apart, bordering the road.

Men came from Santa Fe, Las Vegas, Trinidad, Pueblo, and other towns to go into business. At this time I was a bill clerk for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad in Antonito, Colorado. My father was the sheriff in Conejos County, Colorado.

An old friend from Trinidad, Monte Butler, asked my father to join him as a silent partner in a place called "First and Last Chance." It was the first saloon on the right and, as you made the rounds, the last one on the left.

Complications rose with the New Mexican police, and I was asked to help some of the "Americanos" iron out their problems. At this time many of the inhabitants did not speak English. So I finally went to work with Monte in the First and Last Chance.

Doc Callahan had one failing. He would go berserk when under the influence and, due to his size and strength, it was a job to control him.

One time in Del Norte when he went on a bender, several cowboys, at their wits' end, finally roped him, trussed him up, and kept him tied until he got sober.

Something similar occurred in Manassa, a Mormon village. The constable, a man of unusual courage and handy with a gun, tried to overcome Callahan, with the result that Callahan threw Constable Daniels several yards away and broke his leg. Someone suggested the rope cure, so they roped him and trussed him up again. The idea was a good one, but not every town was equipped with cowboys.

MONTE BUTLER was an old cowboy from the Chisholm Trail days, very fast with a gun and had a pair of fists to match. Monte and Doc had matched wits at the gambling tables in Platoro and were friends, but one evening Doc was drinking and stopped at the First and Last Chance.

Monte said, "Doc, I want you to pay close attention. See that sawed-off shotgun? If you come back on the fight, I won't argue one second!"

Doc laughed and said, "I know you, Monte, and I won't."

The next saloon up the road was operated by Bill Colleton. Bill was also a man of no mean abilities, and had a reputation with either a gun or his fists. He weighed upward of 200 pounds.

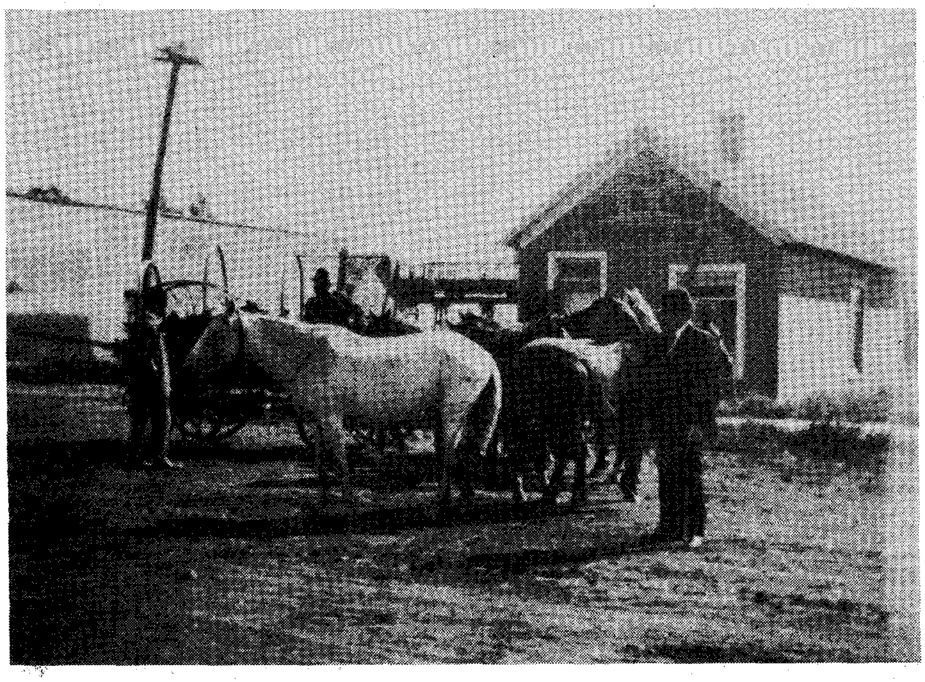
Bill was not acquainted with Callahan, so when the fireworks began no one knew what started the brawl. Nevertheless Bill Colleton attempted to calm Callahan with a .45 as a club, the result being that the stronger Callahan beat Colleton to the punch, grabbed him, and made him shoot himself in the hand.

Colleton was out, and everyone vacated the premises.

Sheriff Girard of Conejos County, my dad, was called at daylight. Cone-

Antonito, Colorado in the 1890s.

Denver Pulic Library Western Collection



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jos was about twenty miles from Los Pinos. Sheriffs would act in both states, as county seats were separated and phone service not what we have today.

Girard came by the First and Last Chance, so Monte and I went with him. Bill Colleton's place was deserted. Both windows were broken out and the front door was wide open. Colleton was sitting in a captain's chair, with his bloody hands in his lap, apparently asleep or knocked out. Callahan was dead on the floor near a huge cooler, with a bullet hole in his forehead.

In a few minutes a taxi driver we knew, appeared. He said he had been asleep in Bill Colleton's house nearby, but had no knowledge of the affair.

Girard held a coroners inquest in the saloon. Everyone who knew of the incident gave testimony, and the only solution was that Callahan came to his death by the hand of Bill Colleton, in self-defense which was justifiable homicide.

Girard and Monte Butler were old-time experienced men. They knew that Colleton in the condition he was in, would have been unable to shoot Callahan. Yet the verdict stood and Callahan's body was taken to Antonito.

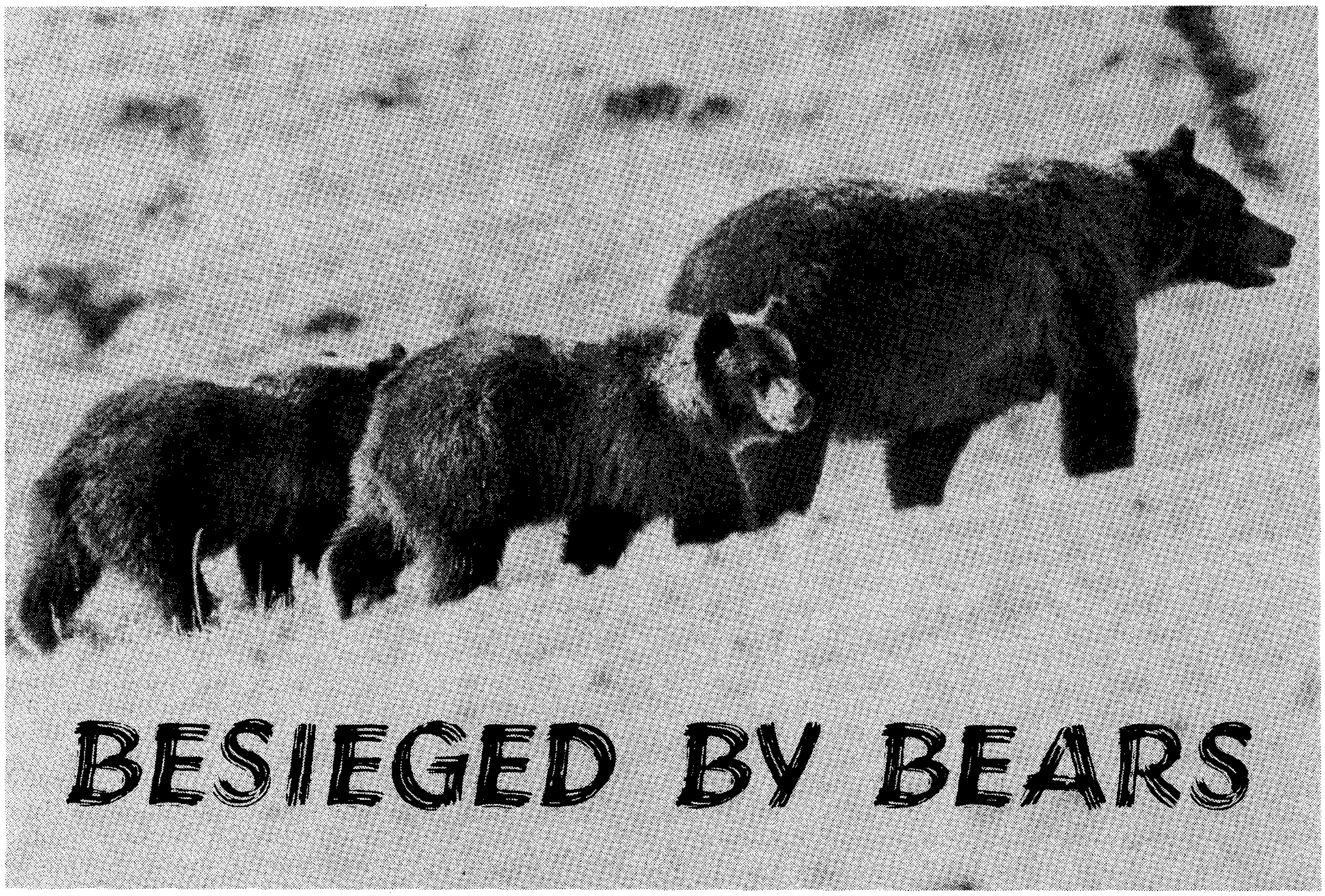
The incident was soon forgotten. It was accepted as a natural event. Someone had to kill Doc; lawmen all over the area figued it was a good deed. The general opinion was that Doc Callahan was a good man, and in a way was an asset to any community, but there was no solution to his problem.

The taxi driver worked for a company in Antonito, Colorado. He was a quiet reserved individual and did not participate in any saloon goings-on except for maybe a glass of beer. After many months he told this story: I drove up to the saloon, and as I had a place to bunk in Bill Colleton's house, I went in and laid down. The commotion woke me, and I decided to go over and see what was happening. Under the circumstances I picked up the .30-30, just in case.

"Through the broken window, I saw Doc Callahan with his pistol pointed in the direction of Bill, who was sitting in the chair. Instinctively I drew a bead on Callahan and fired, put the gun back, and awaited developments."

Western justice and opinion closed the case. Only a few people knew or cared about the actual sequence of events. Very little sympathy was spent on anyone who broke the law.

There is no reason to give the taxi driver's name though I know it well. He was not ashamed nor did he have any guilty complex about shooting Callahan. No one ever knew of his part in the case except Girard, the Sheriff.



National Park Service Photo, U.S. Dept. of the Interior

BESIEGED BY BEARS

Don't forget: it might be wise sometimes to ask a bear to lunch!

By ENOS A. MILLS

From; WILD LIFE ON THE ROCKIES, 1907

TWO old prospectors, Sullivan and Jason, once took me in for the night, and after supper they related a number of interesting experiences. Among these tales was one of the best bear stories I have ever heard. The story was told in the graphic, earnest, realistic style so often possessed by those who have lived strong, stirring lives among crags and pines.

Although twenty years had gone by, these prospectors still had a vivid recollection of that lively night when they were besieged by three bears, and in recounting the experience they mingled many good word-pictures of bear behavior with their exciting and amusing story. "This happened to us," said Sullivan, "in spite of the fact that we were minding our own business and had never hunted bears."

The siege occurred at their log cabin during the spring of 1884. They were prospecting in Geneva Park in Colorado where they had been all winter, driving a tunnel. They were so nearly out of supplies that they could not wait for snowdrifts to melt out of the trail. Provisions must be had, and Sullivan thought that by allowing twice the usual time, he could make his way down through the drifts and get back to the cabin with them.

So one morning, after telling Jason that he would be back the next evening, he took their burro and set off down the mountain. On the way home next day Sullivan had much difficulty in getting the loaded burro through the snowdrifts, and when within a mile of the cabin, they stuck fast. Sullivan unpacked, rolled the burro out of the snow, and was busily repacking when the animal's uneasiness made him look round.

In the edge of the woods, only a short distance away, were three bears, apparently a mother and her two well-grown children. They were sniffing the air eagerly and appeared somewhat excited. The old bear would rise on her hind paws, sniff the air, then drop back to the ground. She kept her nose pointed toward Sullivan, but did not appear to look at him. The smaller bears moved restlessly about; they would walk a few steps in advance, stand erect, draw their forepaws close to their breasts, and sniff, sniff, sniff the air, upward and in all directions before them. Then they would slowly back up to the old bear. They all seemed very good-natured.

When Sullivan was unpacking the burro, the wrapping had come off two hams which were among the supplies, and the wind had carried the delicious aroma to the bears, who were just out of their winter dens after weeks of fasting. Of course, sugar-cured hams smelled good to them.

Sullivan repacked the burro and went on. The bears quietly eyed him for some distance. At a turn in the trail he looked back and saw the bears clawing and smelling the snow on which the provisions had lain while he was getting the burro out of the snowdrift. He went on to the cabin, had supper, and forgot the bears.

THE log cabin in which he and Jason lived was a small one; it had a door in the side and a small window in one end. The roof was made of a layer of poles thickly covered with earth. A large Shepherd dog often shared the cabin with the prospectors. He was a playful fellow, and Sullivan often romped with him.

Near their cabin were some vacant cabins of other prospectors, who had "gone out for the winter" and were not yet back for summer prospecting.

The evening was mild and as soon as supper was over, Sullivan filled his pipe, opened the door, and sat down on the edge of the bed for a smoke while Jason washed the dishes. He had taken only a few pulls at his pipe when there was a rattling at the window. Thinking the dog was outside, Sullivan called, "Why don't you go round to the door?"

This invitation was followed by a momentary silence, then smash! a piece of sash and fragments of window glass flew past Sullivan and rattled on the floor. He jumped to his feet. In the dim candlelight he saw a bear's head coming in through the window. He threw his pipe of burning tobacco into the bear's face and eyes, and then grabbed for some steel drills which lay in the corner of the floor. The earth roof had leaked, and the drills were ice-covered and frozen fast to the floor.

While Sullivan was dislodging the drills, Jason began to bombard the bear vigorously with plates from the table. The bear backed out. She was looking for food, not clean plates. However, the instant she was outside, she accepted Sullivan's invitation and went round to the door! And she came for it with a rush! Both Sullivan and Jason jumped to close the door. They were not quick enough, and instead of one bear there were three. The entire family had accepted the invitation and all were trying to come in at once!

When Sullivan and Jason threw their weight against the door it slammed against the big bear's nose — a very sensitive spot. She gave a savage growl. Apparently she blamed the two other bears either for hurting her nose or for being in the way. At any rate, a row started; halfway in the door the bears began to fight; for a few seconds it seemed as if all the bears would roll inside.

Sullivan and Jason pushed against the door with all their might trying to close it. During the struggle the bears rolled outside and the door went shut with a bang. The heavy securing cross-bar was quickly put into place and not a moment too soon, for an instant later the old bear gave a furious growl and flung herself against the door, making it fairly crack. It seemed as if the door would be broken in.

Sullivan and Jason hurriedly knocked their slab bed to pieces and used the slats and heavy sides to prop and strengthen the door. The bears kept surging and clawing at the door, and while the prospectors were spiking the braces against it and giving their entire attention to it, they suddenly felt the cabin shake and heard the logs strain and give. They started back, to see the big bear struggling in the window. Only the smallness of the window had prevented the bear from getting in unnoticed and surprising them while they were bracing the door.

The window was so small that the bear in trying to get in had almost wedged fast. With hind paws on the ground, forepaws on the windowsill, and shoulders against the log over the window, the big bear was in a position to exert all her enormous strength. Her efforts to get in had sprung the logs and given the cabin a shake.

Sullivan grabbed one of the steel drills and dealt the bear a terrible blow on the head. She gave a growl of mingled pain and fury as she freed herself from the window. Outside she backed off growling.

FOR a little while things were calmer. Sullivan and Jason, drills in hand, stood guard at the window. After some snarling in front of the window the bears went round to the door. They clawed the door a few times and then begin to dig under it. "They are tunneling in for us," said Sullivan. "They want those hams, but they won't get them!"

After a time the bears quit digging and started away, occasionally stopping to look hesitatingly back. It was almost eleven o'clock, and the full moon shone splendidly through the pines. The prospectors hoped that the bears were gone for good.

There was an old rifle in the cabin, but there were no cartridges, for Sullivan and Jason never hunted and rarely had occasion to fire a gun. But, fearing that the animals might return, Sullivan concluded to go to one of the vacant cabins for a loaded Winchester which he knew to be there.

As soon as the bears disappeared, he crawled out of the window and looked cautiously around, then made a run for the vacant cabin. The bears heard him running, and when he had nearly reached the cabin, they came round the corner of it to see what was the matter. He was up a pine tree in an instant. After a few growls the bears moved off and disappeared behind a vacant cabin. As they had gone behind the cabin which contained the loaded gun, Sullivan thought it would be dangerous to try to go there, for if the door should be swelled fast, the bears would surely get them.

Waiting until he thought it safe to return, he dropped to the ground and made a dash for his own cabin. The bears heard him and again gave chase, with the evident intention of getting even for all their annoyances. It was only a short distance to his cabin, but the bears were at his heels when he dived in through the broken window.

A bundle of old newspapers was then set on fire and thrown among the bears to scare them away. There was some snarling until one of the young bears with a stroke of a forepaw scattered the blazing papers in all directions; then the bears walked round the cabin corner out of sight and remained quiet for several minutes.

Just as Jason was saying, "I hope they are gone for good," there came a thump on the roof which told the prospectors that the bears were still intent on the hams. The bears began to claw the earth off the roof. If they were allowed to continue, they would soon clear off the earth and would then have a chance to tear out the poles. With a few poles torn out, the bears would tumble into the cabin, or perhaps their combined weight might cause the roof to give way and drop them into the cabin. Something had to be done to stop their clawing and if possible get them off the roof.

Bundles of hay were taken out of the bed mattress. From time to time Sullivan would set fire to one of these bundles, lean far out through the window, and throw the blazing hay upon the roof among the bears. So long as he kept these fireworks going, the bears did not dig; but they stayed on the roof and became furiously angry. The supply of hay did not last long, and as soon as the annoyance from the bundles of fire ceased, the bears attacked the roof again with renewed vigor.

Then it was decided to prod the bears with red-hot drills thrust up between the poles of the roof. As there was no firewood in the cabin, and as fuel was necessary in order to heat the drills, a part of the floor was torn up for that purpose.

The young bears soon found hot drills too warm for them and scrambled or fell off the roof. But the old one persisted. In a little while she had clawed off a large patch of earth and was tearing the poles with her teeth.

The hams had been hung up on the wall in the end of the cabin; the old bear was tearing just above them. Jason threw the hams on the floor and wanted to throw them out of the window. He thought that the bears would leave contented if they had them. Sullivan thought differently; he said that it would take six hams apiece to satisfy the bears, and that two hams would be only a taste which would make the bears more reckless than ever. The hams stayed in the cabin.

THE old bear had torn some of the poles in two and was madly tearing and biting at others. Sullivan was short and so were the drills. To get within easier reach, he placed the table almost under the gnawing bear, sprang upon it, and called to Jason for a red-hot drill. Jason was about to hand him one when he noticed a small bear climbing in at the window, and, taking the drill with him, he sprang over to beat the bear back. Sullivan jumped down to the fire for a drill, and in climbing back on the table he looked up at the gnawed hole and received a shower of dirt in his face and eyes. This made him flinch and he lost his balance and upset the table. He quickly straightened the table and sprang upon it, drill in hand.

The old bear had a paw and arm thrust down through the hole between the poles. With a blind stroke she struck the drill and flung it and Sullivan from the table. He shouted to Jason for help, but Jason, with both young bears trying to get in at the window at once, was striking right and left. He had bears and troubles of his own and did not heed Sullivan's call. The old bear thrust her head down through the hole and seemed about to fall in, when Sullivan in desperation grabbed both hams and threw them out of the window.

The young bears at once set up a row over the hams, and the old bear, hearing the fight, jumped off the roof and soon had a ham in her mouth.

While the bears were fighting and eating, Sullivan and Jason tore up the remainder of the floor and barricaded the window. With both door and window closed, they could give their attention to the roof. All the drills were heated, and both stood ready to make it hot for the bears when they should again climb on the roof. But the bears did not return to the roof. After eating the last morsel of the hams they walked round to the cabin door, scatched it gently, and then became quiet. They had lain down by the door.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The inside of the cabin was in utter confusion. The floor was strewn with wreckage; bedding, drills, broken boards, broken plates, and hay were scattered about. Sullivan gazed at the chaos and remarked that it looked like poor housekeeping. But he was tired, and, asking Jason to keep watch for a while, he lay down on the blankets and was soon asleep. Toward daylight the bears got up and walked a few times round the cabin. On each round they clawed at the door, as though to tell Sullivan that they were there, ready for his hospitality. They whined a little, half good-naturedly, but no one admitted them, and finally, just before sunrise, they took their departure and went leisurely smelling their way down the trail.

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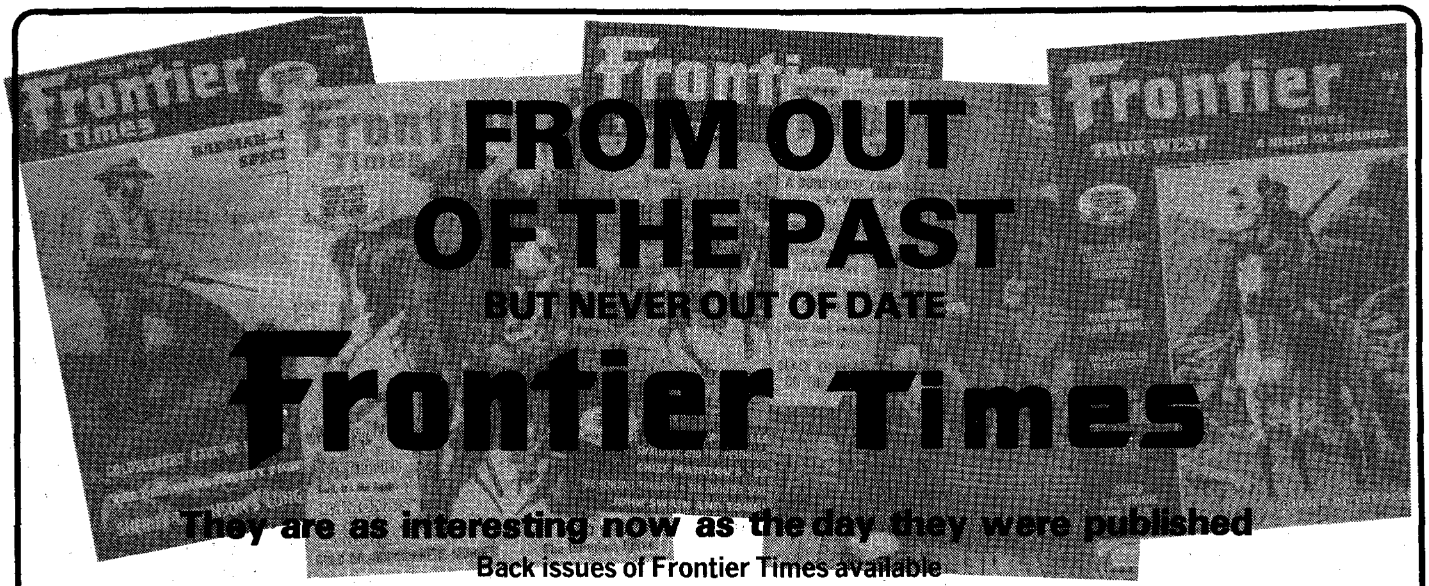

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- ☐ **Lot 4:** 93, 94, 95, 96, 98, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106
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"GIRLIE, THE MOUNTAIN

- but they still run the traps in

By ROBERTA GREEN

Photo provided by author

"GIRLIE, the mountain men are about gone." These words were spoken in 1978 by Wyoming-bred, 84-year-old Clyde Johnston whose activities have qualified him for that title.

"My dad," says Clyde, "was a bear, coyote, cougar, lynx and bobcat hunter. He also trapped muskrats and beaver. Cattle ranching was a sideline with him. I did what my dad did as soon as I was big enough to ride a horse. One winter at Smith's Fork we caught eleven cougar and sixty lynx, just around our place there. We caught so many lynx we ran out of stretch-boards to stretch the hides on, and stuffed the pelts with hay. That winter sure whetted my appetite for hounds and a hot trail."

Clyde's mother was a frontier lady who came across the plains in a covered wagon. In Salt Lake she learned to be a dressmaker and also learned the art of tanning hides and making them into jackets, pants, vests, moccasins and gloves. When she was twenty-four she left for Fort Bridger, Wyoming, where she again plied the dressmaker's trade. There she met and married Clyde's father. (To bring in a little spending money after their nine children were born, she made leather suits for men who still favored this manner of dress.)

From his mother Clyde learned to cure leather, and he took to leather work. "I've made ninety saddles, uncounted chaps, and miles of rawhide rope. It takes about a month to make a saddle. I generally have two or three going at the same time, because when the false seat is placed it needs to be glued and weighted down until thoroughly dry. A person can work back and forth on several. I tanned a lot of leather in my time but I never used it for my saddles. Always bought it from leather goods stores.

"Most I ever got for a saddle was $500. It was made with black leather, fancy, and a lot of silver inlay. Money was scarce then, too. Average on most of my saddles was between $200 and $250. I sold my chaps for $25 and $30. Long winters with a lot of idle time I started to make spurs and bridle bits. Took quite a pride in my designs — the silver inlay — on them.

"The way I started in saddlery, I worked for a saddle-maker sewing leather on the saddlehorns, then graduated into helping with the entire saddle."

Speaking of his young years Clyde says, "I grew up on cowboy yarns and at the turn of the century in cowboy country most everyone knew at least one gunman. I knew Les Ricker. He was pretty old when he first came to the ranch. He'd been in a sheep-and-cow war up in Montana and had killed a sheepherder so he drifted into Oregon. Les was making tracks from a deputy sheriff when he was shot. Three times, all three shots in his body. He never did say how he got away but when he showed up at the ranch he was still pretty sick. After he was a little better he put together some stuff and threw up a camp in the bottoms, camping there for about six months. When it looked like the law wasn't going to take him, he went to work for us punching cows. I was mighty proud to ride with him. He taught me a lot about ridin' and ropin' and all I know about rawhide and how to make it.

"My grandparents were heroes in my book. Grandpa was in the Mexican-Texas war and my grandmother was Sally Greer, a sister to Capt. Greer, a Texas Ranger. Her brother was so thorough in his pursuit of the Mexicans that the Greer women were hid in a Spanish home in Mexico for several months fearing retribution if they were found."

Clyde's grandfather had taken a lead slug through his knee and was discharged from the service, so he left Texas for Utah. There he started two stores and postoffices — Laketown and Eden on Bear Lake. When the population became too much to suit his grandpa, Clyde mused, "Grandpa moved to Wyoming. He again started a new town and called it Lone Tree. (All three towns mentioned still have post offices.) He traded with many old-timers whose stories would read like Western history.

"You didn't see fancy scopes on guns when I was growing up, mostly .25-35 Winchesters or .30-30s, a few Marlins and Remingtons, and .32 specials, some .30-40s lever action; later a few .303s. Mostly early cowboys wore C.H. Hyers boots, Levi Strauss overalls and $5.00 Stetson hats. Those cowboys living high on the hog wore beaver Stetsons. Wool jackets were mostly plaid, and for wagon and buggy use some men wore horsehide coats with the hair out, or beaver. It took a good man to pack one of those coats around. They were some heavy."

CLYDE'S education was not in a formal school. He observed, "You could ride for fifty miles in any direction and never see a fence. The ranches were so few and far between it was impractical to try to get to school, so our mother taught us. Lessons were always at night after her ranch work was done. Then she corrected, listened, and assigned new work. Was a good round education she taught me. When I did have trouble with fractions a man who had come to our country, and had studied to be a doctor, helped me with those." After the Johnstons bought a ranch near the town of Cottonwood, Clyde helped his father build the first school there.

All the country was wild and untamed. The Indians had a regular trail by the Johnston place and often ate with them.

Even the most prosperous ranches had few buildings to boast of. Their ranch headquarters could be seen, a little bleak cluster of buildings consisting of barns, horse and cow corrals, pens for calves, and the ranch house was generally no more than a two-room cabin. Sagebrush grew as far as the eye could see.

Ranchers and cowboys' very existence depended on good saddle horses, and horses were treated to the best the ranchers could offer. During the real blows all favorite mounts were brought in and stabled.

Clyde noted, "When we rode out to herd the cattle we made a picket and picketed our horses whenever we got off to eat or rest. If we ever let them buck us off or get away we had many miles to travel on foot. From necessity we were all pretty good riders, girls and boys alike. Two summers when my sister Elsie was seventeen and eighteen, she took over Dad's mail contract. She'd start out at 6:00 a.m. riding a horse and leading packhorses

MEN ARE ABOUT GONE"

their dreams!

and carried the mail from Bondurant to Fall River Basin, a long rough job, staying all night midway at a ranch. That kid bucked all kinds of weather.

"We were also proficient on skis. Winter in that part of Wyoming meant lots of snow. Many times when there was a dance in the Hoback Basin and Bondurant country, we went on skis and put the kids on a toboggan. If we had a woman who couldn't ski, we bundled her up comfortably and away we'd go. Oftentimes fifty people would come from all directions to dance, and danced all night.

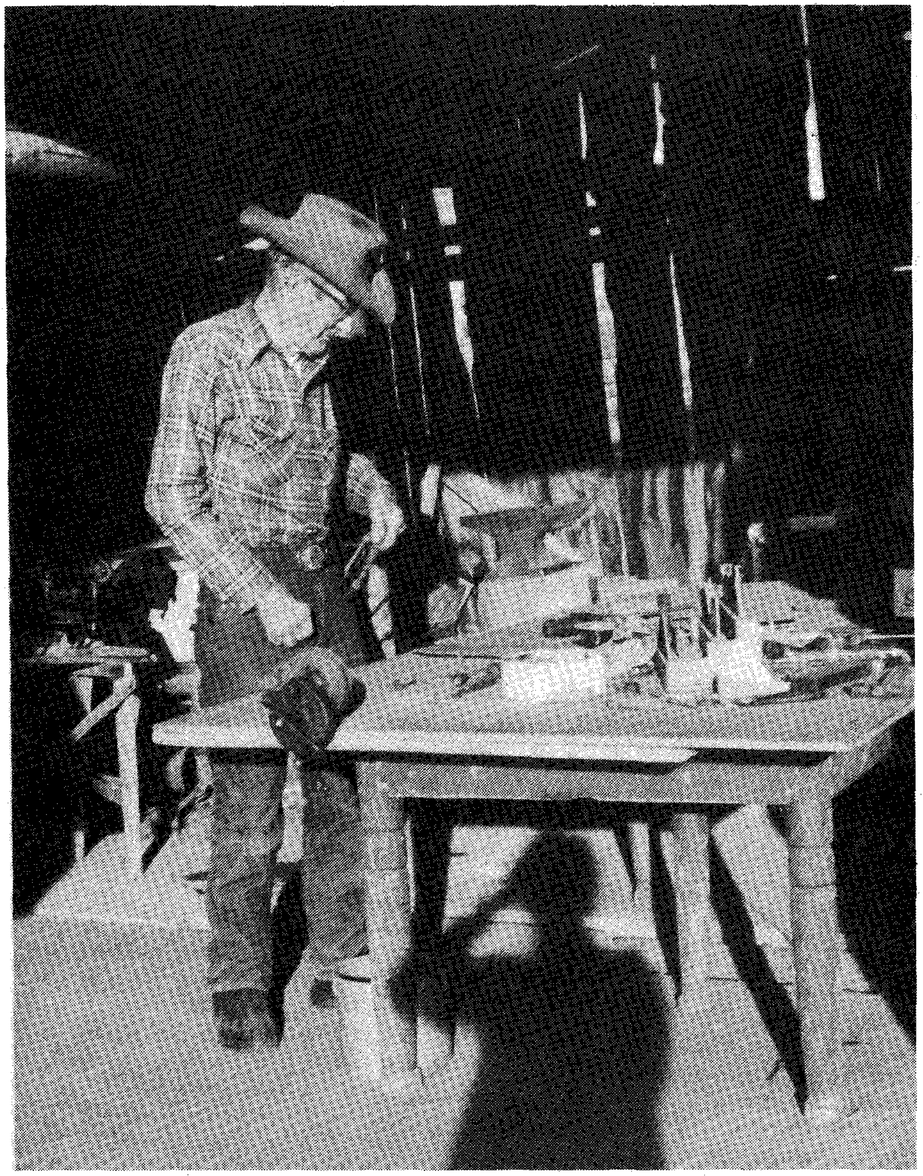
"When she broke day, we went home. Only times we stayed over was if a blizzard came up. We mostly danced at ranchers' homes (the more prosperous ones had added on a front-room). We danced a mixture of round and square dances and the music was provided by fiddles, guitars, sometimes banjos. When suppertime came at midnight everyone helped to push big tables together. At times the eats came in the form of a box social. The food was all done up in fancy boxes; the men bid for what they hoped was their girls' lunch boxes. After this midnight spread the dancing continued.

"WE had some of the best Morgan horses in the West and a kid desire to show off our skills. Around Jackson the elk were so thick at times, after a big snow, there'd be elk stringing out for miles migrating to the desert. Times like this we young bucks would pick out a likely looking bull and when we caught him (it was a trick to keep him from tearing out the riggin' on our saddles) we'd tie him down and take his two ivory tusks. There was always some feller around who wanted an elk tooth for his watch chain, so we would either sell or trade them to him. My ropin' partner and I had a lot of fun until he took a job as game warden.

"We also found it plenty exciting to rope coyotes. When you toss a rope at them they have a way of hunching up their shoulders, and the rope time and again slips plumb over their heads."

Clyde was married when he was twenty-three and Janet Haley was seventeen. He had known her from the time she was a little girl. They became the parents of two boys and two girls.

The Johnstons staked a claim to some ground near Jackson. This property had a discouraging twelve miles of ditch to make and keep up and became such a hassle they sold out to Clyde's brother. (This land later became part of Yellowstone Park).



Clyde Johnston chooses a tool in his saddle making shop.

Clyde tried every kind of work available to keep his family fed and clothed. He learned how to repair machinery, and for three different falls guided dudes from the East. This was a long time before "packers" and "guides" became a profession. He managed two large ranches in the area, ran a mail route, and took a hitch in the army during the First World War. His work was with horses, cavalry and remounts. The war ended while he was enroute overseas, so they shipped him back to work with reject horses. Later he transferred to Cheyenne and was discharged.

Clyde observed, "Times were hard and I went into trapping full time. Why, two different families were so hard up they trapped rabbits. They caught the rabbits by building a corral of wire with a wire chute out from it. In it they strung hay along into the main corral. The rabbits didn't have sense enough to retrace their steps. Sometimes there would be fifty rabbits caught. They sold those pelts in bundles for 75¢ a pound. More than likely they ate a lot of rabbits too."

One trapping job Clyde had involved killing bears that had plagued the sheepmen. He went after them when they came out after hibernation. One of those bears was a huge grizzly, dark brown in color with hints of golden color in the sunlight.

Clyde said, "I had salted his hide the

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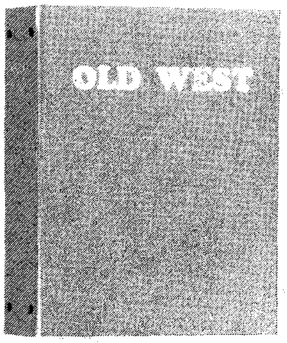

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night before and was just in the process of stretching it when a rancher from Kemmerer drove up. After walking around the hide, touching it here and there, he casually asked, 'How much would you take for that hide?' Just as casually, as I continued to work with the hide I said, 'Fifty bucks.' While he was reaching for his checkbook he said, 'Roll 'er up and tie 'er.'

"Years later I chanced to be in Kemmerer and was invited to see the hide. He'd had it tanned. It was a beauty and nearly covered the den floor."

CLYDE heard of a trapping job in Idaho in the Lost River Country. Jim Little, who owned one of the largest herds of sheep in the United States, was losing untold head to coyotes. So the Johnstons made the move.

Clyde soon had the coyotes thinned out and when his traps were empty most of the time he considered his job there finished. During the stay at Howe, Idaho he'd heard of a cougar country in Custer County and especially in the Middle Fork Mountains. The bounty offered was $50 per pelt.

From boyhood Clyde had never been without trail hounds, so he had the necessary tools for running cougar. The family moved to the Challis vicinity.

Clyde said, "I used three dogs in those days. Always safer for the dogs to have that many; more they get in the way, less they don't have enough protection. You see, one will kind of stay behind while the other two will wing out in front making a triangle around the cougar. If he charges on the one behind or one of the wing dogs, the other two will immediately come to the rescue.

"One big tom out on Warm Springs kept coming down and getting a yearling colt every once in a while. They sent word for me to come get him. I rode over the country until I hit a fresh track and the dogs took it from there. When I went to shoot him I couldn't believe the size of him. Too bad I didn't enter him in the contests for the biggest cougar. I had planned to load him on my saddle since it was cold and getting late, but he must have weighed at least 200 pounds. Cold hands or not, I had to skin him right there and just took the hide.

"People around the country have some pretty odd ideas when it comes to cougars. I walked into a May, Idaho cafe once when a feller was in there telling that cougars were good for the deer population because they only killed the sick and old ones. I couldn't stay out of that. I said, 'If you're willing to go with me we'll get those cougars you have in mind, and since it's March I'll bet every kill we find will be bucks.' And that's the way it was. Right above the town of May, I treed and killed five — the old she, three yearlings and a young tom. That tom had spots all over him like a leopard. When we searched for the kills we found fourteen deer, all bucks."

As Clyde sat on his saddle stitcher working a piece of soft leather with his arthritic hands, his swollen feet encased in overshoes and with a far away look in his eyes, he said softly, "Those were exciting years. I was strong, master of my trade and believed in the work I was doing. The sound of a hound baying was a sound that shook me to my very soul.

"I worked over twenty-five years out in the rugged mountains of Myers Cove, Yellowjacket, and the Middle Fork. I brought in as many as twenty-seven cougar pelts at one time for a bounty of $50 each. They branded them and then gave me back the pelts. I then either sold, traded or gave them away.

"We still had young children with no way to get them to high school so my wife moved into Challis. I took a job as caretaker of the Fluorspar mine. That gave me and the dogs shelter (the old mess hall) and lots of spare time.

"During the falls I would hire George Bennetts to work for me and I would take to the trails again, packing and guiding for dudes. Why, one fall I even got into a sport I'd never thought I would see again. An elk on the Morgan Creek allotment had started to run with the domestic cows and was tearing them up with his horns. Cowboys riding out there ran him in the corral with the cattle and Lorrin Wilson hung a rope on him. Then Earl Bradbury. Two more ropes sailed through the air and landed on his horns. That day I was riding a bronc, and George Bradshaw was on my roping horse. So George made a throw and got him by both feet. That horse of mine had been trained for team roping, so he kept the rope taut. Combined effort finally got the elk tied hard and fast to the fence, and one cowboy earmarked him.

"During the day while we were riding for more cattle, that elk stood flat-footed and jumped the fence. We found him secure on the outside of the corral. We expected all kinds of devilment when we turned him loose but he just trotted away.

"Nowadays it takes me longer to get in motion, with my sore feet and stiff legs. I don't drive my car much because I'm getting used to a pair of glasses, after a cataract operation. But I have a warm house and food, and a place to make my saddles when I feel up to it. I help the neighbors with their cattle when they need me. I still have friends drop in to visit, and the grandson of my old cougar hound, who shared the glory of my trails, sleeps at my feet at night. A mountain man can't ask for much more."

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 21)

inches). *Taos 1847* is an edited collection of contemporary accounts detailing the revolt that occurred there in 1847. It was in January of that year that New Mexico Governor Charles Bent, while visiting his Taos home, was murdered and scalped by a mob of Indians and Mexicans. And other Americans met death at nearby Mora and Turley's Mill. Colonel Sterling Price put down the uprising, and the ringleaders were executed. McNierney includes biographical sketches and a good bibliography in the book plus an introduction. The book has six chapters.

The Great Taos Bank Robbery is the first paperback printing of a book that first appeared in 1973. The robbery story is only one of seventeen stories and essays portraying life in New Mexico. Although they are based on events of more recent times, many reflect the culture of days past. Author Hillerman is a fine writer. He tells a good story. It is good to see the collection of stories available in paperback.

HORSEBACK JOURNEY

To the Foot of the Rainbow Natural Bridge by Clyde Kluckhohn (The Rio Grande Press, Glorieta, N.M. 87535, 280 pages, $25.00 hardcover, $15.00 softcover, 8½ x 11 inches).

This is a handsome new reprint of a book that first appeared in 1927. The author made a 2,500-mile trip by horseback through the Southwest in 1925. The journey was capped by a visit to Rainbow Bridge along the Colorado River in southern Utah.

The original book is reproduced, but this reprint edition includes much new material. In addition to an informative preface by the publisher, Stephen C. Jett has written an introductory chapter titled "Rainbow Bridge Country." He provides much background on the history of the region including what has happened since the book first appeared in 1927.

Also included in the reprint is an up-to-date bibliography of books and articles about the region. Recommended.

INDIAN TALES

Trickster Tales from Prairie Lodgefires by Bernice G. Anderson (Abingdon, 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn. 37202, 94 pages, $5.95 hardcover, 8 x 5½ inches).

In the history of many American Indian tribes the "trickster" is a principal character in storytelling. His deeds and misdeeds were often the solutions to unanswered questions such as why all prairie dogs are brown or why the buzzard's head is bald. And for many tribes, especially the Kiowa, Blackfoot, Crow, and Ponca and Cheyenne, the trickster was part of the tribe's oral tradition. He was a myth much like the "tooth fairy" in modern America.

Bernice Anderson has gathered together fourteen trickster stories in this nicely produced book. The stories include Uncle Sainday by the Kiowa, Old Man Coyote by the Crow, and Old Man Napi by the Blackfoot. The book is illustrated by Frank Gee.

What makes this book special is that it is written for young people nine years and older. But anyone, regardless of their age, will find the stories interesting. Recommended.

WESTERN ARTIST

William Robinson Leigh, Western Artist by D. Duane Cummins (Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art and the University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla. 73069, 204 pages, $19.95 hardcover, 10½ x 7½ inches).

This is a biography of William Robinson Leigh, the well-known Western artist. He was born in West Virginia in 1866, studied art in the East and in Germany. When he returned to the United States in 1896, he worked as an illustrator for such national magazines as *McClure's* and *Scribner's*. In 1906 he made his first trip to the American Southwest. He fell in love with the region.

Thereafter Leigh continued to make annual trips to Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and elsewhere in the West including Wyoming. He was one artist who used pictures and photographic studies of the subjects he viewed to produce his finished art.

As Leigh grew older much of his art was devoted to what he considered was the unspoiled culture of the American Southwest, especially the Indians of the region. Before his death in 1955, Leigh wrote: "We are all like marbles — big, medium, or little; and Fate . . . sets us rolling."

Cummins has included thirty color plates plus seventy black-and-white illustrations in this handsome book. Notes, bibliography, and a good index are included. Recommended.

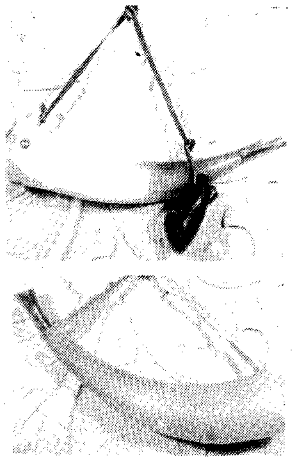
RETRACE AUDUBON'S STEPS

On the Road With John James Audubon by Mary Durant and Michael Harwood (Dodd-Mead Publishers, 79 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, $19.905 hardcover, 6½ x 9½ inches).

The authors of this new book retraced the steps of John James Audubon's 19th century journeys, including his trips to Buffalo Bayou in Texas and to the Montana-North Dakota region. They have interlaced their own modern journeys with those of Audubon more than a century ago.

Their account, like that of Audubon's, is in the form of a journal. This is the same form followed by Audubon. And like Audubon they examine the people they meet, the places, manners and mores, birds, animals and insects.

Anyone who likes the out-of-doors, who likes to travel in the American West, will find delight in this well-written book. Notes and index are included. Recommended.



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A Case of Indian Cruelty

What did Jose Charlie do to deserve this sort of justice?

WHAT APPEARED to have been a most horrible crime was discovered Wednesday morning March 8, 1911 by the United States Army, Troop A, First Cavalry. The troopers had been scouting about ten miles southeast of Yuma, Arizona when they found a wild bronco mare dragging a lifeless body of a human being. The mare was covered with sweat and dirt and when the soldiers got near enough to discover the gruesome thing she was dragging, they immediately shot the horse in order to "rescue" the body.

Photo courtesy Bernice Higuera

Judge Jonathon C. Jones

By B. JOHNNY RUBE

Photos provided by author

There was a twenty-foot rope securely fastened to the mare's tail, with the other end tied to the victim's left wrist with a slip knot. A quick examination of the body showed it to possibly have been a Mexican or Indian, about thirty or forty years old. A guard was left with the body while the rest of the troop returned to Yuma to notify county authorities.

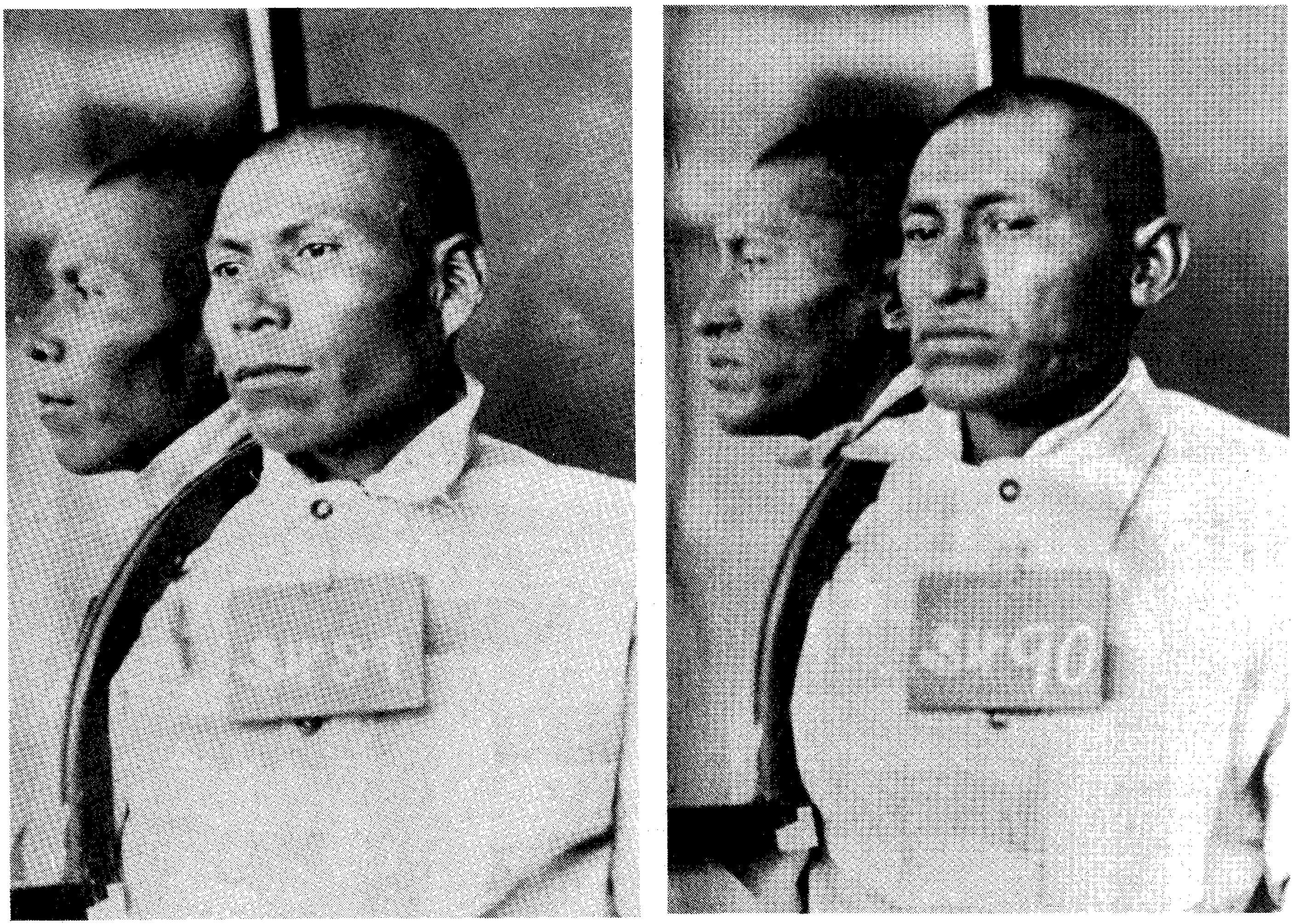
Sheriff Gus Livingston, Coroner and Judge Jonathon C. Jones, Undertaker O.C. Johnson, and Constable Julio Martinez immediately started for the scene.

All sorts of wild rumors began floating around Yuma Town. Some said the body was that of a federal soldier of the Mexican Government, whom the Mexican rebels had shot and tied to the mare's tail in a spirit of revenge and warning. Others claimed the man was a Japanese. Still others said he was a Mexican sheepherder. This latter story was given added color by the fact that the manager of the Yuma Orange Grove had telephoned Mr. Joe Balsz that very morning, having discovered that his or somebody else's sheep and goats were threatening the young trees alongside of the road. Since this was only about a mile and a half out of town, it looked as if the sheepherder had been killed, and the sheep would have naturally drifted in that direction. When the sheriff returned at about 4:20 in the afternoon, it was learned that the deceased was a Papago Indian.

At a hastily convened coroner's jury called by Judge Jones, it was further learned that a tribe of Papago Indians was in a small village about twelve miles from Yuma near Blaisdell Station.

Examination of the body showed it to be of slight build, probably weighing 100 to 125 pounds. It was almost mummified, dry and hard, a condition perhaps caused by the hot sands. The body, which was crushed, torn and horribly bruised, had been examined by Dr. Henri ApJohn who stated that

Sheriff Gus Livingston



Above: Jose Angel (left) and Pluma Aigla (right) were sentenced to the Territorial Prison at Florence, Arizona for twenty years for the murder of Jose Charlie.

the man had been dead three or four days. Over the heart was a jagged hole which might have been a bullet wound or might have been caused by a sharp pointed stick while the mare was dragging the body.

This cruel method of killing a man was not unusual among the Indians of the Southwest. The old-timers of Yuma said that this was a favorite punishment of the Papago Indians for one of their numbers who went wrong on tribal law. Whether this was an execution following an Indian "Court of Judge Lynch," local citizens surmised would never be known; for there had also been instances where Mexican vaqueros on cattle ranches along the border had adopted this method of punishment of Indians who stole cattle.

BRIGHT and early on March 9, Sheriff Livingston, Constable Martinez and Ranger Roy Sexsmith returned to Blaisdell and, with some Yuma Indian trackers, traced the windings and roamings of the Indian pony with its gruesome burden. At a point ten miles southeasterly from Blaisdell Station, they came to a spot where it looked as though the Indian had been tied to the pony's tail.

As a result of the posse's investigation, five Papago Indians were taken into custody. One of them was a brother of the deceased who stated that his brother had left their camp three days before, with a rope, and that he had not returned.

Deputy Walter Riley had told a local newspaper reporter that the officers had not been able to get much information out of the Indians, as they were like Indians usually were in matters of this kind — deaf, dumb and blind. "They don't appear to know anything," he said.

In custody were Jose Angel, Jose Jesus, Tomas Ortega, Bruno (Pluma) Aigla and a fifteen-year-old boy. The Indian youth confessed his complicity in the crime and told the story that the deceased Indian, Jose Charley (Charlie), and Pluma Aigla had had a fight and Aigla got the worst of it. The matter was talked over by the men of the village and it was decided that Jose Charlie should be killed. He was taken out among the bushes near the rancheria, and after considerable talk was struck over the head with a shovel and badly hurt. His hands were tied to his sides and he was placed on a burro and taken out to the desert. Jose Charlie then was beaten over the head with the shovel until he was dead. His body was tied to the horse's tail and the animal turned loose.

At the inquest held before Judge Jones, Trooper James Tucker of Troop A, First Cavalry testified that he and his men found a cream colored pony with a body attached by a rope. It was found about half past eight in the morning and they first thought it was a Japanese.

Juan Zavala stated he recognized the man as a Papago Indian and thought he had lived about four miles west from Dome, Arizona. A man named Munoz said he had seen the Indian about six months before, six miles east of Blaisdell Station, and recognized the horse.

Dr. Henri ApJohn had performed the post mortem and concluded the man was probably a Papago eighteen to twenty years old. His body had been exposed to the elements from two to three days and there were no marks of injury from weapons. Dr. Knotts con-

(Continued on page 45)

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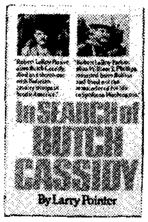

140 — In Search of "BUTCH CASSIDY", by L. Pointer. Who was Butch Cassidy? He was born Robert LeRoy Parker in 1866, in Utah. And, as everyone knows, after years of operating with a sometime gang of outlaws known as the Wild Bunch, he and the Sundance Kid escaped to South America, only to die in a 1908 shootout with a Bolivian cavalry troop. But did he die? Some say that he didn't die in Bolivia, but returned to live out a quiet life in Spokane, Washington where he died peacefully in 1937. This book tells it all. **H/C $9.95**

Indians of the Southwest
Gordon C. Baldwin

325 — "INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST" by G. Baldwin. It was some 30,000 years ago that the ancestors of the Indians of the Southwest migrated to the New World from Siberia. They settled eventually in the desert regions where their descendants — among them the Navajo, Pueblo, and Mojave Indians — live today. The Indians of the Southwest survived the intrusion first of the Spaniards in search of gold and later of American settlers in search of lands. In time they became the most populous of American Indian tribes. Author Gordon Baldwin tells the dramatic and exciting story of these first Americans who have successfully retained the essences of their native cultures to the present. **$4.95**

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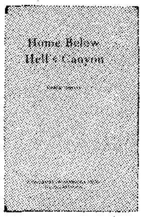

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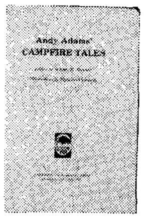

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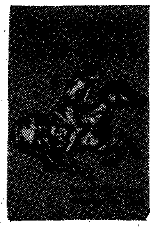

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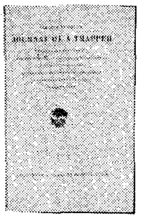

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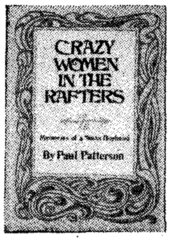

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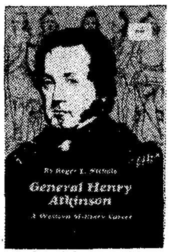

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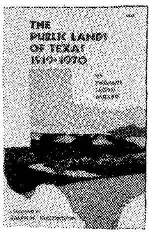

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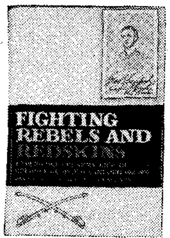

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All brought about by a naked light -

JOKERVILLE MINE DISASTER

By **ANTHONY STROH**

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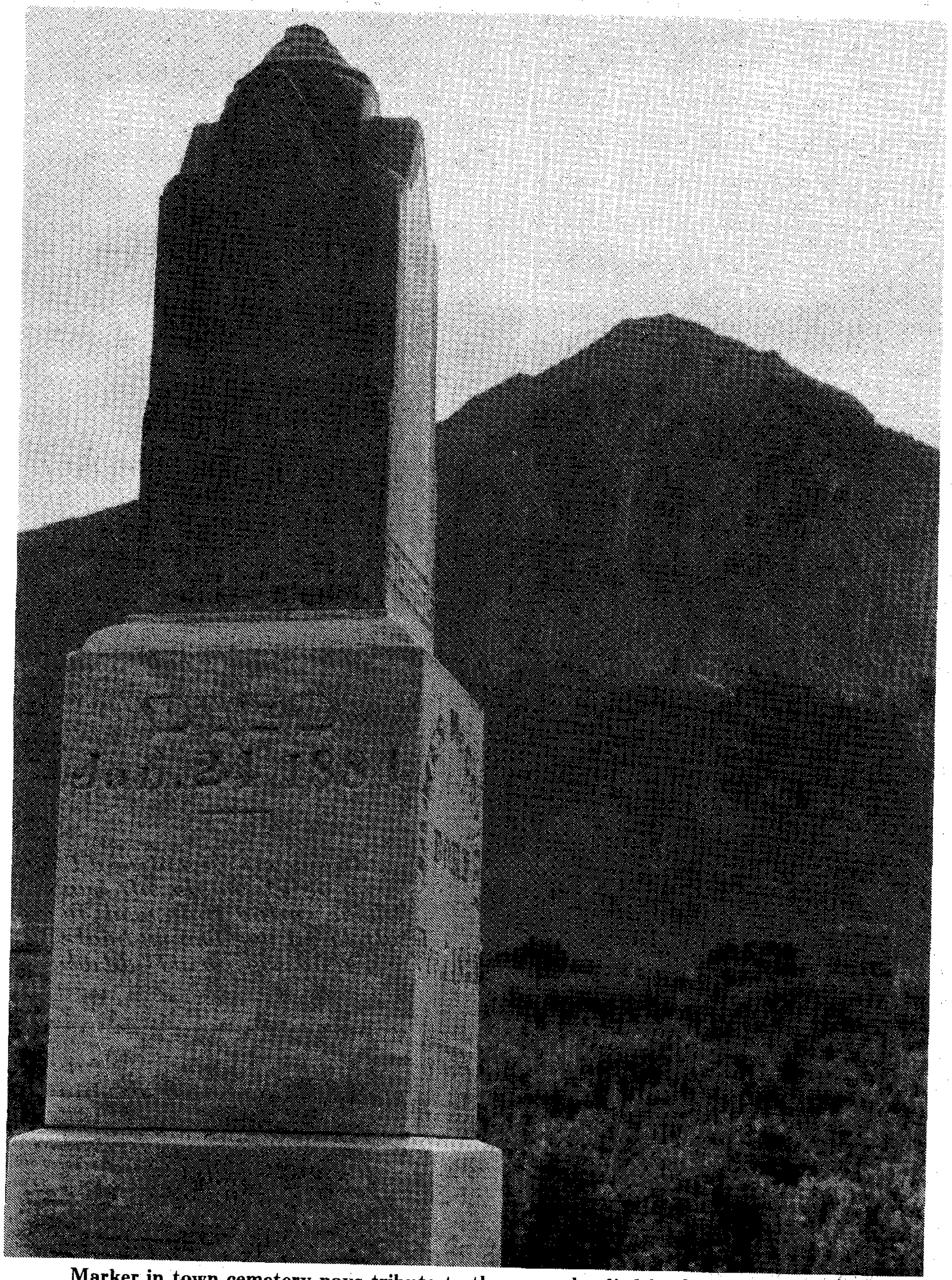

Marker in town cemetery pays tribute to the men who died in the January 24, 1884 mine explosion. Twenty-eight are buried here. Crested Butte Mountain stands in the background, towering 3,000 feet above the town.

IT BEGAN with a tingling sensation in the ears, the ominous warning signal that coal miners knew meant an explosion in some distant corner of the mine. Men extinguished their lamps and threw themselves to the ground to avoid flying debris.

Far away from the blast, and nearly 1,800 feet from the entrance, eleven men heard the rumble. One of the miners, John Naylor, dropped his lamp, turned to one of his companions and spoke. His words were brief. "We'd better go," he cautioned.

The eleven men huddled together in the darkness, their lights out to guard against further explosions. Then they began their horrifying journey to the entrance, and to life. They crawled, stumbled and felt their way through the tunnel, sometimes falling over smashed timbers, battered coal cars — and the bodies of dead comrades.

Those eleven were the lucky ones. They survived. And before the smoke had cleared from Crested Butte's Jokerville Mine, and before the debris could be hauled away, the explosion had carved a notch in Colorado history as one of the most catastrophic mining mishaps on record.

Coal gas was nothing new to the Jokerville; reports had circulated among the miners for months that the gas was increasing. An explosion the previous November had claimed the life of one man and injured a half dozen more, despite the efforts of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company to equip the mine with the latest in ventilating apparatus.

It was early in the morning when some of the men noticed the gas, and the find was reported to fire boss Luke Richardson who cautioned the men to either stay away from the chamber or take a safety lamp.

It was January 24, 1884, a Thursday. And it was cold. Three feet of snow covered the ground in Crested Butte, a small hamlet in northern Gunnison County, 250 miles southwest of Denver in Colorado's mineral belt. The town is high — 8,900 feet —

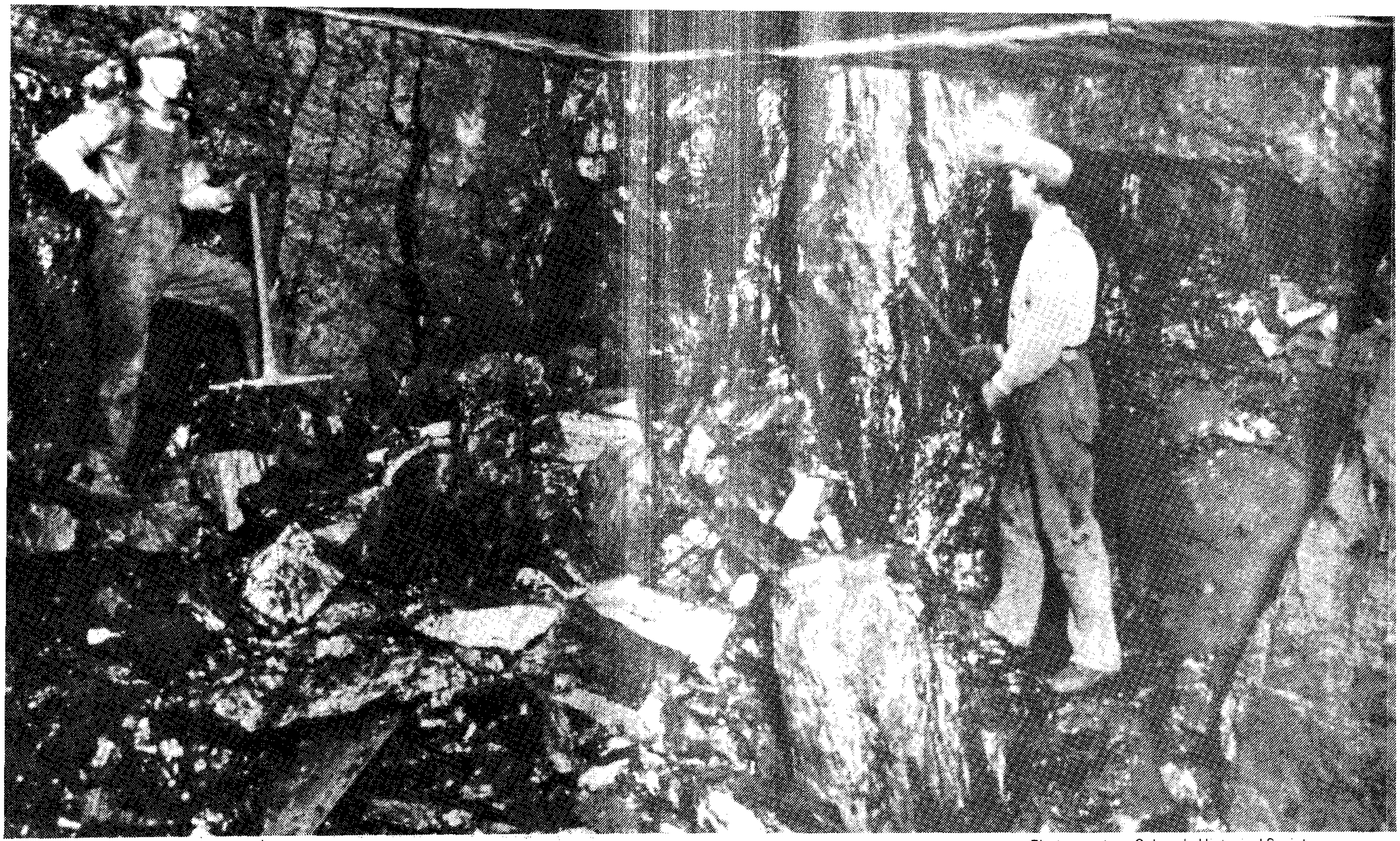

Photo courtesy Colorado Historical Society

Above: Photo shows conditions in Colorado's coal mines around the turn of the century.

and situated in a picturesque valley surrounded by large peaks. On this day its serenity was disturbed only by the ring of mining equipment and the smoke from the coke ovens.

DEEP INSIDE the pine-covered ridge to the southwest of town 70 men toiled to remove the 350 tons per day which had made the Jokerville one of the state's most productive coal mines.

It was just past 7:30 a.m. when the blast rocked the town, and it might have been mistaken for an earthquake had not the townspeople seen timbers and debris scattered through the air as the first wave of smoke belched from the Jokerville's entrance. Coal cars had been twisted into grotesque shapes and the two wooden buildings near the tunnel had been severely damaged. Rubble was scattered for several hundred yards. Destruction had been worsened by the presence of ten kegs of blasting powder a short distance inside.

Less than fifteen minutes later the first rescue squad arrived at the mine. Miraculously, their arrival was timed with the appearance of the eleven dazed survivors as they emerged from the tunnel. Cheers went up from onlookers, and their hopes for the others must have been bolstered.

Rescuers tried to enter the mine then, including many of the night shift men who had been underground barely an hour before. Tirelessly they plunged into the tunnel but were forced back by the presence of gas and "afterdamp."

Entry was hindered by the failure of a large ventilating fan which had been knocked out by the blast. The only safety link with the outside was damaged, and timbers and debris partially blocked the entrance.

Workers labored frantically to repair the fan, and by 10 o'clock it was operating again. With some difficulty they managed to reverse its direction, in hopes of drawing out the poor air.

Still, first attempts to enter were thwarted because of the foul air and the men pulled back. One of the first in, mine boss Robert Gibson, was so overcome that he was forcibly removed and taken home.

But before noon the fan had started to do its work and rescuers plunged into the mine. They carried safety lamps to avoid igniting remaining gas, and worked in small groups of six men each and were frequently spelled by replacements from outside. About thirty men were underground at any one time.

As the search progressed, word of the disaster spread over the state.

Grave of one of the Scottish miners killed in the disaster. In the upper right of the picture is Mount Emmons.

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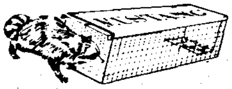

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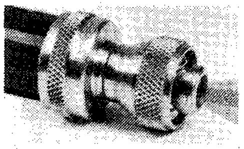

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Gunnison, twenty-eight miles south, learned of the blast by 9 a.m., and within hours newspapermen from throughout Colorado had boarded trains for Crested Butte.

At 3 p.m. a train arrived from Gunnison carrying doctors, medical supplies and dozens of volunteers who wished to participate in the rescue. The size of the rescue group increased when the nearby Anthracite Mesa Mine closed and its men went to Jokerville, three miles away.

And from other mines in Gunnison County the men converged on Gunnison. They gathered in small groups on the street corners, speaking of the explosion in hushed tones, and waited impatiently for the Denver-Rio Grande Railroad to take them to Crested Butte.

When the train was late, several of the miners rented a sleigh and began the long journey up the valley. Others stood waiting, hands thrust deep in their pockets to protect against the biting cold.

LATE Thursday afternoon the first bodies were found, disfigured and broken, near the entrance to the chamber where the blast had taken place. They had been hurled against the walls with tremendous force, and with that grim discovery the townspeople knew the tragedy was as bad as they had imagined.

The jubilation of the morning when the survivors appeared had turned to fear by midafternoon. When rescuers announced that they had just found twenty-four bodies, a hush fell over the crowd, each person wondering whether a friend or relative was among the victims. The men were found huddled closely together, handkerchiefs tied about their faces in a futile effort to stave off the suffocating death that awaited them. Tragically, they were found barely 200 feet from the entrance, fueling speculation that they might have survived had not the fan broken down.

Still more victims were found Friday — some with cloths covering their faces. Others had immersed their faces in small pools of water to avoid the gas, and had died there.

The bodies were removed to an area near the front of the mine, but it would be several days before they would be taken out. A makeshift morgue had to be built, and rescuers wanted to devote what little time they had left to searching for survivors. The dead could wait.

By the weekend the morgue was completed and fifty-seven bodies had been removed in what was at the time the state's worst mine disaster. Coffins were brought in from Gunnison and placed in the morgue in two rows that stretched the length of the building. While the bodies were being prepared for burial, in town a coroner's inquest was delving into the cause of the blast.

Testimony showed that gas had been found in the chamber only several hours before the explosion. Luke Richardson had cautioned the men to either use a safety lamp or not go into the chamber at all. It was company policy that no man would enter the mine without first checking with the fire boss.

It wasn't long before they concluded that dozens of men had died because of one man's carelessness. Testimony showed that John Anderson had been in a hurry to enter the chamber and repair some brattice work. In accordance with mine rules, he had consulted with Richardson and had been told not to enter the chamber without a safety lamp. Other miners said that he had been seen going into the mine a few minutes before the blast — with a naked light.

He was portrayed as a hard-working, practical miner, but one who "didn't know much about gas."

Anderson's body was found near the chamber entrance, unrecognizable save for the pocket watch and a notebook he always carried with him. In the absence of other information to the contrary, the inquest concluded that it was Anderson's light that had ignited the gas that had meant certain death.

Many of the victims were newcomers to Colorado, some having worked only a matter of days for Colorado Coal and Iron. Others had been there only a few months. Many had made arrangements to bring their families from as far east as Pennsylvania. Only about half a dozen had families in Crested Butte at the time.

Some of the men were native-born Americans; many were Welsh, Scots, Germans and Swedes. Ironically, one of the survivors was a Scot, Patrick McClure, who two years before had survived a devastating explosion at the Blantyr Mine which claimed 200 lives. McClure testified that safety lamps had become standard equipment in the Blantyr Mine following the disaster.

The following Tuesday, January 29, a town gathered to bury its dead. Following a brief service in the makeshift morgue, the coffins were placed on sleighs, two per sleigh, and taken two miles across the valley to the cemetery which stands beneath the brown, fortress-like buttresses of Crested Butte Mountain.

Nearly 500 people moved silently in the procession. At the graveyard, workers had labored to remove several feet of snow before the graves could be dug in the frozen earth.

The service started shortly after noon and it was nearly 6 p.m. when the last of the mourners left the cemetery. Yet even as the final words were being spoken, new snowflakes covered the graves — the storm had been building all day — and a harsh north wind whipped down the Slate River Valley and played a solemn farewell dirge. As the graves were being covered, two more victims were being removed from the burned-out wreck of the Jokerville Mine.

THE final death toll was fifty-nine. Twenty-eight miners were buried in Crested Butte that day; the others were taken to the railroad station for their journey east.

Not all the victims were grown men, for this was in the era when small boys were as welcome in the mines as their fathers. At least two of the victims were aged twelve and fourteen, teenagers who had been employed as "trappers" — opening and closing the gates of the chambers to allow coal cars to pass through.

A newspaper reporter for the *Gunnison Review-Press* captured the moving scene involving a young English boy whose brother had been killed in the explosion:

"The remaining brother followed the corpse to the grave in silence. He did not speak. Not a tear dimmed his dark blue eyes as they vacantly stared into what seemed to be for him a vacant future. It was thousands of miles across land, thousands of miles across the sea to where there was a sympathizing friend."

The coroner's inquest gave rise to several suggestions for improved coal mine safety. State Mine Inspector John McNeil, who had toured the Jokerville Mine several weeks before, said he would make a recommendation to the state legislature that safety lamps be required in all Colorado coal mines. He further suggested that all miners be deprived of smoking materials which could cause an explosion, and that blasting powder never again be stored inside the mines.

Though safety lamps were available in that time, apparently McNeil's recommendations fell upon deaf ears, for it was over a quarter century later, about 1910, when the state legislature outlawed the naked light.

Testimony from state and company officials that the Jokerville Mine was as safe as possible brought an angry response from the men who had worked there. Many said the mine had been plagued by increasing amounts of gas since autumn, and one worker testified that "streams of gas were pouring from the crevices."

Plans to reopen the mine faltered, and the Jokerville was never worked again. Instead, the company opened its "Big Mine" farther east along the same ridge.

The Big Mine was operated until 1952, and when it closed down it brought to an end seventy years of coal mining operations in Crested Butte. By the turn of the century the mine was manned, not by the northern Europeans that had worked Jokerville, but by Yugoslavian immigrants whose names appear today in the town's phone directory.

With the passing of the coal industry Crested Butte has entered a new era. The railroad tracks are gone now, as are the coke ovens, and tourism and outdoor recreation are the economic staples. Yet on cold winter days, inside the old wood frame houses, and warmed by the heat of ornate iron coal stoves, sometimes the retired miners gather and recount stories of the old days.

Crested Butte's mining heritage may yet be rekindled, though not by coal. Deep within Mount Emmons, one mile to the west, lies a 160-million ton, tear-drop shaped deposit of molybdenum. Today local environmentalists are battling to prevent its development. Yet exploratory drillings are taking place, and already the surrounding mountainsides are echoing the sound of a new generation of mining technology.

A Case of Indian Cruelty

(Continued from page 39)

firmed that the Indian had died from being dragged.

Sheriff Gus Livingston testified that he, Julio Martinez, C.A. Livingston, Roy Sexsmith, Henry H. McPhaul, Juan Zavala, P. Munoz, and Jose Perez had backtracked for some thirty miles, coming up on the Indian rancheria. An old Indian had pointed out five men as being the ones involved in Charlie's death.

Julio Martinez identified the victim as being Jose Charlie and the unbranded three-year-old colored filly as belonging to Charlie. The coroners jury then returned a verdict that the deceased Jose Charlie, about twenty-five to thirty years old, a native of Arizona, had died on or about the 8th day of March due to being tied to a horse's tail and dragged over the ground until he expired. The deed had been perpetrated by Jose Angel, Jose Jesus, Tomas Ortega and Pluma Aigla, "and that said killing was murder."

AN INDIAN was found whose wife was a sister of the dead man. It was suspected he might know something of how and why the murder was commit-

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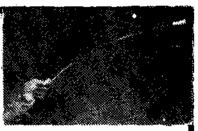

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ted. He, however, gave only hearsay evidence — "and it was like pulling a beer bottle cork with your bare fingers" — that Charlie was considered by the other Papagos to be no good, crazy; that he had a bad spirit and had fits (probably epileptic). So they tied him to a horse on his awful journey to the Great Beyond.

Sheriff Livingston filed a criminal complaint against Pluma Aigla and Jose Angel on March 11, 1911 charging them with felony murder of Jose Charlie. Judge Jones issued a warrant of arrest and both Aigla and Angel were arraigned on the same day. The other two men were released for lack of evidence.

The preliminary hearing was held in Judge Jones' court, Precinct 1 of Yuma County on March 15. It must have been a trying time for all concerned as there was a language barrier problem. Neither of the accused was able to speak English or Spanish and nobody in Yuma County was well versed in the Papago language.

Sheriff Livingston presented a brief summary of the posse's action on March 8 and 9 in the capture of the Papago Indians. The posse had returned to the scene once again on March 11, for one of the prisoners wanted to show them where some clothes had been buried. Livingston testified further that they found the clothes about a foot under the desert sands, being a pair of drawers, blue overalls, a hat, a piece of cotton rope in one of the pockets, matches, and a saddle.

Other witnesses had their say, but the most damaging testimony came from Jose Jesus. According to him, it had been Pluma Aigla who killed Jose Charlie in revenge of Charlie's having murdered Aigla's sister, who also was the wife of Jose Angel. Jesus did not know why Charlie killed her and when asked if Charlie was locoed, remained silent. He concluded his "talk" by saying that when the men of the tribe told Charlie what they were about to do, Charlie said "that it was all right with him," and did not put up any resistance.

Tomas Ortega, however, testified that it had been Jose Angel and not Pluma Aigla who had tied his own brother to the mare's tail, thereby killing him. Under intense questioning by District Attorney W.F. Timmons, Ortega changed his story, stating that both Angel and Aigla killed Charlie. Ortega said that he had "no idea" why Charlie was killed.

Pluma Aigla did not testify, but Jose Angel took the stand and said that the only thing he knew was that Charlie went out to look for his animals and never returned. It was the following day that he and others went out to look for Charlie, finding only the dead horse and some clothing. Even though earlier he had told Sheriff Livingston that Pluma Aigla had killed Charlie, he now denied having any knowledge of the affair.

THERE then followed numerous legal maneuvers for continuance of trial to the October court term. The application was not made "for delay of trial only, but to enable the defendants to prepare their defense and in order that Justice may be done." There was no common language. The Spanish-English interpreter had informed the court that it was well nigh impossible to secure anything like a fair interpretation from Papago to English.

J.L. Redondo had been appointed as the Spanish interpreter by the court and stated that the Papago interpreter was unable to properly interpret from Papago to Spanish. This had forced Redondo to use only the crudest means of communication, which could not always convey the full sense of the question asked. And the Indians' efforts to answer were just as unintelligible.

The hearing and deliberation of a grand jury on April 4 resulted in an indictment of murder being brought against Angel and Aigla by jury foreman W.W. Woodman. The trial commenced on the morning of April 11. The county had been able to find another Papago-Spanish interpreter, Hugh Norris.

On April 12 Pluma Aigla and Jose Angel were found "Guilty of Murder of the Second Degree."

Immediately after the verdict the defense filed a motion for a new trial. The motion was denied and on April 13 at 1:30 p.m. Judge John H. Campbell sentenced both defendants to the Territorial Prison at Florence, Arizona for a period of twenty years. No time was wasted. Sheriff Livingston transported and turned both men over to Superintendant Thomas H. Rynning on April 15, 1911.

JOSE ANGEL was given prison number 3489. His record describes him as a Papago, a native of Arizona, Catholic, 23 years of age, 5'10", and weighing 165 pounds. He was erect of carriage and had a full set of sound teeth and numerous scars. He listed his occupation as a placer miner. He used tobacco but no opium, wore no beard, was unmarried, and had a mother known only as Ruby of Dome, Arizona. He could neither read nor write.

While in the territorial prison, he was sent out to work on state highways, returning to the prison when any camp closed. This continued until June 9, 1917 when he escaped from the Clifton, Arizona Honor Camp. He was never recaptured and his fate is unknown.

Pluma Aigla received prison number 3490. He was 30 years of age, 5'9½" in height, and weighed 157 pounds. He had good teeth but walked with a stooping carriage. He had large, deeply indented corrugated scars on the back of his head (left side near the top) and many other battle scars.

He too was a placer miner, wore a light mustache, used tobacco but no opium. He was unmarried and both parents were living. His father was Jim of Dome, Arizona. He, like Angel, was illiterate. He worked in various state road camps, but did not escape with Angel. Instead, he worked until released by parole October 1, 1917 while still assigned to the Wellton, Arizona Road Camp.

THE PAPAGO INDIANS who lived near Blaisdell and Gila City were known as Sand Papagos. They were culturally always a little apart from the people who lived near Tucson, keeping to themselves. When placer mining opened up around Gila City, some lost most of their Papago traditions.

By 1911 their life style had become a mixture of Mexican-Anglo-Indian, seemingly the worst of each. One of the changes concerned mining, which traditional Papagos did not do. Their living arrangements weren't traditionally Papago either. In the Papago social order, a woman went to live with her husband's family when she married. If her husband died and she did not remarry, she might return to her own family or live with his relatives, but she would not live with men she wasn't related to, nor would several men who weren't related live together, unless they were homosexuals.

The motive of Jose Charlie's killing wasn't necessarily or even likely to have been based on Papago culture. It is true that if a Papago killed someone in the tribe, the relatives of the victim had the right to execute the murderer, but in the pure Papago society (not influenced by outsiders) murder was extremely rare. There was a specific method of execution, however, for witchcraft. No witch could ever be allowed to remain alive, and the only accepted way of disposing of one was by stoning to death.

Dr. Bernard L. Fontana, commenting on Jose Charlie's death, stated he might have killed a woman; or might have been suspected of being a witch, was killed first and then tied to the horse's tail in order to cover up the manner of execution. However, and Dr. Fontana was very emphatic here, dragging someone to death was never a Papago practice.

The court had wanted to know if Charlie was a witch (locoed) but the question was never answered by a yes or no. Only that Charlie was never sick in his entire short life.

So what was the motive for this cruel display of passion? Dr. Fontana's conclusion may very well be true — "They were probably all roaring drunk and didn't know what they were doing."

Morgan Courtney Gunfighter from Pioche

(Continued from page 13)

was no railroad in Pioche in 1873, leaving the strenuous alternatives of horseback or stagecoach as the only ways to get out of town.

McKinney may have considered this. If he stayed, Courtney would surely kill him if he had to do it in front of a hundred witnesses. But to run — swallowing all pride and all prospects of wealth in this rich camp — only to die by some lonely waterhole, might have made a quick, honorable death at the end of Courtney's pistol-barrel the more attractive choice. On the other hand, it may have been that a man with a blocked intestine is simply apt to be cranky.

At any rate, McKinney did not pack his bag, but borrowed a pistol from a friend he met in a saloon. It was what the Pioche *Record* called a "Whistler" and what the court record called "an English patent pistol, numbered 137,185."

WHISTLERS are frequently mentioned in Pioche *Record* accounts of shootings. What was probably meant was a Tranter revolver; some Tranters are found marked "E. Whistler." They are high quality firearms, and were favored in Pioche by professionals. Courtney himself may have owned one. Deputies W.L. McKee and J.R. Hoag, whom we will hear more about later, both owned them. In Hoag's case this fact is known because he accidentally wounded a friend while demonstrating how fast the weapon could be drawn.

Tranter revolvers came in many sizes. The one McKinney borrowed must have been a large-bore, for it could not be concealed in the pocket of his sack coat.

The revolver's most important feature was its then-unusual double action. The user could discharge six shots as fast as he could pull the trigger, without bothering to cock the hammer for each shot — a fact which may have had some bearing on ensuing events.

Holding his hand over the pistol butt protruding from his pocket, McKinney went looking for trouble. About 9:20 p.m. on the night Georgie Scyphers had stood him up, he found it. Courtney came out of the Mint Saloon, walking, as he habitually did, with his right hand in a pocket generally believed to contain a revolver. A few paces from the saloon he met McKinney.

McKinney later claimed that when he saw Courtney striding purposefully toward him, he produced his own Whistler and said, "Courtney, I am here to fight." He said Courtney made a move. And with that, McKinney started pulling the trigger.

One witness said that Courtney froze in his tracks at the first shot, as if uncertain how to handle the phenomenon of someone actually standing up to him. Then he turned and fled, seeming to be trying, but unable, to draw his hand out of the coat pocket.

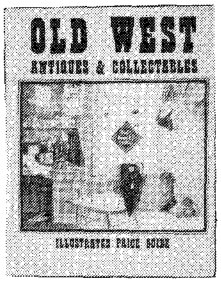
McKinney followed close behind, blasting away. Courtney ducked into a saloon and out the side door. On the side street, Deputy Sheriff Joseph Hoag ran up and grabbed McKinney and took the gun away. But by then McKinney had already emptied the fast-shooting weapon.

As soon as the firing stopped, Courtney came back down the steep street with a revolver in his left hand, but Hoag was already dragging McKinney off to jail, followed by an angry and threatening crowd.

Courtney was carried into a nearby drugstore, where he was examined by a doctor. He had been hit by five of the six shots, fired from such close range that the linen coat he wore was burned by the powder. Several shots had passed through his body, one less than an inch from the spine and out the chest. The doctor told Courtney he could not live and that "if he had anything to say, he had better say it now," implying that Courtney should not meet his Maker with unconfessed murders staining his soul.

Courtney dictated a dying statement, which was interrupted long enough for him to accept the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church. One of the five who witnessed this statement was John Manning — another professional fighter and a friend of Courtney's who worked for Raymond and Ely. We shall hear more of Manning.

In the basement vault of the present courthouse at Pioche remains the very statement Courtney dictated, hastily written in pencil on a torn sheet of wrapping paper. Reading between the lines of this statement gives an enlightening picture of the man who ter-



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rorized Pioche.

"I think I am going to die," Courtney dictated. "I was walking down the street and McKinney shot me in the back. I started to run in order to get in a place to defend myself but he shot so fast that I could not do anything but run. I did not shoot at McKinney at all. I did not get any pistol out until he fired six shots. Georgie Scyphers told me that Frank Cleveland gave McKinney a pistol yesterday."

And that is all. No regrets for the cold-blooded murders of Sullivan and O'Toole. No confessions to certain unsolved murders of which Courtney was suspected. No warnings to friends to profit by his own example and learn to control their passions. Not even a word of love for the sweetheart for whom he had been, so recently, prepared to kill. Courtney died that night, at the age of twenty-nine.

THE DAY after Courtney's death, the Pioche *Record* editorialized: "Morgan Courtney, alias Rich Moriarty, is numbered among the dead! It is sad to reflect that one so young, so qualified to adorn an honorable station, should have been so suddenly cut off and ushered into the presence of his maker!

"Morgan Courtney, feared by some, detested by others, and respected by a few, was a desperate character — had killed his man in Pioche, some 14 months ago — a murderer in the broadest acceptance of the term . . . We only refer to his tragic death as a verification of the prophecy that those who slay by the sword shall by the sword be slain.

"Poor Courtney! While there are those who were willing to swear to anything to screen him from the gallows, and are now laughing in their sleeves at his tragic end, we pity him. May God have mercy upon the soul of Morgan Courtney; may justice and law deal with his assassin."

As an illustration of the mixed feelings prominent Piochers felt toward Courtney, consider that the same publisher whose newspaper labeled Courtney a murderer, in the same issue ordered the volunteer fire company he commanded to turn out in full uniform for the funeral of their fallen comrade, Morgan Courtney.

Courtney got a hero's funeral in an expensive coffin with silver engraving plate, and was escorted to his rest by a brass band and most of the town's population.

At least one of the wishes expressed in the Pioche *Record* editorial was granted. McKinney was dealt with according to law, which was extremely fortunate for McKinney, given the prevailing public sentiment. When word leaked out that the ailing gambler was being allowed to stay in the jailer's room rather than in the overcrowded jail cell, preparations were made to storm the lock-up and issue summary justice with a rope. But word of this was received at the jail and, as the *Record* related, "Preparations were accordingly made at the jail to give callers a warm reception. Nobody came, and it is to be hoped that nobody will come, for just at this time, when a new day — the day of justice — is beginning feebly to dawn on us, is a poor time to begin lynching."

The trial started September 10. The doctor who had examined Courtney would testify that of the five shots which hit Courtney, one flesh wound might have been fired from in front. The rest definitely came from behind. McKinney claimed he fired two shots before Courtney turned and fled. If we assume the revolver was fully loaded and there was one miss, McKinney may have told the truth.

McKinney told the jury he did not fire until Courtney made what he thought was a move to draw a gun, but then shot and continued shooting to kill. "I knew if I didn't he'd kill me — that if he got the first shot he'd kill me."

Defense witnesses confirmed that Courtney had hurled what McKinney called "names that a white man can't endure." One of them was "s-o-b" — ironically, the same words over which Courtney had killed Sullivan.

It was an expensive, hard-fought trial. Entire days were spent arguing whether evidence could be introduced to confirm Courtney's reputation for "shooting men without giving them a chance." To the credit of the legal system, but the loss of history, that evidence was not allowed.

It took ten days to try McKinney. It took the jury less than three minutes to acquit him. After the trial McKinney apparently had little more use for Georgie Scyphers, who had tried to swear his life away. They went separate ways.

Courtney's friends had sworn revenge on McKinney, but there was at this point some understandable reluctance to trifle with him. According to the Gracey account, McKinney was still alive in 1908.

THE TRIAL had marked key changes in Pioche society. In the four months ending in August, five persons had been killed in Pioche. Once the trial was over, there would not be another fatal gunfight in the town for more than a year. Pioche's gunfighter era was almost over. Both courts and policemen had become more effective.

No new chief emerged to replace Morgan Courtney. John Manning, the fighter who had witnessed Courtney's dying statement, would have liked the job, but didn't get it.

On September 2, 1873, Manning roamed through the bars of Pioche, threatening people he considered friends of the incarcerated McKinney and trying to get those he encountered to "go into the street" with him, which meant to go outside for a gunfight. One of the men he threatened, though in his absence, was the big Irish policeman, W.L. "Fat Mac" McKee.

Word of the threat reached McKee. And about 8 a.m., on the steep street that runs up the side of Treasure Hill, McKee met Manning face to face. Manning hailed him.

"Hold on there, Mac! I hear you're a friend of the party that killed Courtney."

"What do you have to say about it!" McKee asked.

"Nothing, Mac, but I don't like officers that murder a man," replied Manning.

"You are drunk now," said McKee. "Any differences we have had we will settle when you are sober. Go to bed and when you get sober I'll talk to you."

Manning replied, "Mac, there's no damned s-o-b in this town can make me go to bed. I'll go when I get ready."

Manning had about a quart of whiskey under his belt and a revolver — probably a Colt .36 single-action — under his coat. McKee was cold sober and carried a double-action Whistler right out in the open. Manning went for the aforesaid single-action; McKee beat him to the draw and shot Manning, fatally, through the chest.

The incident helped McKee get elected sheriff three years later. The Pioche gunfighter had met his replacement.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 3)

these people, please write. — George W. Smiley, 1604 Queen Avenue, Yakima, Washington 98902.

Logsdon

I am seeking information on the descendants of Lucian Logsdon who married Olive Wroe. She died in Missouri and is buried there. Her son, Clarence Logsdon, was brought to Lander, Wyoming. I was Clarence's wife, Lula Taylor. — Mrs. Lula Pope, Box 30, Grace Idaho 83241.

Hale — Oliner

My grandparents were J.J. Hale and M.W. Oliner Hale. I would like to know what their full names were. Where and when were they born and married? Their sons were Ben, Leslie ("Dock"), and Edgar. Grandpa was called Uncle

Tidy. When did the Hales or Oliners come to Texas and from where? Grandpa had one brother, Mack. And he had one son Mack, Jr., and one daughter Reecie Hale Nobles who once lived in Hamlin and moved to Paris, Texas years ago.

I would appreciate any information. Perhaps someone may have family records that would tie in. — W. Ervin Hale, Box 418, Rotan, Texas 79546.

Groves — Trotter — Lyons

I would like to know the names of the parents and relatives of William Groves who was born about 1850 in Clay County, Illinois. He married Lara A. Ware and their children were Isaac, George, Eveline, Bertha, Willie, Edward, Lucy and Amos.

Lucy married Essell Trotter on May 26, 1906. They had three children; one of the boys drowned. William had one brother, George, and one sister, Rachel, that I know of. George Groves was born July 10, 1848 and died October 29, 1928. He was married to Mary M. Craig and their children were Charles Frederick and Grace Lee.

Rachel Groves was born December 1, 1859. She married Lafayette Lyons on August 10, 1875. Their children were Rose Etty, Jesse Milton, John Wesley, Ora A., Viola E., Sylvia Alice and Jerry Homer. Rose Etty married J.C. Hammonds and John Wesley married Rosa E. Baser on October 25, 1909.

There is also a Silas, Noah M., Effie M., and Thomas Groves. Thomas' wife's name was Millie. Please write if you have information. — Marilyn Eldridge, Rt. 1, Corning, Arkansas 72422.

Lucas — Dougherty

I am seeking information on descendants of the Lucas family. The 1850 census of Perry County, Alabama lists Ann Lucas, age forty, born in Georgia; Edward R.age fifteen, born in Alabama; Oscar M. age twelve, born in Alabama; Sarah Y. age seven born in Alabama; Sarah Wilson, age seventy-nine, born in Virginia. Could Edward R. be Robert E. Lucas in the 1870 census of Calhoun County, Mississippi who married Sarah Elizabeth Bennett? He died in Anderson County, Texas in 1905. Sarah died in 1922 in Lindale, Smith County, Texas and is buried in City Cemetery.

Francis M. Dougherty died March 12, 1920 at Helena, Phillips County, Arkansas leaving $2400. The will was dated March 17, 1920. Heirs were George, Marion C. and John Isaac all living in Atlanta, Cass County, Texas and A.C. Dougherty living in Helena, Arkansas.

Amos William Dougherty was born November 1, 1830 at Florence, Lauderdale County, Alabama and was living in 1909 at Heber Springs, Cleburne County, Arkansas. He married Lucy B. Wilkes on February 13, 1851 at Jacksonport, Arkansas. In 1866 he married Caroline N. Dean who was born circa 1833 in Arkansas and died in November 1872. His third marriage on February 3, 1874 was to Nancy J. Slayton who died July 1876 and his fourth marriage in 1877 was to Mrs. Virginia Rodgers Andrews born circa 1832 in Arkansas.

Information on these families will be appreciated. — Elbert E. Covington, Rt. 1, Box 166, DeSoto, Illinois 62924.

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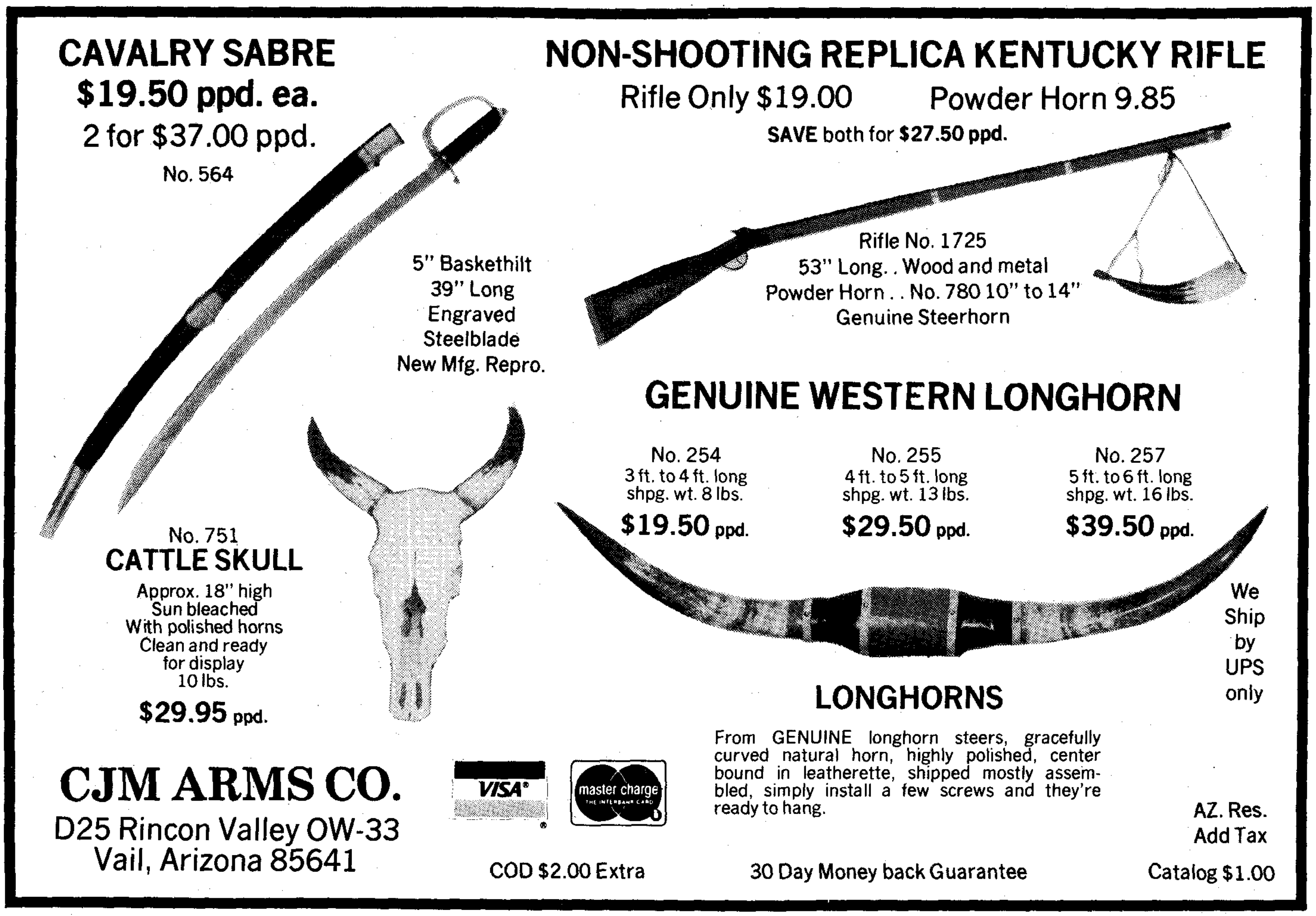

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Ad Index

A-Brandt Sleepworks 3
Anderson, Carl 44
Austin-Hall Boot Co 3
Brooks Appliance Co 47
CJM Arms Co 52
Callahan, Clyde 2
Coins Magazine 12
Craig, Daniel E 7
Daniels Electric 45
Financial Compass 3
Geo-Mental Tech 47
Gold 47
Great-American Pub. Co 47
Hale, Ken 44
Kimco 47
Mustang Mfg. Co 44
Phillippe Ent 47
Pistol Pete 45
Rendells Inc., The 7
Robert Maneley 44, 45
Russell, Charles 68
Slocum, Jack Ent 45
Universal Products Co 37
Western Book Co 40, 41
Westport Home Products 19

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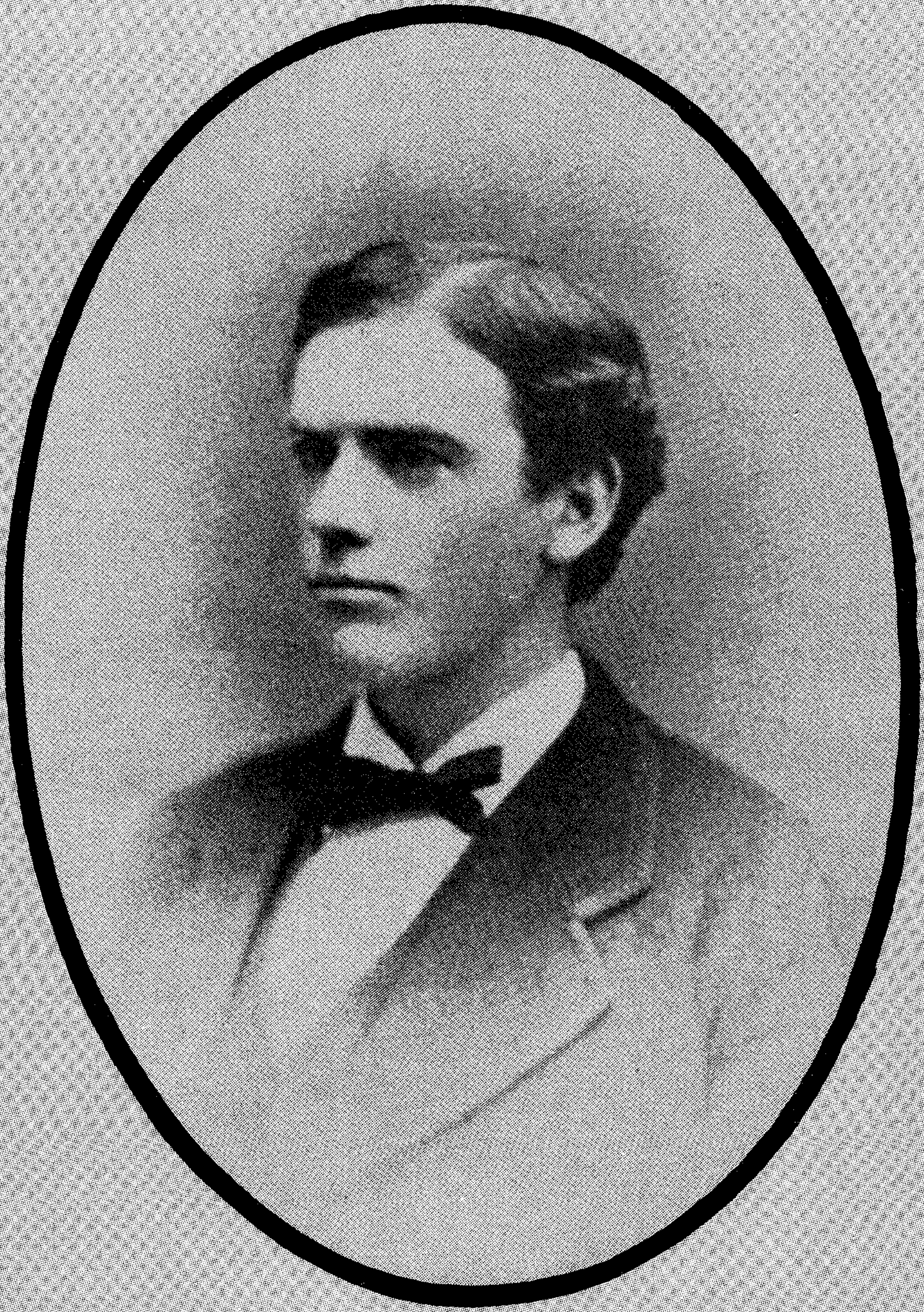
PART THREE
(Conclusion)

from

"A FRONTIER DOCTOR"

BY
HENRY F. HOYT
Published in 1929



Henry F. Hoyt
1876

DAYS OF VIOLENCE

As this episode opens, young Dr. Hoyt is in Las Vegas, New Mexico, making a living assisting Postmaster T. F. Chapman. If ever a young medic was in the middle of organized mayhem, Hoyt was, but he hadn't hung out his shingle because the town was already overstocked with doctors despite efforts of the citizenry to provide all of them with plenty to do.

It was 1879, a time when most men "wore two hats." Postmaster Chapman's "other hat" was his active participation in Vigilante matters, and as Chapman's helper Hoyt was close to the action too.

A Frontier Doctor
DAYS OF VIOLENCE

PENDING the completion of the railroad, the Barlow & Sanderson Stage Line still carried passengers and mail daily from Santa Fe. Twice, with but a few days intervening, the stage was held up a short distance from Las Vegas and both passengers and mail robbed. The mail as brought in after these affairs was in a terrible mess. Bags were slashed and all letters which looked worthwhile were cut open. A Deputy United States Marshal was put on the case after the first hold-up, but accomplished nothing.

After the second hold-up a conference was held at the post office. Mr. Chapman came from the Springs and the marshal reported with a Mr. Parker, a clerical-looking man with a dark complexion and long black beard, who owned and ran a hotel and livery stable in Las Vegas. Parker stated that four young men — the number that robbed the stage — came to his hotel, rented a two-horse platform spring wagon on each day of the robbery, and drove into the country, returning with the team in a lather and tired out. They had left his hotel, but he was confident they were still in town and was absolutely positive he could identify any one or all of them.

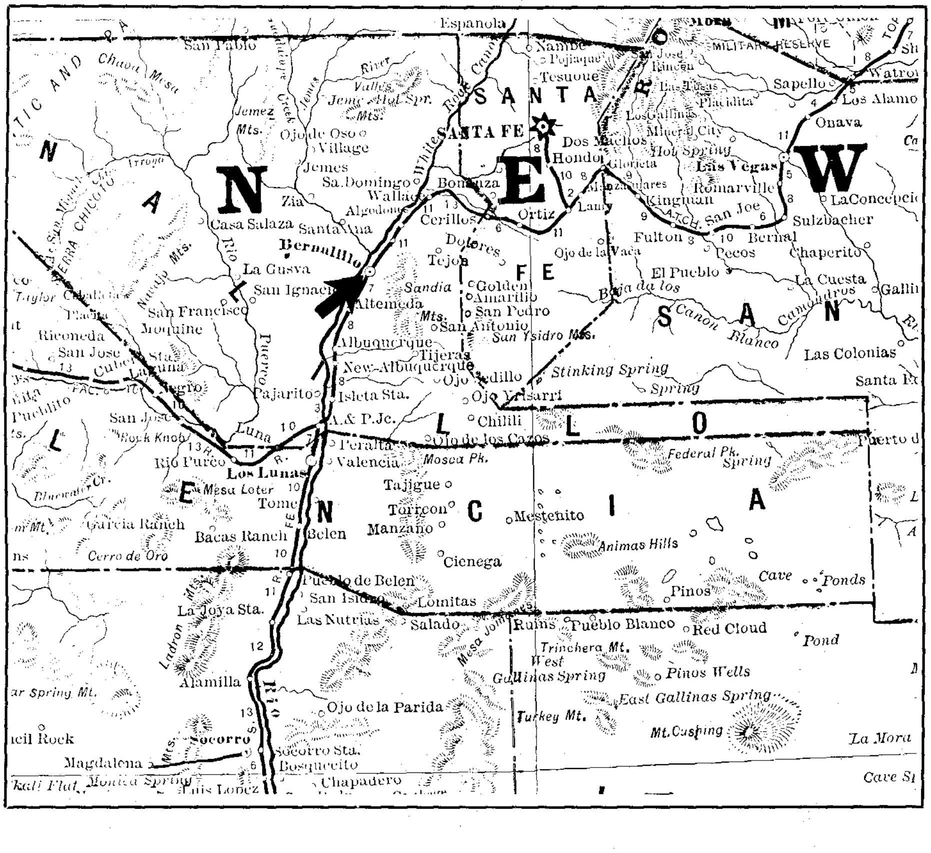
Four men together would attract attention, so it was decided to pair off, and go the rounds of the dance halls, gambling houses, and saloons, meeting and reporting progress at regular intervals. Chapman and the marshal took the lead and were followed by Parker and myself, each with a couple of Colt's forty-fives concealed on his person.

We entered one of the largest gambling resorts on the plaza, and sauntered casually from table to table, Parker apparently carefully scrutinizing every face. At the rear of this long room was a game run by a young man of the tin-horn class, by the name of Webb. I knew him well, as my acquaintance with people had become quite extensive after I went into the post office.

After sizing everybody up, Parker would join me and give the signal, "They are not here," and we would pass on to the next joint. This programme we kept up all night long, during which we visited the Webb place a number of times, always leaving with Parker's signal, "They are not here."

The arrow in the 1888 New Mexico map below points out the prosperous town of Bernalillo where young Dr. Hoyt practiced in 1879.

From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888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Alamilla
Socorro
Socorro Sta.
Magdalena
Ojo de la Parida
Chapadero
Gallinas Spring
Pinos Wells
East Gallinas Spring
Mt. Cushing
Turkey Mt.
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Bernal
Pecos
Chaperito
Sulzbacher
La Cuesta
El Pueblo
Anton Chico
Canon Blanco
Las Colonias
Stinking Spring
Sapello
Los Alamo
Onava
La Concepcion
Hot Spring
Mineral City
Tesuque
Nambe
Pojuaque
Placitas
Ojo de la Vaca
Puerco
Rio Puerco
Cubero
Pajarito
Luna
Garcia Ranch
Bacas Ranch
Cerro de Oro
Mesa Lotera
Tome
San Mateo
Sierra San Mateo
Taylor
Rio Grande
Military Reserve
Santa Rosa
Puerto de Luna
La Mora

The next night and for several following, this procedure was kept up by Parker and the marshal, until Parker finally gave his opinion that the birds had flown, and the hunt was abandoned. There were large rewards offered for the capture of these robbers. Mr. Parker will be heard from later.

The arrival of every train from the north meant recruits for the underworld, and crime still flourished. Page B. Otero, a scion of one of the most prominent families of New Mexico, now a resident of Los Angeles, California, contributes the following account of one incident:

"Four men, known as Tom (sometimes called 'Dutch') Henry, John Dorsey, Jim West, and Bill Randall, came into New Mexico from Texas. They took possession of a cabin in the hills near Mora, county seat of Mora County, and began to live off the country. They made many raids on the near-by settlements, taking by force whatever they wanted. They once entered the old town of Las Vegas and drove off with a new buggy and team of horses, leaving word that if the owner wanted them he should come to their headquarters and get them. This sort of thing kept up for some time, but no one seemed anxious to go after the gang.

"One day about noon they rode into town, tied their horses in front of the Ward & Tamme Saloon and, entering, started drinking. They were heavily armed and strutted around the streets, virtually daring anyone to interfere. Joe Carson was City Marshal at this time. The principal dance hall was owned by George Close, and when it opened that evening the four men entered, walked up to the bar, and asked for drinks. They had been drinking more or less all afternoon and were in an ugly mood. Just at this time Marshal Carson entered and, approaching them, asked politely enough that they hand over their artillery to the bartender while they remained in the city, saying that it would be returned when they were ready to leave.

"This started the fireworks, and when the smoke cleared Marshal Carson was lying dead in the doorway of the dance hall with seven bullet holes in his body; Bill Randall was on his hands and knees on the sidewalk shot through the abdomen and died that night; Jim West was lying in the street shot through the liver and yelling like a coyote; Tom Henry was unhurt; and John Dorsey got a bullet through the calf of one leg. Henry and Dorsey were captured as they were trying to escape and, with West, were locked up in the old town jail.

"A few nights later the three were taken out by the Vigilantes and strung up on the windmill in the middle of the old town plaza. Bonfires were lighted and most of the population of both Old and New Towns were present."

IT WAS in the summer time — 1879 — and the weather was hot. Mr. Otero, himself a member of the Vigilantes, with several others, was sleeping out on top of the porch at the warehouse of Otero, Sellers & Company — Mr. Otero's father being senior member of the firm — and from there they could look directly into the door of the George Close dance hall and see the shooting.

Now comes Mr. Lute Wilcox, then owner of the *Optic*, the leading newspaper in that section, and now a citizen of Denver, Colorado, who gives his picturesque account of the affair as follows:

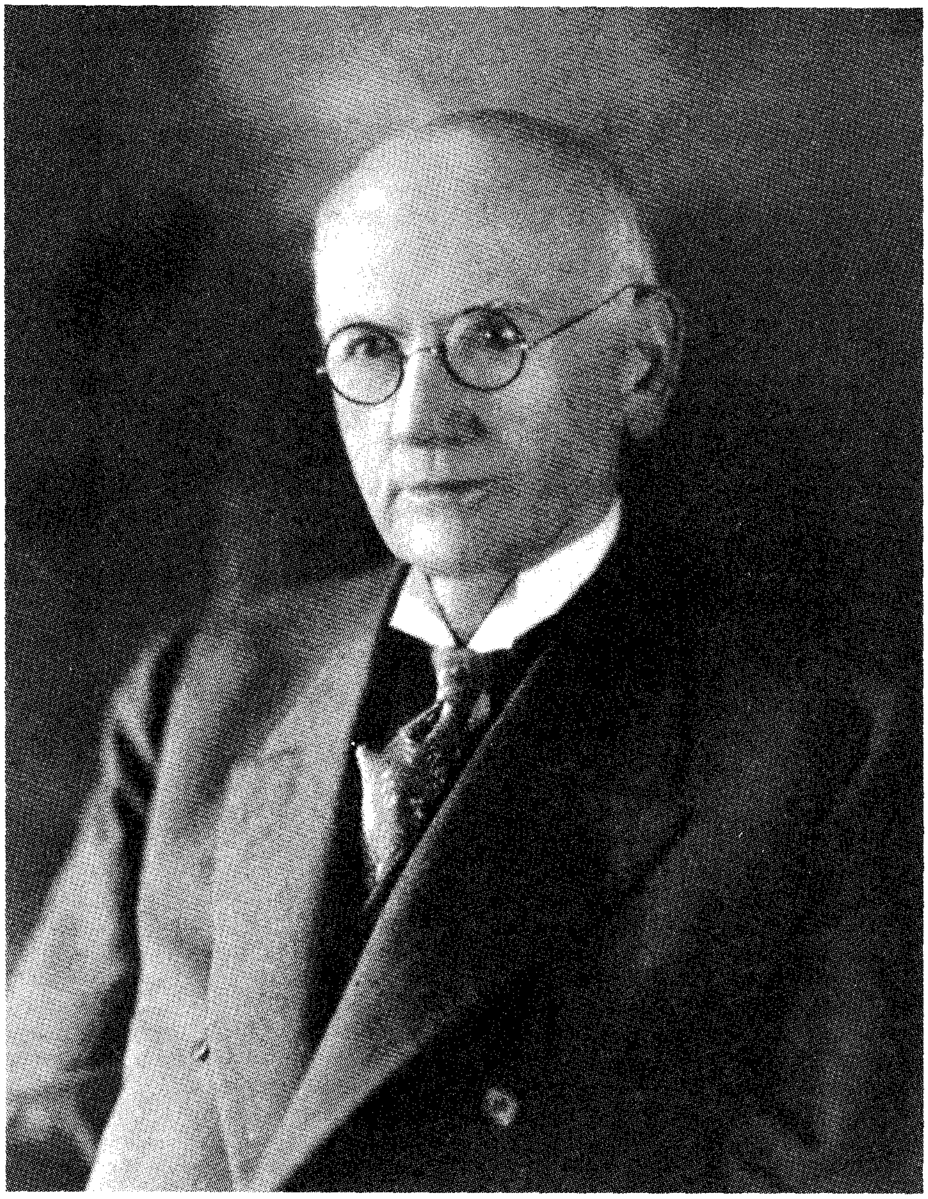
"During the summer of 1879, at Las Vegas, Dutch Henry's gang of five arrived from the Panhandle to get Joe Carson, the town marshal, against whom they had an old grudge originating at Fort Worth. Joe told them to lay aside their arms in accordance with the rule. They said they could manage their own guns and needed no advice.

"That night Joe went to George Close's dance hall to enforce the order. The gang was dancing with the 'fairies' and there was a hot gunplay.

"At the *Optic* office I was sitting at my work of getting up copy hook. Mrs. Carson, living overhead in the Gard Building, came running down, stuck her head in the door at the rear, and cried that Joe had been killed, speaking intuitively from telepathic sense. I arose quickly, realizing that something unusual had happened. Halfway across the space to the rear of the dance hall we stumbled upon an object on the trail. I struck a match and Mrs. Carson fell upon the prostrate form of her husband, while I hurried on to get help.

"A large crowd of refugees had assembled, scared out of their wits, huddling in the alleyway and also in an open space between the Close place and Mrs. McDonald's restaurant.

"We packed Joe into Dr. Severson's drug store on Sixth Street, but the man was dead, of course, with so many shots. The Mrs. was hysterical and carried on frantically, but eloped a few weeks later with the Justice of the Peace, Hoodoo Brown, to Vinita, Indian Territory.



Henry F. Hoyt in 1929

"Mysterious Dave Matthews [Mather] and Dave Rudebaugh were in the melee and did much of the return damage to the gang, one of whom had been left outside to hold the horses. His name was unknown to us and he evidently escaped in the darkness. A telegraph operator named Costello, an innocent bystander, was killed and a number wounded, without discommoding the girls other than to give them the customary jolt, which was a part of their business, as Lady Maud and Cockeyed Liz declared. The glass front of the dance hall was demolished in the crush.

"A few minutes later, when we had caught our second wind, with more or less bravado and combat, Colonel James A. Lockhart, now a grocer at Miami, Florida, mounted a box at Houghton's corner near the scene of the ruckus, and proclaimed the spirit of indignation: incidentally a reward of ten thousand dollars in the name of the town for the capture of the outlaws, who loped away poco pronto, as you can imagine. We all struck out on horses, but most of us were back empty-handed at daylight. Captain Barney was so eager for that reward that he got away on a short spurt riding a burro borrowed from the Blake kids. The two Daves and the two Pinkertons, Lee and Muldoon, were old-time man-hunters, knew their onions, and kept on going. They found their game ensconced in a vacant jacal below Cherry Valley in Mora Canyon, twenty-five miles or so north of town. The officers were under the cover of an arroyo and threw pebbles against the door of the hut to notify the quartette of their presence. The gang finally surrendered under truce with the promise of safe conduct to the county jail, but nothing more. The officers got back to New Town about 4 P.M.

and the news created such a hubbub that we had to get out an extra.

"That night about ten, seventy-nine of us squeezed one by one into Talbot's darkened barn and held a short consultation, while the livery stock stood by and offered no protest.

"The sheriff was Desiderio Romero, living in an adobe casita on Halfway Hill. We sent our leader, Bob (Red) Old, with two other men, one of whom was Arthur Jilson, and the other an interpreter, to Red's house, a few rods distant, while we remained at the acequia under the hill.

"Desiderio was wise and showed no resentment, but dressed quickly and was brought into camp. He marched in front on our way over to the hoosegow back of the plaza.

"There was a grape arbor leading from the street to the jail door, as you may remember, and Tio Desiderio was given the honor first to enter the narrow trail. He was much perturbed and called excitedly to the captain of the guard of his buscaderos inside to open the puerta, 'and be damned quick about it.' The coverts swarmed in like a pack of hungry chinos at meal call. Doc. Ames, dentist, got the keys from Pine without resistance and opened the door to the farthermost cell. The boys soon had the bandits out into the placita. I had been appointed sergeant of a squad of bravatinos to pack out West, who had been wounded in the hips and was unable to navigate. I had my compatriot right there, but we had some delay in getting out, as our man with the others had been chained to the floor. We made a sort of cat's-cradle with our hands and came tagging along with our poor fellow moaning piteously and protesting that he should not be strangled because he was injured. He subsided, however, at the scaffold, when Henry commanded him to 'shut up and die like a man.' Father Coudert from the priory appeared from a side street and making the sign of the cross, pleaded with us as Christian gentlemen to spare the lives of our four victims. No heed was paid to the padre's entreaties.

"You will recall that after the noose committee had done its damndest, and the jerk crew was in action, a shot was fired as the beginning of a fusillade that followed. This shot was traced to Mrs. Carson, but was not authorized, as it had not been prearranged at the livery, as were all the other details. You will remember also how the stiffs were the next day placed one by one in wheelbarrows and toted off to the carcel after Doc Shout had pronounced them dead. I presume the remains were hid away in the Campos Santos out on the Hot Springs Camino.

"I have only to recite the joke that went with the affair. The merchants on the plaza were somewhat put out by such a bold ceremony right out in front of their stores and held a meeting to declare their objections to such unholy doings. They reported that their well and windmill had cost them six hundred dollars. And now just think of it — they would have to dig up sixty dollars more to remove the infernal thing as a nuisance incompatible with the peace and dignity of the dear old plaza."

Mr. Otero says the party of two-gun men from Texas that 'started something' in George Close's dance hall that memorable night, consisted of four, while Mr. Wilcox writes that there were five. Next we have the story from Mr. Charles Ilfelt, still living, who was one of the Committee; was there in person, and well remembers that the victims of that whoop-er-up windmill party were four in number. I was there through it all and saw the bodies hanging from the windmill next morning as the bus came in from the morning train, and my recollection has always been that there were four.

Naturally, it was a very exciting time. Hundreds of people, men and women, old and young, milled around that ghastly group most of the night, and anything like an adequate description would be hard to give. I have made an effort to get an official report of the details of this affair, but so far have not succeeded. The chances are that records that far back are lost. A few years after it occurred, the *Optic* offices and all their old files were entirely destroyed by fire. Taking everything into consideration it is no wonder after a lapse of forty-nine years that memory might slip a cog in some detail.

THE VAGARIES of memory under excitement were illustrated in quite a remarkable manner in a noted murder case in St. Paul, Minnesota many years ago.

A traveling man by the name of Farnsworth was in the lobby of the Merchant's Hotel when a prominent newspaper man, Frank Meade, entered in a somewhat intoxicated condition. They were casual acquaintances. They met and in a few minutes quarreled. The lobby was crowded. Farnsworth was the larger of the two and unarmed.

Meade pulled a gun, a shot was fired, and Farnsworth sank to the floor mortally wounded. I attended him while Meade was jailed without bail. The case was discussed pro and con, and it was learned that at least a half-dozen reputable citizens were ready to testify positively that the two men were from six to ten feet apart when the shot was fired, which fact meant murder if the wound proved fatal.

I notified the county attorney there was no hope of Farnsworth's recovery, so he placed in the next room a deputy, Thompson by name, and instructed me to call him in just before the end and have him take Farnsworth's dying statement.

When the time came, Mr. Thompson sat by the bedside and listened to the story of the tragedy. Farnsworth was weak and spoke very slowly. I am methodical by nature, so taking out my prescription book I wrote in it, word for word, his "dying statement," in part as follows: "He was drunk. We quarreled. I saw him pull a gun. We clinched. I grabbed the gun by the barrel trying to wrest it from him. We struggled and as I had hold of the gun he fired."

Mr. Thompson, next morning, dictated to his stenographer from memory the dying statement.

Frank Meade was indicted for murder and was defended by Davis, Kellogg & Severance. Mr. Davis was then an ex-Governor of Minnesota, was later United States Senator, and Mr. Frank B. Kellogg retired in March 1929 from the office of Secretary of State.

Several prominent men, eyewitnesses of the affair, testified positively that the two men were some distance apart when the fatal shot was fired. Thompson was called, but before he got to the dying statement the manner in which he obtained and recorded it was brought out. Whereupon the Judge promptly sustained the objection of Meade's attorneys, and it was thrown out.

It seems that, for some unknown reason, neither the County Attorney nor Meade's lawyers knew just what the "dying statement" contained. Both thought it was unfavorable to the defendant Meade. The instant it was thrown out, I realized what it meant to Meade and at once showed and explained my notes to his attorneys. Mr. Davis then took it up with the Judge. I was put on the stand, verified my notes, they were then accepted as testimony, and Meade was cleared.

The decision matters not. I am presenting this incident to illustrate how little dependence can often be placed upon memory under intense excitement.

This Las Vegas quartet who had paid the penalty were still at the end of their respective ropes as the bus rolled in, full of passengers from the morning train from the north. I was sitting on the veranda in front of the Exchange Hotel gazing at the gruesome spectacle and wondering what might have been the men's thoughts after they realized their fate. As the bus passed the old windmill on the way to the hotel, my reverie was cut short by a series of shrieks, evidently feminine, from one of the passengers. The driver plied his whip and the bus dashed up to the curb with a woman struggling with a man and screaming, "Let me go! — Take me home! — Take me home! — I will never live in this Godforsaken country!"

I stepped to the bus, introducing myself to her companion as a physician, and together we carried the woman into the hotel, where I soon quieted her with an opiate. They were a Mr. and Mrs. A.M. Conklin from Arkansas who, hearing of the new railroad and the rapid development in New Mexico, had followed the crowd. They were a remarkably fine Christian couple, the husband a newspaper man, and one can imagine the shock they both received as they entered the plaza and saw the figures swinging from the old mill.

Mrs. Conklin could not overcome the impression the terrible sight had given her and kept begging Mr. Conklin to return to the old home. But being a man of strong character and visioning a bright future for the Territory, he decided to remain. After a short stay in Las Vegas they settled in Albuquerque. The railway was finally completed to that point and a great celebration was held in honor of that fact, Mr. Conklin taking a prominent part. This occurred April 22, 1880, and as I was a visitor there I met the Conklins again.

MR. CONKLIN had not found just the opening he was seeking, and told me frankly that if he did not succeed very soon he would yield to his wife's entreaties and return to Arkansas. But fate decided otherwise. A short time afterward, the opening he was hoping for materialized and he became the editor of the Socorro *Sun* at Socorro, New Mexico, and one of the leading citizens of that place.

The Americans had built a church there and the Conklins were welcomed into the congregation. A Christmas festival was held on Christmas Eve, 1881, and Mr. Conklin was master of ceremonies. When the gayety was at its height in walked two well-known Mexicans, Abran and Enofrio Baca, brothers. Both were intoxicated. They at once started a disturbance and became very ugly, so Mr. Conklin approached them and requested them to be quiet. He told them they were quite welcome, but that this was a church and if they wished to remain they must act in a suitable way. They became more violent than ever and dared Mr. Conklin to fight. He reiterated what he had already said and told them they must behave or leave. They finally left the church.

After the festival was over and all had started home, as Mr. Conklin with his wife by his side passed out the door, Abran Baca caught Mrs. Conklin by one arm and jerked her away from her husband and the same instant Enofrio put a bullet through the editor's heart and he fell dead on the church steps.

Although avengers were close after them, the Bacas escaped into Old Mexico. Indignation in New Mexico rose to high pitch. Governor Lionel A. Sheldon, who had succeeded General Lew Wallace, offered a reward of five hundred dollars and the citizens of Socorro a like amount for the capture of the murderers, dead or alive.

Months passed without results, although a proclamation of the reward and complete descriptions of the murderers were broadcast everywhere. Finally in April 1882, a copy fell into the hand of that fearless and resourceful Texas Ranger, James B. Gillett, who was stationed near the Mexico border in El Paso County, Texas. The two criminals wanted were prominent citizens of Socorro and belonged to one of the best familes in New Mexico. In the spring of 1882 an uncle of theirs, Don Jose Baca, was the judge of El Paso County, Texas.

The story of how the Ranger captured the two fugitives and landed them both in the Socorro jail is full of thrills from start to finish. It is splendidly told in Mr. Gillett's book, *Six Years With the Texas Rangers.* Abran was captured at the home of his uncle, Judge Baca, and Enofrio at Saragosa, a town in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, five miles south of the border. The captures were about a month apart, and the second one came within an ace of stirring up serious international complications.

A brother of mine, George L. Hoyt, had settled in Socorro about the same time as the Conklins. One of our sisters, now the wife of George R. Harvey, Judge of the Court of First Instance at Manila, Philippine Islands, was visiting him. When this atrocious crime was committed, a Vigilante Committee of which my brother was member was at once organized.

There was little delay in the justice that was handed to this pair as they were successively landed in the Socorro jail. The Vigilantes promptly attended to that detail with precision and dispatch, although I think it was their first experience in Socorro. One of the brothers was hanged quite near my brother's home, and our sister has never forgotten the shock she received at the sight she beheld upon opening the door next morning.

HUMORS OF PRACTICE IN BERNALILLO

A MAN named McDonald from Covington, Kentucky, called one day and told me of an opening for a doctor at Bernalillo, New Mexico, a prosperous town in the Rio Grande Valley, a short distance above Albuquerque. There was no drug store and my only competitor was a Dr. Carroll, aged and ready to retire. I decided to go, and after giving my good friend and employer due notice, I began to plan for the new move.

I had become friendly with Mr. Herbert, the proprietor of the largest drug business in Las Vegas, so I told him of this opportunity and made him a proposition for him to grubstake me to a stock of goods for a drug store on a fifty-fifty basis. He consented at once. I selected a bill of goods amounting to two thousand dollars and arranged to ship them to Bernalillo by bull-train. As they pulled out, Herbert said, "How are you fixed, Doc?" I told him. "Not enough, my boy," and out came a roll from which he peeled off two hundred dollars and handed it to me. That was the West fifty years ago!

In this transaction there wasn't a scratch of a pen between us — simply a gentlemen's agreement. Moreover, do not forget that my first introduction to Mr. Herbert was when I was a bartender at the Exchange Hotel, where he was not a customer.

As bull-trains were somewhat slower than the present-day air-freights, I decided to take my time in starting for Bernalillo by stage. In the meantime my friend Mr. McDonald offered me a seat in his buckboard, behind a span of Kentucky trotters with which he was going to Albuquerque.

Bernalillo in 1879 was a residence town of practically one street on the east bank of the Rio Grande. Its leading citizen was Don Jose Leandro Perea, rated as the wealthiest and considered the most influential person in New Mexico. He was a man of strong character, but ruled over his vast domain with moderation and good judgment. He had lost his first wife, who had presented him with a number of children, the youngest a daughter of about fifteen. The children were all married but the two youngest, and the old Don had recently taken a rather young woman for his second wife.

Some of the Perea women were beautiful, and all were fine-looking, educated, and accomplished. The men were of medium size, very agreeable, and with courteous manners. In addition to the Pereas, Bernalillo was also the home of branches of the

Armijos, Oteros, Montoyas, Castillos, and other old families, all of whom prided themselves on their pure Castilian ancestors. Although brunettes predominated, I remember seeing blue eyes and brown hair among both the Perea and Otero families. With few exceptions they all spoke English as fluently as Spanish, having received their educations mostly at Eastern colleges and convents. I lived and practiced my profession among these people until the fall of 1881, and from a world-wide experience since can truthfully affirm that I never have practiced among a finer or more honorable clientele.

After a pleasant trip over the Old Santa Fe Trail, a part of which I was already acquainted with, Mr. McDonald put me in Bernalillo some time in advance of my stock of goods. I leased a two-room adobe building on the main street about the center of the town, and proceeded to form a "Get Acquainted Club" of one member. That club became quite active when I was suddenly stricken with some kind of fever, was put to bed, and old Dr. Carroll was called in.

He at once confided in me that he was not a physician; that all he ever gave was quinine, castor oil, and native wine. This wine, of very fine quality, was made each year by most of the families, from the famous Mission grapes that are found everywhere in the Rio Grande Valley.

Although the good old doctor's drug supply was limited, I found him to be a splendid nurse and I was well cared for. My goods arrived about the second week of my illness and as I had been delirious for some days Dr. Carroll had them stored in my adobe.

Judge McCutchin, his wife, son and daughter from Washington, D.C. had come to Bernalillo for the Judge's health. Hearing of my illness, they kept me supplied with all kinds of suitable dainties as soon as I began to convalesce, and it was not long before I was in the adobe rooms unpacking and fitting up the new drug store.

My first professional call came one midnight. The wife of one of the most prominent families had been in agony for twenty-four hours. Dr. Carroll had attended them for years, was called, gave her a liberal potion of each of his "sheet-anchors" without results, and a family consultation resulted in their deciding to try out the new medico. I soon discovered the agony was due to an acute bladder trouble and relieved it instantly by catheterization, a procedure unheard of among these people at that time. The reputation of the 'medico colorado' — the cognomen given me by the Mexicans on account of my red hair — was on a very firm basis in Bernalillo from that night.

DON JOSE ANTONIO MONTOYO was ill with pneumonia. Dr. Carroll informed the family it was a hopeless case and left for Santa Fe to be gone a week. A son-in-law of the patient came and asked me to come and stay at the house and let them know just before the end came, that they might have the priest perform the last rites.

I went to the house and after carefully examining the old gentleman informed the relatives I would stay provided the case was turned over to me professionally. This they quickly consented to do. This was about five o'clock in the afternoon.

I do not remember ever stepping into a Mexican sickroom fifty years ago without finding every window and door closed as tight as wax. Fresh air, especially night air, for the sick meant to them death. If you ever "step out" in the City of Mexico after night, one of the first sights you notice is a white covering of cloths over the mouth of every policeman and any passer-by who may be feeling poorly.

Another custom in a dangerous illness was a gathering of the entire clan in the sick-chamber around the patient, the nearest female relative sitting tailor-fashion where the pillow belongs, with the head of the stricken one in her lap.

The Montoyo clan was a large one, and as I entered the room I think they were all there. In the face of strong protests I threw open all windows, put on extra blankets, and had the bed moved where the head was near the window with the most air. Don Jose's wife took the pillow part and a daughter acted as nurse in applying the remedies I had ordered.

Don Jose had been ill just ten days, and about midnight a typical crisis occurred. His pneumonia was double and the outcome doubtful. Resolution had begun, and as the temperature dropped, his throat began to fill up with the exudate. Being too weak to raise and expel it, he began to choke and get black in the face. His wife screamed 'El es muerto' (he is dead) and fell in a dead faint, as did two other women in the room.

Throwing aside the woman who had fainted, I quickly rolled the old man on his stomach, pulled his head back by grabbing a handful of hair with my right hand, then with my left hand and a handkerchief I jerked his lower jaw open, pulled his tongue out, and as I shook his head vigorously with my right, a cupful of exudate was expelled and he gasped. This treatment I kept up in modified degree for a minute or two, the breathing returned, as did the color, and in a short time Don Jose was resting easily and eventually recovered.

There was great rejoicing among the clan, the only fly in the ointment being, I strongly suspect, with all due respect to the cloth, a little disappointment on the part of the good little French priest, who had patiently been waiting in an adjoining room all night for that last call.

My reason for this suspicion is that when Don Jose, after his complete recovery, called to pay my fee of five hundred dollars he incidentally remarked that just before he left home His Reverence dropped in as they were counting out the gold — there was no bank in Bernalillo — and my fee was discussed.

"You are paying him too much," said His Reverence.

"He saved my life," replied the Don. "I would have gladly paid him twice as much if he had asked it."

An epidemic of mumps was especially prevalent in the lower town where lived the families of the poorer classes, most of them retainers of the gente fino of the upper town. There is little to be done for mumps except care and nursing, but the patients wanted something done in the way of medical treatment.

Every Mexican has a garden, and all raise frijoles (beans). They can be found in every home, so I emphatically ordered a bean poultice for each and every case downtown. In a few days I had numerous calls and reports of "no better." I started out and found a nice little flat bag of raw beans fastened to each jaw!

IT WAS NOT uncommon to take a long ride to some outlying ranch, sheep or cow camp, and find a fractured arm or leg, with absolutely none of the ordinary materials available that I could use as splints. So I would order a panful of adobe mud and use it exactly as we use plaster of Paris and had fine results.

My medical practice as well as the drug business was increasing daily. I secured the services of Jack McCutchin, son of the lady who had been so kind to me in my sickness, to tend the store during my absence, and after I had been in Bernalillo a couple of months I was offered and accepted the postmastership, which went very nicely with the drug business.

It was about this time that I sent for my brother, George L. Hoyt, to come out from St. Paul and help me. After three months I made my quarterly report to my friend Herbert at Las Vegas and sent him fifty percent of the net profits. At the same time I made him an offer to buy the entire stock, pay him all the cash I had, and give my notes for the balance, in three equal amounts, payable in thirty, sixty, and ninety days, with interest at twelve per cent per annum, the regular rate then. He accepted my offer by return mail, and I took up each of those notes on the dates they were due. Also, as Herbert did a jobbing business, I purchased most of my supplies from him from then on, so the deal was not a bad one for either of us.

One day in walked a party of railway officials, ex-Governor Anthony from Kansas, A.A. Robinson, William B. Strong, and two others whose names I have forgotten. They asked for information as to who were the leading citizens that they could meet for a conference. I suggested Don Jose Leandro Perea and offered to go with them to his home. We went, and after a conference or two, they secured the right of way to build the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad down the Rio Grande Valley. The railway officials showed their appreciation of the slight courtesy I had extended to them by referring to me Contractors Perkins and Somers, who were to build six miles of the new railway through and past Bernalillo, and the call resulted in my services being retained to attend their employees when needed.

They had a large force of men, and as sanitation germs and infections were largely unknown then, this contract proved very lucrative to me.

MEN OF DIFFERENT KINDS

SOME MILES east of Bernalillo rises from the valley a majestic mountain called El Sandia (the watermelon) and about twenty-five miles east of it is a district that contains in places paying percentages of placer gold. An abundance of water is required to secure gold in this form. For years Mexicans had packed pay dirt on burros from this district to the Rio Grande, the nearest water supply, and made wages.

A mining engineer had examined this property and decided that a feasible process to secure this gold was to dam up one of the big canyons on the east slope of El Sandia Mountain, pipe the water to the placers, and wash out the gold by the hydraulic method, the simplest, most economical and successful method then known, when all the necessary conditions were present. This plan was adopted by a Boston syndicate, which organized the San Pedro Mining Company and sent out General Ruger — a former army man — as general manager to develop the proposition.

The railway was completed beyond Bernalillo and I had been appointed division surgeon from Lamy Junction to Albuquerque. I was again remembered by the company when General Ruger stopped at their general offices at Topeka, Kansas on his way out, to arrange for shipping twenty-five miles of iron pipe from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania to his mine, and at their suggestion I was appointed surgeon for his company.

With a large force of men General Ruger built an enormous dam and connected it with the placers twenty-five miles away by an iron pipe, ten to fifteen inches in diameter and with a pressure test of eight hundred pounds to the square inch. This was considered quite an engineering feat in those days.

During this construction there was an epidemic of pneumonia among the men, and after losing several cases at the company hospital situated at the dam I decided that the altitude had something to do with it. From that time I had all patients brought down to the valley, a drop of about five thousand feet. After this change I did not lose a case.

The project was apparently going to succeed and the presidency of the company was tendered to General U.S. Grant, who visited the property to investigate. He and his party were taken from Lamy Junction in Government ambulances to the placers and thence to the dam and reservoir. After completing his examination, the General decided to take the train at Bernalillo, where they arrived about three hours before the departure of the daily train for the north. Hotel accommodations at Bernalillo were meager and, as my office adjacent to the drug store was comfortable, the party became my guests until train time.

This was the second time I had met the great soldier. Soon after the close of the Civil War, General Grant with his wife and two of their children, Frederick and Nellie, visited St. Paul. My uncle, Dr. J.H. Murphy, had served as surgeon with General Grant at Vicksburg. When he called to pay his respects to his former commander, I went with him and was presented to the General and family. I had a short but pleasant visit with Fred, who was four years my senior. This must have been in 1865 or '66, and fate threw us together again in 1898 in the Spanish-American War, where he was Major-General and I was Chief Surgeon of his commands for more than two years.

But I have drifted from Bernalillo. General U.S. Grant was very sociable, and frankly told me that his opinion of the mining property was favorable and that all it needed for complete success was the necessary snow and rain to fill up the big reservoir. His party left on the northbound train.

The next and last time I met the General was as a guest at a memorable banquet given at the Hotel Lafayette, Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, by Henry Villard, president of the Northern Pacific Railway, in honor of the completion of that road, in 1883. Besides General U.S. Grant, President Arthur and Generals Sherman and Phil Sheridan were also guests at this dinner. Mr. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway Lines, made one of his first public speeches that evening.

Soon after inspecting the property General Grant accepted the presidency of the San Pedro Mining Company. At once the stock of his company was kited sky high, due chiefly to his name. The moment he learned of this he resigned and the price of the stock fell almost to zero. Eventually this costly enterprise was a complete failure. I never knew why, as I left New Mexico in the fall of 1881, but many years later I was told that coincident with the completion of the dam there were a number of years of almost complete drought. No water, no gold.

A young bachelor, Billy Graves by name, opened up the first hardware store in Bernalillo during the railway construction. He was a New Yorker, a nephew of ex-Governor Horatio Seymour and United States Senator Roscoe Conkling from the same State, and as he had a winning personality he soon became popular.

Exposed to a rainstorm one day, he came home drenched to the skin and developed pneumonia. He recovered, and while convalescing came into the drug store one day just as I had received an emergency call. I was alone and, instead of locking up, suggested that he make himself at home and take charge during my absence.

Knowing the town was full of tough characters, brought by the railway, Billy replied that he would gladly stay if I would lend him a gun. My only weapon was my old Colt's forty-five that I had carried since I left the Black Hills, and turning it over to him I rode away. No one came into the store. A comfortable couch against the wall, with the head near an open window, looked inviting so Billy stretched himself out and when I returned later, I found him fast asleep. He had put my gun under the pillow as he lay down and when he reached for it to return it it was gone, evidently taken from the outside through the open window.

I felt lost without it, but regrets were useless. A few days after, a traveling man from the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis came through, and Billy presented me with a double-action Colt's thirty-eight, with a short barrel, a new model that had not been out very long and, as a matter of fact, one more suitable for me than my big forty-five. That gun has been over most of the world with me and I still have it, apparently as serviceable as ever.

I HAD among my patients Don Panteleon Miera, who, as I learned from others later, was a man with a history. Both he and his wife were among the gente fino and he seemed to be respected and in perfectly good standing everywhere. He was a quiet, reserved person, but if he liked one he could be very gracious and entertaining. He had a strong face, but his eyes were a trifle shifty.

It seemed that in the early sixties there was an almost continual procession of covered wagons wending their way westward over the Old Santa Fe Trail toward the Pacific Coast, and many who started were never heard from again. After months had elapsed friends or relatives often started in search of the missing, and after a long time it gradually became known that many had been traced as far as Algodones, Sandoval County, New Mexico, a small village a few miles north of Bernalillo.

Two strangers appeared one day in Bernalillo and aroused a good deal of curiosity. A rumor was started that they were detectives. Suddenly Don Panteleon Miera disappeared, the two strangers proved to be detectives as rumored, and Bernalillo had the most startling surprise in its history.

It soon became known that Don Panteleon was the leader of a gang of murderers who made a business of enticing travelers into a house at Algodones and, after killing and robbing them, buried their bodies in a deep pit under the building. It was a plan of systematic murder similar to the one carried on by the infamous Bender family in Kansas, led by the daughter Kate.

A year or two passed. Mrs. Miera received word that her husband had escaped and, after many hardships, had crossed the desert through the Indian country, and finally had reached California. He vowed he had reformed and was now a respected citizen, under an assumed name of course, but was homesick and lonesome for wife and children and begged to be forgiven and allowed to return home.

This state of affairs existed for some years, but as time passes people forget, hearts relent and soften, and finally, after many vows and promises, mingled with the tears and prayers of his family, the good people of Bernalillo relented and Panteleon Miera came home. All this happened before my coming to Bernalillo. I knew nothing about it, and in the meantime had become physician for the Miera family.

One day a stranger, superbly mounted, rode into Bernalillo. He had a full-rigged California saddle, was dressed in a handsome corduroy riding costume and armed with a brace of Colt's forty-fives. The Messick Hotel, the only one in Bernalillo, was next to my store and office, and my brother and I took our meals there. The stranger was seated at our table and opened a conversation by inquiring if I knew where he could get a guide to a small town about forty miles east of El Sandia Mountain. I replied by naming a stalwart young Mexican, Marino Lebya by name, a fine horseman and one who knew the country in every direction.

Marino was sent for, satisfactory arrangements made, and the next morning they started early. Several months elapsed and several men successively stopped over at Bernalillo, made inquiries about various matters, and went their way. Later, another appeared, and entering my store asked for the postmaster. I happened to be making up the mail for the next train, so identified myself, whereupon he asked to see me privately.

Entering my office he showed me his credentials as a Government secret-service man, and swearing me to secrecy stated that a Government official on special business in that section had disappeared some months previously. He had been traced to Bernalillo, where his trail seemed to stop. I asked for his description and he handed me a photograph of a man whom I instantly recognized as the one I had turned over to Marino. A still hunt was on at once for Marino, the young Mexican, but it was learned he had not been in Bernalillo for some time.

The detective went to Albuquerque, where he found in a pawn shop a fine gold watch and chain that belonged to the man who had disappeared. Following this and other clues a searching party was sent over the mountain trail the men were supposed to have taken and they found that Marino had led him into an ambush, where he was murdered. After taking his valuables, the murderers had covered the body with a pile of logs, set them afire, reducing to ashes everything except a half-dozen metal military buttons that were on his vest. These, and other clues, resulted in tracing the crime to an organized gang. And to the astonishment of all, Panteleon Miera was their leader!

This investigation was carried on with skill and secrecy and in such a way that not a suspicion was aroused in the minds of the guilty.

A short time before this secret-service man came to me, Panteleon entered my store one morning and presented me with a beautiful Navajo saddle blanket, which I have kept all these years and which adorns a couch by my side as I write. He knew I was very fond of fine horses, and when he gave me the blanket he said,"This is only the ante. The first time I go to my ranch I bring you the best horse and saddle I own."

In thanking him I remarked, "I hope, Panteleon, you won't fall dead before you fill the hand." I have always regretted that the detective did not arrive a month later!

The discovery of the outrageous crime created intense excitement in Bernalillo. During the day Panteleon and one of his men, almost a dwarf in stature, had been seized and thrown into the calaboose back of the Alcalde's home just across the street from my office. The word was passed around to assemble that night at a big warehouse near the railway depot and nearly one hundred responded.

Details were quietly discussed. Then the meeting adjourned to the calaboose and the final act in Don Panteleon's career was brought to a close. In front of the Alcalde's house stood a stately cottonwood, the trunk of which divided into two branches about fifteen feet from the ground. A dry-goods box was placed on each side of the tree and a lariat was thrown between the two forks with each end suspended over a box. The two murderers were then brought out, one placed on each of the boxes, and the ends of the lariat properly fastened around their respective necks.

The dwarf was agonized with fear and begged hard for his life. Panteleon sneered at his pleadings, and in a strong, clear, and steady voice sang his death song as boastingly as the old-time American Indians we read about. He declared that he had killed over two hundred Americans during his career and was proud of it.

The knots were tied, the boxes jerked away, and his song was silenced forever.

There were seven men in Panteleon's band, including himself. Four of them were captured by Don Perfecto Armijo, sheriff of Bernalillo County and stationed at Albuquerque. They were incarcerated in the jail at that place and later taken out and given the same punishment that their leader and comrade had received. The seventh was the Marino Lebya whom I had introduced to the murdered officer, and strange to say he eluded all kinds of traps and efforts to apprehend him and for some years was not heard of. There was, of course, a big standing reward for his capture.

I never knew his fate until a short time ago I ran across in a public library Mr. Charles F. Lummis's book *A Tramp Across the Continent* — a very interesting narrative by the way — which tells of this murder and says that after Lebya escaped to the mountains he organized a band of outlaws which he handled for some years, but cupidity finally won and he was killed for the reward by two of his own band, as Bob Ford killed Jesse James.

I TESTIFY IN COURT

IN Messick's Hotel in Bernalillo I met one day a stranger who told me of a man he, as a lawyer, was defending at Santa Fe. The man had been tried and convicted and was awaiting sentence. The attorney said he believed his client innocent and was on the way to Arizona for an important witness for the defense. In reply to my questions he said that the man's name was Webb and that he was accused of robbing passengers and mail from a stagecoach near Las Vegas, New Mexico some time before.

This sounded familiar, so I at once identified myself and told him the story of Webb of Las Vegas, and of Parker's hunt with me, and learned that it was the testimony of this very man Parker that had convicted Webb. My story pleased the attorney beyond words. It was evidently a case of railroading an innocent man to prison for a reward. The penalty then for robbery of stage and U.S. Mail was imprisonment for life.

Enjoining silence, the lawyer left for Santa Fe, made a motion for a new trial, which was granted, and in a few days I received a subpoena to appear at court in Santa Fe. Webb's attorney, whose name I cannot remember, had carefully camouflaged details of the new evidence and my identity, but it was rumored that a sensation was coming. As a result the courtroom was crowded.

I did not enter until court had convened and took a back seat in the crowd where I could listen to the testimony. Parker was the star witness for the prosecution. He was a fine-looking man, and with his long beard, black broadcloth suit, and strong features, could easily be taken for a typical Mormon bishop. He positively identified poor Webb as the man who hired his team on the two occasions of the hold-up of the stage and described the condition of the horses when returned reeking with sweat. He was followed by the driver of the stage during the second robbery, who testified that the outlaws were masked, but that he saw the horses and wagon among the trees not far away and later identified them at Parker's livery stable.

While Parker was on the stand, a gentleman entered and as he stepped toward the front was saluted by the Judge and invited to a seat by his side. It proved to be the Governor, General Lew Wallace. This was the first time I had ever seen him.

The prosecution rested, and Dr. Henry F. Hoyt was called to the stand. A good many years have elapsed, but I can still visualize Mr. Parker. We were but a few feet apart, facing each other. His black eyes flashed fire; he glared at me like a wolf at bay, while his face slowly turned to an ashen gray. If a look could kill I should have perished right there.

After the preliminary questions were completed, I was asked to describe in my own way just what occurred in Las Vegas the night of the second robbery of the stage and mail. As the high spots of this story have already been described, I will not repeat them.

Webb's attorney, for reasons, had not even disclosed to his client my coming into the case, so I was as much a surprise to him as I was to Parker. Several times during the course of my testimony I had glanced at him and saw tears trickling down the poor fellow's face. I could imagine his feelings at seeing the life sentence to prison apparently fading away.

Upon completion of my direct testimony, I was naturally subjected to a most vicious cross-examination, but I had only told the truth and most of the prosecuting attorney's attacks were boomerangs. I was a tyro then as a witness — in fact, it was my first experience. Since that time I have been on the stand in court a great many times in all kinds of cases and I have never seen a cross-examination break down *true testimony*.

Before I left the stand the Judge himself took a hand. He had evidently observed the change in Parker's demeanor after I appeared on the scene.

The Judge: "Dr. Hoyt, you have testified that you knew Mr. Parker in Las Vegas. What was his general reputation there for truth and veracity?"

Dr. Hoyt: "Your Honor, my personal acquaintance with Mr. Parker in Las Vegas was limited to the night when we were together as I have testified. I do not recall ever discussing his character with any one. But I listened to every word of his testimony here this morning and, judging him from what I heard, I would not believe him under oath. His testimony was absolutely false."

More vicious looks shot from Parker and a deputy United States marshal who sat beside him and who, I afterward learned, was also interested in winning the big reward for the capture and conviction of any of the robbers. I do not think the prosecuting attorney was mixed up with it in any way.

The judge then charged the jury, who brought in a verdict of *"Not guilty."* From the unanimous demonstration of approval by the audience it was very apparent that Webb had their sympathy.

As court adjourned I was introduced to General Wallace by the Judge and was heartily congratulated by him for my testimony. As I was pushing through the assemblage toward the front door which opened onto the plaza, someone caught me by the arm and pulling me in another direction, whispered, "Come this way for God's sake, quick!"

I turned, and it was the Mr. Teats who had the "star route" contract for carrying United States mail from Fort Bascome, New Mexico, to Las Vegas, and whose vouchers I had signed when I had charge of the post office at Las Vegas. He jerked me through the crowd to a side door into another room, thence through a back door into a sort of corral in the rear of the courthouse, eventually landing me in a back street, where he explained.

He said that Parker and the deputy marshal were so furious at me that they had arranged with a couple of Mexican "knife men" to stab me from both sides as I emerged from the courtroom door. Fortunately Teats had one of his Mexican mail-riders with him, who overheard the plot and informed him at once. It was doubtless as narrow an escape as I ever had. Although I had a gun and knew how to use it, they would have struck me from behind and I should have had little chance to defend myself.

Modern readers may think this incident rather improbable, but if they will dig up some of the history of New Mexico at that period they will not wonder at the story. They will find records of many killings for less provocation than I gave.

I learned recently from some old-timer that my friend Teats was still living in New Mexico. If he should read this, I hope he will communicate with me. For a harkback with him I would go a long way.

At first I was for going at once to the Judge to see if the villains could not be rounded up, but after discussing the pros and cons with Teats I decided to drop it. No real harm had been done and to give publicity to the affair would no doubt jeopardize his rider, so we left well enough alone.

WHEN I arrived in Santa Fe I was surprised to learn that Billy the Kid had been captured and was in the Santa Fe jail. News was not broadcast then as now. So I called on General Wallace at the Palace, told him of our former friendship, and asked for a pass to the jail that I might visit Billy. He sent for United States Marshal John Sherman, Jr., who went with me himself and left me with the Kid as long as I wished to stay.

Before leaving, the marshal called my attention to a pair of shackles he had had made to order, not caring to take any chances with his resourceful prisoner. They were attached to Billy's ankles. They weighed fifteen pounds each and were made of the hardest steel known, connected to a short heavy chain and fastened with a Yale lock. He seemed quite proud of them, and boasted that there was no danger of losing his man with that brand of jewelry worn. Billy, with his usual smile, came back with "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, John!"

We had a long visit. Except for his irons he was much more comfortable than he had been for years. His life had been little more than hardship and danger since boyhood. His spirits were just as buoyant as if he were free. He was well treated as possible under the circumstances and had no complaints.

We discussed at length what might have been had he kept his promised tryst with General Wallace, and also what might have happened if he had joined Jesse James. He did not doubt the Governor's good intentions any more, but commented on the fact that the plan for the meeting placed him at the mercy of anyone on the outside who was being tempted by the big reward. He was bitter against John Chisum who, he claimed, was behind him until conditions in Lincoln County compelled the intervention of the Government and he was outlawed, after which Chisum faded away and left him to play a lone hand.

While in Santa Fe I was stopping at the Old Exchange Hotel on a corner of the plaza, often called the "End of the Old Santa Fe Trail," where, at the intersection of a side street and the plaza, stood a petrified tree-stump about two feet high and nearly the same in diameter. Being easy to see, it was one of the first objects to elicit questions from curiosity-seekers and there was always some old-timer near to unload the following:

"There used to be a big tree thar, stranger, all petrified, petrified branches, petrified leaves, petrified birds' nests, little petrified birds sitting on the petrified limbs with petrified songs stickin' out from their mouths, ya'as. But during all these years it has been most all carried away by curious fool strangers."

I found at the hotel two invitations to receptions that evening. One was from Governor Wallace and his wife at the Palace, the other from Judge Bradford Prince and his wife at their residence. I first paid my respects to the Judge and lady and then to the Palace. At this time Billy the Kid was the principal topic of conversation and everything connected with him was discussed pro and con.

During the evening I strolled into the General's study, where I found him with a small group of friends discussing the Kid. I was made welcome and the occasion, to me, soon developed into a memorable event. The General said that he had heard and read many versions of the battle at McSween's home at Lincoln and soon after Billy the Kid was incarcerated in the Santa Fe jail he decided to get a true account of it from one of the two survivors. So, providing himself with a box of cigars and a bottle of whiskey, he went to the jail and, after announcing to Billy that he did not come as Governor but as man to man, asked him to narrate the exact facts of the McSween affair, and handed the Kid the box and bottle. Billy promptly thanked him for the cigars, but said he had no use for the bottle; and in his own way he complied with the Governor's request.

This story the Governor now repeated to his guests in his inimitable manner and it proved to be one of the most thrilling I have ever listened to. The Governor himself was carried away with it and evidently full of admiration of the simple and modest manner in which the Kid told the story to him.

I took advantage of the occasion to refer to my meeting with Billy in Las Vegas in 1879 — not mentioning Jesse James — and expressed my regrets that the Governor's plan in behalf of the Kid had miscarried, and hoped it might still be possible.

The General was thoughtful for a moment. Then he shook his head and replied, "Too late."

I have both read and heard all manner of stories about what happened, from first to last, between General Wallace and Billy the Kid. Some are correct and others are not. I knew both personally, have discussed each of them with the other, and with the copies of their correspondence before me it is very difficult to understand what basis there ever was for the reports of serious trouble between them, threats from Billy, etc. To be frank, I cannot believe them.

I had the pleasure of meeting General Wallace again, some time after Billy the Kid was removed from Santa Fe, and his opinion of the outlaw was exactly the same as it was when he paced back and forth before the fireplace in the Ben-Hur room in the Palace and dramatically rehearsed his visit to Billy in the jail.

Returning to my hotel from the receptions about midnight, I found a small party of men discussing former days, and upon joining them I learned their subject was Kit Carson, famous hunter, scout, and Indian fighter. One of the party was an official of the First National Bank of Santa Fe, who, after a number of Carson stories had been told, asked if we would like to see a real souvenir of the old man. There were no negatives, so he led us to the bank, opened up the vault — there were no time locks then — and brought out the old muzzle-loading, octagon-barreled Hawken rifle with his powder horn, buckskin bullet-pouch, and wiping-stick, the latter still in the bore of the gun, that altogether helped to make Kit Carson one of the outstanding characters of the old West.

Kit Carson was a member of the Montezuma Masonic Lodge of Santa Fe, which fell heir to this outfit when he died. We all wished it might talk.

JESSE MARTIN'S GOLD MINE

I WAS hardly seated in the train on my return trip to Bernalillo when I was joined by a former patient, Jesse Martin, a typical old desert rat, who was in a state of partial intoxication. I tried hard to shake him, but he stuck to me like the business end of a cactus, telling me how much he thought of me and at last could repay me for all I had done for him, etc., etc.; and finally he pushed into my hands a big envelope full of papers which proved to be a lot of exceedingly rich assays of gold ore, the story of which he then imparted to me in a maudlin manner.

In some way he had succeeded in interesting General Wallace to the extent of grub-staking him, and not wanting to absorb all the riches that might accrue from the deal he generously (?) took in as a partner a Mr. Lucas, owner of the largest jewelry store on the plaza.

Jesse and his burro had faithfully prospected for some months over a wide range of country, and he had finally landed in a little hamlet, Las Placitas I think it was called, only a few miles northeast of Bernalillo. He had arrived after dark and, as was customary with his class, slept on the floor of some Mexican adobe home.

There was but one street in the village, upon which the house fronted. As he stepped out next morning his trained professional eye at once detected a peculiar color and formation of the earth in the street. He at once decided it was mineralized and he promptly proceeded to declare and locate a mining claim, with one extension of same, the two covering the town and a good deal of land besides. The notices on these claims contained the names of his two backers and himself.

His activity naturally created intense excitement among the villagers and their first idea was to run him off, but old Jesse was game and, after showing them who was behind him and promising to make them all rich, he practically owned the town. Enjoying secrecy he employed a number of the men at good wages and proceeded to sink a shaft in the middle of the street, and when it was down about ten feet he sacked up a lot of samples, took the train for Santa Fe, and obtained the assay reports he showed me.

One can imagine the sensation he created when he reported all this to Messrs. Wallace and Lucas. He told me they were both wild. They gave him a fat roll of bills with instructions to keep his mouth shut, go back at once, sink the shaft as rapidly as possible, while they would prepare a camp outfit and be down in a few days.

On the way to the train Jesse had made several saloon stops and when he entrained and saw me his gratitude for former favors I had done for him so overcame him that he forgot all about keeping his mouth shut; and that was that.

I thought it all over carefully. Jesse was an old and experienced miner. Everything seemed to ring true. The two claims they had would produce millions. So I decided to take a hand myself. At Lamy Junction I wired my brother at Bernalillo to meet me at the depot with the best team in town prepared to take a trip into the country.

My brother was awaiting me with a very good friend of ours, Colonel Francisco Perea, and his spanking team of black mares hitched to a carriage. Perea was one of the prominent citizens of Bernalillo, formerly a delegate to Congress, and I decided to take him with us.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, the Colonel was a fine driver, and we rolled into the village between midnight and morning. Everything was dark, no one was stirring, so we quietly located an extension on the south end of the property, roused one of the families known to the Colonel, and turned in until morning.

Jesse was sober as a judge and seemed delighted to see us. I did not know whether or not he would remember meeting me on the train, but he did and frankly told me he intended to stake a claim for me the first thing in the morning.

What seemed to be a well-defined vein of mineral matter, of a yellowish red color, and about twenty feet wide, ran almost directly north and south just about the middle of the street of the village. It was very easy to trace either way. We put two men at work sinking a shaft on the vein in our new mine, which we named "The Christine" in honor of a daughter of the Colonel, and as Mexican homes of the class here are more or less "buggy" we pitched a camp right on our property.

IN a couple of days General Wallace and Mr. Lucas arrived with a camp outfit and were surprised to find my outfit in the game, but were apparently glad to see us and pitched their camp near ours. With their sombreros, blue flannel shirts, overalls in the tops of their boots, and guns at their belts they presented all the earmarks of true Western miners. In assembling their camp equipage, cups and saucers were by some mistake omitted and they substituted empty tin tomato cans for their coffee cups. About two years afterward — possibly longer — I picked up the morning paper at Columbus, Ohio, and read how General Wallace, who had in the meantime been sent as Ambassador to Turkey, had just been entertained at the Sultan's palace in Constantinople at a breakfast where the coffee was served in exquisite china cups rimmed with diamonds. I at once dropped him a few lines asking him if the coffee tasted any better than when he made it himself and drank it from an old can in Las Placitas, and enclosed the clipping. In due time I received a reply, written by Mrs. Wallace, to the effect that Turkish coffee did not compare with our "tin-can brand" even though it was served with diamonds.

From now on the news of this wonderful strike spread like wildfire all over the country. People began to pour in from every direction. A number of newspaper correspondents arrived and kept the wires at the nearest telegraph station hot. Stories were sent out to the effect that all the houses in Las Placitas and the adobe walls around their yards were constructed from this mineral vein and were so rich in gold that people had all moved out and they were being torn down preparatory to being shipped to the smelters.

A party came in from New York City, sized up the situation, and before they had been there two hours made the Governor and Mr. Lucas a cash offer of three hundred thousand dollars for their holdings. This was in my presence, so I know it to have been a fact. They both laughed at it and would not consider it for a moment. They then had quite a deep shaft, the contents of which seemed to look better every foot they went down.

Remember that, so far as I know, up to this time all this excitement was absolutely due to that bunch of assays shown me on the train by old Jesse. These were conspicuously posted at the Wallace-Lucas camp and were a magnet that drew all who came to the new strike. Of course ore dumps around the shaft also helped.

The most picturesque object outside the mine, however, was old Jesse Martin himself. Well supplied with a pocketful of gold — I have always wondered just where it came from — he was dressed in the latest fashions, as he saw them, and was surrounded from morning to night by new arrivals to whom he told with thrilling variations the story of the wonderful strike.

The village beauty was a little Mexican senorita, fifteen years of age — and she *was* a beauty. Jesse began to buy her presents, and after a conference or two with her parents the entire camp was invited to a wedding. Jesse did not spare expense and it was without doubt the most remarkable function Las Placitas had ever experienced before or since. A number of sheep and two beeves were barbecued, several barrels of native wine were on tap, while a good orchestra came from Santa Fe to supply the music for the *gran baile* that followed the wedding and *fiesta.*

But all good things must come to an end. I began to feel as if I might have come from Missouri after all, and after a private talk with my brother and Colonel Perea, I secured a few of the most promising looking specimens of ore from Jesse's mine and some from our own, took the train for Santa Fe, and spent twenty-five dollars in an assay office. Result, *not a trace of gold.*

Although not a word was said, I think about the same time others began to think they were from Missouri too. At any rate, the crowd — including the Wallace-Lucas outfit — began to fade away until old Jesse Martin was the only American left. The real inside facts of this famous fiasco, unprecedented in the history of mining in New Mexico, or elsewhere as far as I know, have been up to this time a complete mystery. Later I met both General Wallace and Mr. Lucas in Santa Fe and they were absolutely unable to explain it. They had investigated carefully. The assays were genuine. They had not given Jesse a cent after the day he brought in the reports and received one hundred dollars. But during the high tide of the bubble Jesse Martin spent many hundreds of dollars. Where did he get them? No one was ever able to find out.

This fact, however, is well known. Jesse Martin stayed right there, continued to work the mine, and always had plenty of money, at least he did, to my certain knowledge, until I left New Mexico about the first of September 1881. Some years afterward I met someone just from that section and was told that old Jesse was still there.

His exothermic romance was of short life. He soon found his beautiful young bride trifling with a former suitor, and although Jesse was liberal, this was over the limit and she and her entire family — whom her husband had supported since the wedding — were sent home. All were sad, but Jesse was adamant.

Page B. Otero offers a solution of the source of Jesse's mysterious income that is the most plausible of any I have heard. A few years ago Mr. Otero met a native of Las Placitas who told him that at certain places in this supposed rich and immense vein there occurred little pockets of almost pure gold. He believed that Jesse knew where to go after them, and would do so when he needed money, but that no one else had ever been able to find them.

LAST MEETING WITH BILLY THE KID

ALONZO LIVINGSTONE had been appointed railway agent at Bernalillo and at a recent election we had wagered silk hats on the result. The railway was completed to Albuquerque, and on that date, April 22, 1880, a grand celebration was held in honor of the occasion. Lon and I decided to attend and we donned our new hats for the first time. I suppose there were silk hats in Bernalillo, but I do not remember seeing one until ours arrived.

We arrived early and put up at a new hotel where I was delighted to find my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Moore, in charge. Everybody enjoyed the parade, and the banquet which was held at our hotel, later. I met a number of former acquaintances, among them being Mr. and Mrs. A.M. Conklin who had moved there from Las Vegas and who later settled at Socorro, as already told.

Lon and I soon discovered that we were quite conspicuous, as not another silk hat was to be seen, but we did not allow that fact to interfere with our pleasure. When we went out in the evening we had to run a gauntlet of wit and wisecracks, but it was good-natured. By and by we came to a typical Western dance and gambling hall in full blast. It was not long before we attracted the attention of some of the revelers who had been patronizing the bar and were in the midst of a wild carousal.

We were greeted with yells of "Shoot the hats!" and the yells were quickly followed by several shots that went high. Since my arrival in New Mexico I had witnessed several similar incidents, but as a spectator only, never before as a victim. A tenderfoot — and we were evidently taken for such — was invariably hazed by old-timers at these resorts by shooting off his hat, making him dance to the tune of bullets, and usually winding up by compelling him to "set 'em up" for all hands at the bar. Although the hazing was usually in sport and harmless, any stubborn resistance on the part of the victim meant trouble and not infrequently led to tragedy.

Naturally I felt that I did not belong to the tenderfoot class and glanced at Lon to see how he was standing the gaff. I knew this was his first experience at this game, as he had but recently arrived from the States. His poise was perfect and he appeared cool and self-possessed. I instantly decided to stand my ground.

We jerked our guns just as my hat was shot from my head. But before anything really serious happened, one of the men, yelling, "Stop, he's my friend!" bounded forward and fairly hugged me. It was William Nickel, "Slap Jack Bill, the Pride of the Panhandle," whom I had met as the leader of a band of horse thieves on the Staked Plains in the Panhandle in 1878, while in Jack Ryan's party picking up stray cattle for the LX Ranch, as previously described.

The Lord alone knows, but I have always believed that but for the shooting off of the stovepipe hat from my red head, which Bill instantly recognized, my career would have ended right there.

Maybe that bunch did not make up for their onslaught! We had a bodyguard from that moment. I wore the ventilated lid the rest of the evening with a good deal of pride and kept it many years as a souvenir; but it finally vanished.

A young man of Bernalillo, George Lewis by name, had owed me a bill of seventy-five dollars for service for some time. He boasted of his sprinting ability and declared he never had been beaten. From his talk I naturally concluded that he was a runner. One day I learned he had received a draft for seventy-five dollars and hoped he might call on me, but he did not. Meeting him with some friends I reminded him of his remittance and said that I had often heard of his prowess on the track, winding up with a challenge to run against him one hundred and fifty yards, the stakes to be a receipted bill from me for seventy-five dollars and his draft for a similar amount. He accepted with alacrity.

Although I had then been in Bernalillo for some time, I had never divulged to anyone that I had ever had any experience as a sprinter and of course I was not in training. But as I had a feeling that my bill would never be paid in the regular way anyhow, I did not stand to lose very much.

The race was to be run right in the street. The distance was paced off and staked, judges were selected, the purse deposited in the Landlord Messick's hands, we toed the mark, the pistol cracked, and away we went. I had always been quick on the start and before we ran ten paces I was perfectly confident I would win.

We ran even for one hundred yards, during which I was never pressed for a moment. With the idea that my opponent also might have some reserve power, I decided to run the rest of the way and as I passed him I yelled, for the benefit of the natives, "Adios, Jorge" (good-bye, George), and easily beat him at least ten feet. I can't imagine where Lewis got the idea that he could run. I have rarely had an easier man to beat. Any sprinter will realize that when he reads that I did any talking along the way.

I WAS awaiting the arrival of the southbound train at Bernalillo one afternoon in company with two local merchants, Schuster and Bibo by name, and as the Pullman stopped, I recognized Billy the Kid through one of the windows near the rear of the car. I called the attention of my friends to my discovery and they both laughed at me. They had never seen Bonney. From the bloodthirsty accounts they had read of his career, they had both visualized a very different-looking person from the handsome beardless youth in the window, and both declared I was mistaken.

Knowing the stop was brief, I hustled them into the front end of the car and down the aisle toward Billy, who was facing us. He instantly recognized me and attempted to give the cowboy high sign by throwing up his right hand. But his handcuffs compelled both hands to come up together, and this sight, with the rattle of the chain, so rattled the two doubters that they fled in a panic, amidst the laughter of the passengers.

Opposite the Kid sat Deputy United States Marshal Bob Ollinger and his companion Tony Neis, also a deputy. These men had been selected by Marshal John Sherman, Jr., as the best men on his force to convoy the outlaw from Santa Fe to Mesilla, New Mexico, where he was to be tried for the killing of William Brady when he was sheriff of Lincoln County in 1878. It will be remembered that the race-horse, Dandy Dick, presented to me by the Kid at Tascosa, Texas, was owned and ridden by Sheriff Brady when killed.

After I had identified myself to the escort, I asked Billy if there was anything I could do for his comfort. Ollinger sat with a couple of forty-fives in his belt and a sawed-off double-barreled shotgun between his knees. The Kid was in high spirits and instantly replied: "Sure, Doc, just grab and hand me Bob's gun for a moment."

Ollinger replied: "My boy, you had better tell your friend good-bye. Your days are short."

Said Billy: "Oh, I don't know, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," the identical quotation he made to Marshal Sherman when we were together in the Santa Fe jail.

At that moment Ollinger little dreamed that within a month he would be killed by the Kid with that very weapon when Billy made his remarkable escape from jail at Lincoln, April 28, 1881, by killing also J.W. Bell, a deputy sheriff of Lincoln County.

A farewell was spoken, the train rolled out, and I never saw Billy the Kid again. I have just learned incidentally that in January, 1928, a colorful drama of "Billy the Kid," written and presented by Viola Vivian at the Temple of Music and Art in Tucson, Arizona, was produced with success. In preparing this play Miss Vivian collaborated with James H. East, the only man now living of the posse that captured the Kid.

I experienced quite a thrill upon being told that "Dr. Hoyt" was in the cast. Had I known of it I would have traveled quite a distance to have been in the audience. Not often can one see one's self in just that way. It seems that "Dr. Hoyt" was played by Mr. Sam R. Falvey. I shall be very much disappointed should I learn he was not red-headed, and I should like to know just what his role called for.

BOX WITH JOHN L. SULLIVAN

THE RAILROAD had been completed to Albuquerque and construction was going on down the valley. The drug business was slowing up, and as I had accumulated money enough to take me through college, I decided to put the drug store in charge of my brother, ship it to Socorro, and entrain for the East. I had decided to finish at the University of New York and estimated that it would cost me at least three thousand dollars, so with that amount I started, after turning the cash balance over to my brother to finance the new drug store.

There was no bank at Bernalillo, and as one half of my money was in gold I packed it securely in my trunk and with the rest in my pocket I started about September 4, 1881 for Kansas City. At that time there were no through tickets and no through baggage-checking over several different railway lines.

Somewhere between Bernalillo and Las Vegas, New Mexico, the train was stopped by a washout and passengers were obliged to walk about a half-mile to a train on the other side — a not infrequent occurrence during the early days of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad.

We finally arrived at Kansas City at 5 P.M. September 7, and I at once bought a ticket and secured a berth over the Chicago & Alton Railway for St. Louis, where I had a little business to attend to. Then I went to recheck my trunk, but learned that on account of the washout it had not arrived, and might not come for a day or two.

My first thought was simply to exchange my check and go on, but remembering the gold in the trunk I finally decided to wait in Kansas City and canceled my berth reservation. At breakfast newsboys began yelling "Extras! All about the train robbery!" and with astonishment and other emotions I read the story of the famous Blue Cut train robbery on the Chicago & Alton Railway by the Jesse James gang.

This was the last the James gang ever pulled off, and strange to say the date of it was exactly five years from the day they attempted to rob the First National Bank at Northfield, Minnesota, and murdered Cashier Heywood because he refused to open the vault. At the Northfield affair the gang consisted of eight, as previously noted. At the Blue Cut there were six: Jesse and Frank James, Dick Liddil, Charles Ford, Wood and Clarence Hite.

I waited two days, but no trunk came. The agent assured me it would be all right to exchange checks and go on, and next morning I was in St. Louis. My business finished, I consulted a lawyer and learned I could not collect for my fifteen hundred dollars in gold if it was lost. I told my troubles to a doctor friend, who strongly advised me to matriculate at the medical school in Columbus, Ohio, where I would find a splendid faculty, receive more personal attention than at a big school in New York, and last but not least I could complete my college course of lectures and graduate at Columbus for less than one half what a similar tour in New York City would cost.

It began to look as if my trunk was gone for good, so I again exchanged baggage checks and in due course of time matriculated at the Columbus Medical College, now the University of Ohio. I found the faculty to be composed of the very best men in Ohio and the college facilities up to date in every respect. (Some time after I was settled in Columbus, my trunk finally came along — gold and other contents intact.)

I lived at a very nice family hotel on Broad Street, just opposite the Capitol building. To keep in trim physically I took out a membership in the Y.M.C.A. Gymnasium, and worked out faithfully from one to two hours daily, paying special attention to boxing and sprinting, my favorite exercises.

The Sells Brothers' Circus wintered at their farm near Columbus and several of their performers were regular attendants also. Among them was an acrobatic clown just three feet in height who was a skilled boxer, and whenever the boys wanted a good laugh they would stage a burlesque bout between him and me. He could turn somersaults and while in the air land on me in fine shape, and after a little practice we could put over quite a show.

THE Athletic Superintendent was a young man from Boston who when a boy had been a schoolmate of that King of the Ring, John L. Sullivan. Sullivan had climbed the pugilistic ladder until, at this time, he was matched to battle at New Orleans with Paddy Ryan, who then held the championship belt. Sullivan and his staff were giving exhibitions at the principal cities and, while on their way to the battleground, stopped off at Columbus.

The pugilist was welcomed by his former schoolmate, who in the afternoon brought him to the Gymnasium where he could carry out his daily training. It was a sheer coincidence that they should enter just as the Sells clown and the Red Doctor — the name I received from the boys at the Gym — were in the midst of one of their performances. When we finished and were introduced to the guest, we learned we had made a hit with him, as well as with ourselves.

During his work-out his manager-trainer, Billy Madden, gave the onlookers a cordial invitation to put on the mitts with the challenger, and several of us accepted after stipulating it was to be sparring for points only, no slugging.

The Y.M.C.A. Superintendent telephoned me at 6 P.M. that Sullivan had sent word that his sparring partner was suddenly taken ill, and could not appear at the exhibition to be given at the Opera House that night, and urged him to "get that red-headed doctor" to take his place.

Any man with red blood in his neck has more or less of a combative complex if he understands boxing. Taking everything into consideration, I confess I felt flattered by this invitation and my first impulse was to accept.

I had arrived in Columbus a stranger. I learned that the Reverend Frank Wakely Gunsaulus, a very popular minister, had erected a beautiful new church with a unique feature, the entrance being on each side of the pulpit so that one came in facing the congregation instead of from the rear. Mr. Gunsaulus explained that this naive change was to permit ladies already seated to size up the new bonnets and styles without stretching and twisting their necks!

He also had a public reception at his home every Thursday evening, where strangers were specially invited, introduced, and treated generally with the utmost friendliness and hospitality. I had availed myself of this invitation, had become a regular attendant at both church and receptions, and through this medium, together with social favors extended by Professor Hamilton and his wife, I had become acquainted with many of the best people of Columbus, Ohio.

It was late in January of 1882 when I was invited to spar with John L. Sullivan at the same Opera House where I was to graduate in March. At that period pugilists were not classed as social lions. I quickly realized that to accept might mean a lot of very undesirable publicity and as I was not looking for that I declined. The Superintendent, I think, understood and then invited me to join a box party he was giving for the exhibition.

The house was packed, and we had a fine close-up view of the performance. After our sport at the Gym that afternoon, Sullivan asked me to give his heart a once-over, which gave me an opportunity to look him over generally. He was in the pink of condition and the most perfect specimen of physical manhood I have ever seen, before or since. Since that time I have met James J. Corbett, Patsy Cardiff, Bob Fitzsimmons, and Jack Dempsey — the last-named having in my opinion the most symmetrical physique of them all.

Sullivan was very dark-complexioned, with heavy hair, eyebrows, and mustache, all black. With his massive form and supple movements he presented a formidable front to his antagonist that night of the exhibition. From his entourage he had selected Pete McCoy as his opponent to replace his regular sparring mate. McCoy was either a middle or light heavyweight, I have forgotten which, and was considered one of the best boxers of his time in America.

In our set-to at the Gym, John L. was paying particular attention to his defense, and I was invited to hit him as often and as hard as I could, which I soon learned was not difficult to do.

THEY squared off on the stage, and it was not long before Pete McCoy landed on John L.'s face with a whack that resounded all over the house and was greeted with a roar of applause. In a very short time this was repeated with a harder blow than before. Sullivan's heavy eyebrows began to droop with a scowl, his eyes glittered, he crouched, and began to glide around with the speed and grace of a panther, his face plainly registering rage. An opening appeared and like a flash he landed a terrific blow on McCoy's jaw, knocking him into complete insensibility almost over the footlights. Exactly what would have happened to me had I accepted that invitation!

John L. Sullivan went on to New Orleans and, as all the world knows, became the heavyweight champion by defeating Paddy Ryan in nine rounds without gloves, under the London Prize Ring Rules. Paddy confessed later that when struck by John L., it felt as if someone had hit him with a telegraph pole endways.

I saw Sullivan at St. Paul, Minnesota, in the late eighties or early nineties. He was on a tour offering a purse of one thousand dollars to any man who would stand up before him for three rounds of three minutes each, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

An employee of the Northern Pacific Railway, Hafey by name, six feet six inches in height and some two hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight, was the acknowledged amateur champion among the railroad men in that section, and he decided to go after this purse.

I met him at the Merchants' Hotel during the afternoon and he was very confident. "Doc," said he, "I don't expect to hurt John L., and I shan't try to — but say, there ain't a man on earth with a pillow on each hand that can knock me out. That I know!"

At this time Dr. Ames was Mayor of Minneapolis, Robert A. Smith Mayor of St. Paul, and I had become Commissioner of Health of the latter city. Both mayors were friends of mine, and fond of sports, so I gave a party including them, our Chief of Police, Jack Clark, and a few others, and before the performance took them behind the scenes to the star's room and introduced them. John L. was then at the height of his popularity, and happened to be in an amiable mood, so we had a very pleasant call. Learning that we wished to get as close a view as possible, Sullivan had us conducted to the stage, where chairs were provided between the wings, giving us a fine opportunity to see without being seen by the spectators.

The champion stepped onto the stage from our side and Hafey from the other; they shook hands and the fun began. As they squared off, Sullivan actually looked small in comparison with Hafey.

In less than ten seconds an opening presented itself and Hafey was fairly lifted from his feet with a blow under the chin, and but for his staggering against a wing he would have been knocked flat. He was game, however, and came back with a rush, when Sullivan, springing straight up in the air, shot his terrific right to Hafey's neck, crumpling him to the floor, where he took the count. The champion stalked to the front of the stage and delivered in a gruff voice one of his characteristic orations.

Raising his hand to quell the applause, he said, "This guy has been bragging around town that he'd win the purse. He lasted just thirty seconds."

Hafey was dragged from the stage and a bucket of water dashed over his head before he knew where he was. "Doc," he said, "after that first lick I never saw nothin' but stars."

* * *

This concludes Dr. Hoyt's adventures in the West as a young man. In April 1882 he returned to St. Paul, Minnesota and began practicing medicine. Generally our Old Book Bonus selections are reprinted in full and certainly Dr. Hoyt's success in the medical profession, and his service in the war with Spain, make good reading but we're certain Dr. Hoyt himself would favor our saying goodbye at this point.

Part I of *A Frontier Doctor* (Fall '80 Old West) and Part II (Winter '80 Old West) may be ordered from the Circulation Department, Western Publications, 700 East State Street, Iola, Wisconsin 54945 for $1.25 each.

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VOLUME 1

Date	Whole Number	
Oct. 1923	1972	1
Nov . 1923	1972	2
Dec. 1923	1972	3
Jan. 1924	1973	4
Feb. 1924	1973	5
Mar. 1924	1973	6
Apr. 1924	1973	7
May 1924	1973	8
June 1924	1973	9
July 1924	1973	10
Aug. 1924	1973	11
Sept. 1924	1973	12

VOLUME 3

Date	Whole Number	
Oct. 1925	1974	25
Nov. 1925	1974	26
Dec. 1925	1974	27
Jan. 1926	1975	28
Feb. 1926	1975	29
Mar. 1926	1975	30
Apr. 1926	1975	31
May 1926	1975	32
June 1926	1975	33
July 1926	1975	34
Aug. 1926	1975	35
Sept. 1926	1975	36

VOLUME 5

Date	Whole Number	
Oct. 1927	1976	49
Nov. 1927	1976	50
Dec. 1927	1976	51
Jan. 1928	1977	52
Feb. 1928	1977	53
Mar. 1928	1977	54
Apr. 1928	1977	55
May 1928	1977	56
June 1928	1977	57
July 1928	1977	58
Aug. 1928	1977	59
Sept. 1928	1977	60

VOLUME 7

Date	Whole Number	
Oct. 1929	1978	73
Nov. 1929	1978	74
Dec. 1929	1978	75
Jan. 1930	1979	76
Feb. 1930	1979	77
Mar. 1930	1979	78
Apr. 1930	1979	79
May 1930	1979	80
June 1930	1979	81
July 1930	1979	82
Aug. 1930	1979	83
Sept. 1930	1979	84

VOLUME 2

Date	Whole Number	
Oct. 1924	1973	13
Nov. 1924	1973	14
Dec. 1924	1973	15
Jan. 1925	1974	16
Feb. 1925	1974	17
Mar. 1925	1974	18
Apr. 1925	1974	19
May 1925	1974	20
June 1925	1974	21
July 1925	1974	22
Aug. 1925	1974	23
Sept. 1925	1974	24

VOLUME 4

Date	Whole Number	
Oct. 1926	1975	37
Nov. 1926	1975	38
Dec. 1926	1975	39
Jan. 1927	1976	40
Feb. 1927	1976	41
Mar. 1927	1976	42
Apr. 1927	1976	43
May 1927	1976	44
June 1927	1976	45
July 1927	1976	46
Aug. 1927	1976	47
Sept. 1927	1976	48

VOLUME 6

Date	Whole Number	
Oct. 1928	1977	61
Nov. 1928	1977	62
Dec. 1928	1977	63
Jan. 1929	1978	64
Feb. 1929	1978	65
Mar. 1929	1978	66
Apr. 1929	1978	67
May 1929	1978	68
June 1929	1978	69
July 1929	1978	70
Aug. 1929	1978	71
Sept. 1929	1978	72

VOLUME 8

Date	Whole Number	
Oct. 1930	1979	85
Nov. 1930	1979	86
Dec. 1930	1979	87
Jan. 1931	1980	88
Feb. 1931	1980	89
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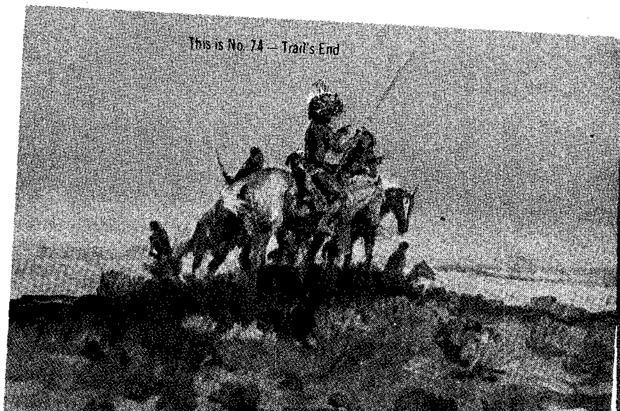
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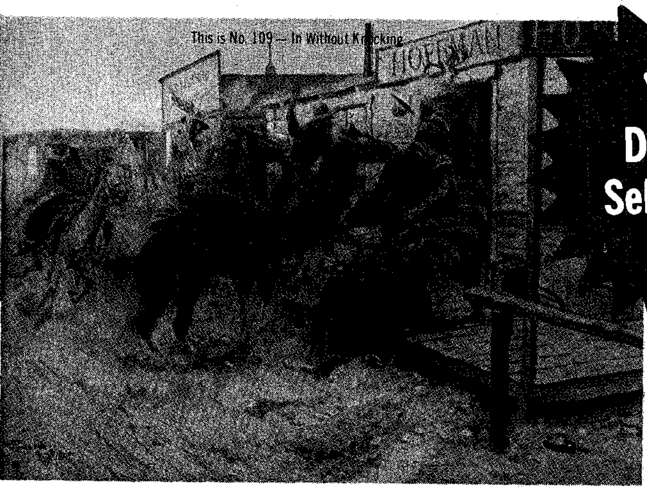
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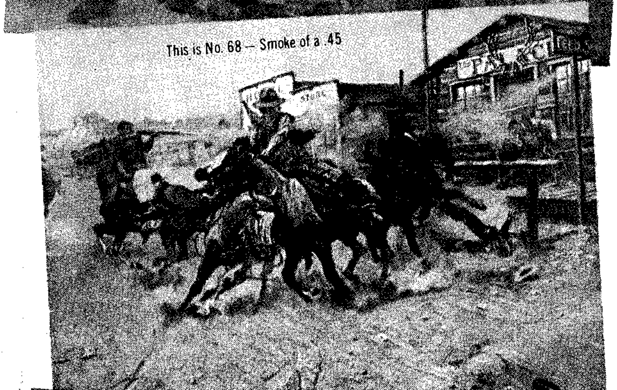
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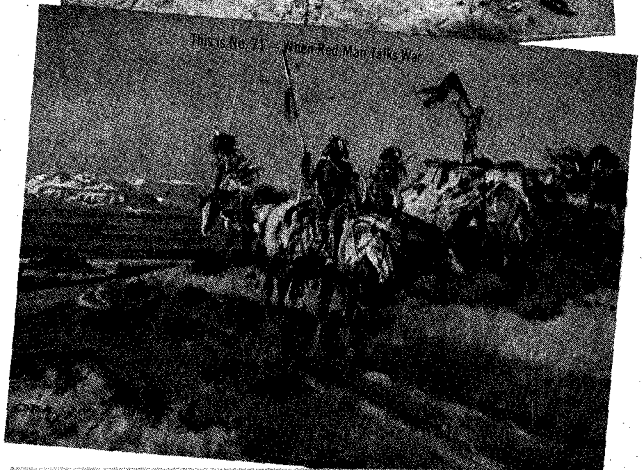
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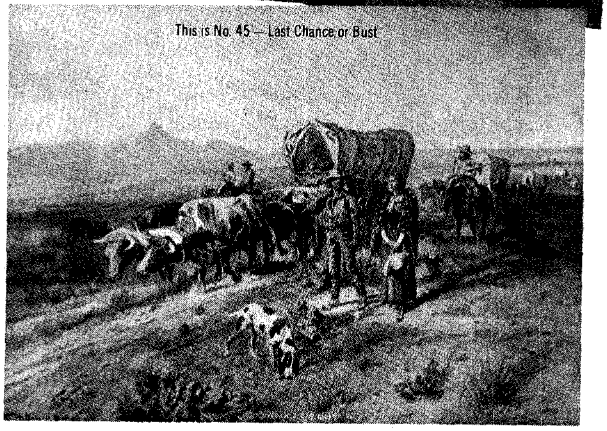
This is No. 45 — Last Chance or Bust

---PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH---

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor)
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½ (watercolor)
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½ (watercolor)
24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½
25—Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8x11 (watercolor)
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald. 11x8½ (watercolor)
32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor)
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 14x9½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor)
47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor)
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 (watercolor)
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear? 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 11½x9
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 13½x9½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ (watercolor)
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½x9½
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 (watercolor)
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 (watercolor)
91—Innocent Allies, 13½x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (watercolor)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½ (watercolor)
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 9½x5 (watercolor)
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898) 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½
113—Trapper's Last Stand, 14x9½
114—When Meat Was Plentiful, 11x7½
115—Buffalo on the Move, 13½x9
116—Red Skin Raiders, 13½x9
117—Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks)
118—Breaking Camp (Indian Women)
119—Riding Line
120—Indian Trading Post

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